# MODERN SCREEN

10¢

JUNE

32

FROM TO PERIODICAL DIVISION
NEWSPAPER REFERENCE ROOM (ANNEX)

Sylvia Sidney

**Hollywood Heroism by Albert Payson Terhune**

**also: FAITH BALDWIN • NINA WILCOX PUTNAM • LOWELL THOMAS**



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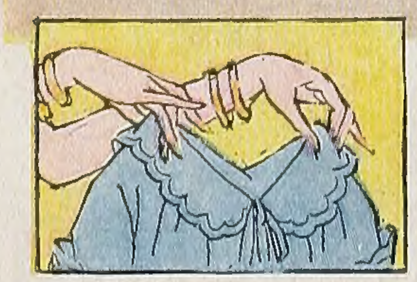
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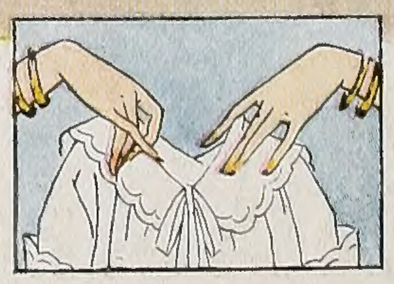




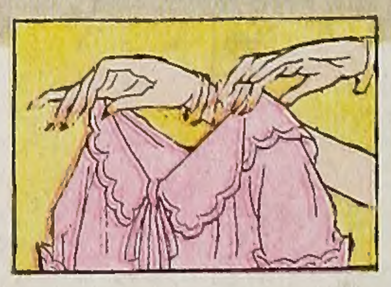

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Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
A FOX Picture

JAMES DUNN

PEGGY SHANNON

SPENCER TRACY

SOCIETY GIRL

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# MODERN SCREEN

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**Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor***

**K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor*** **Walter Ramsey, *Western Representative***

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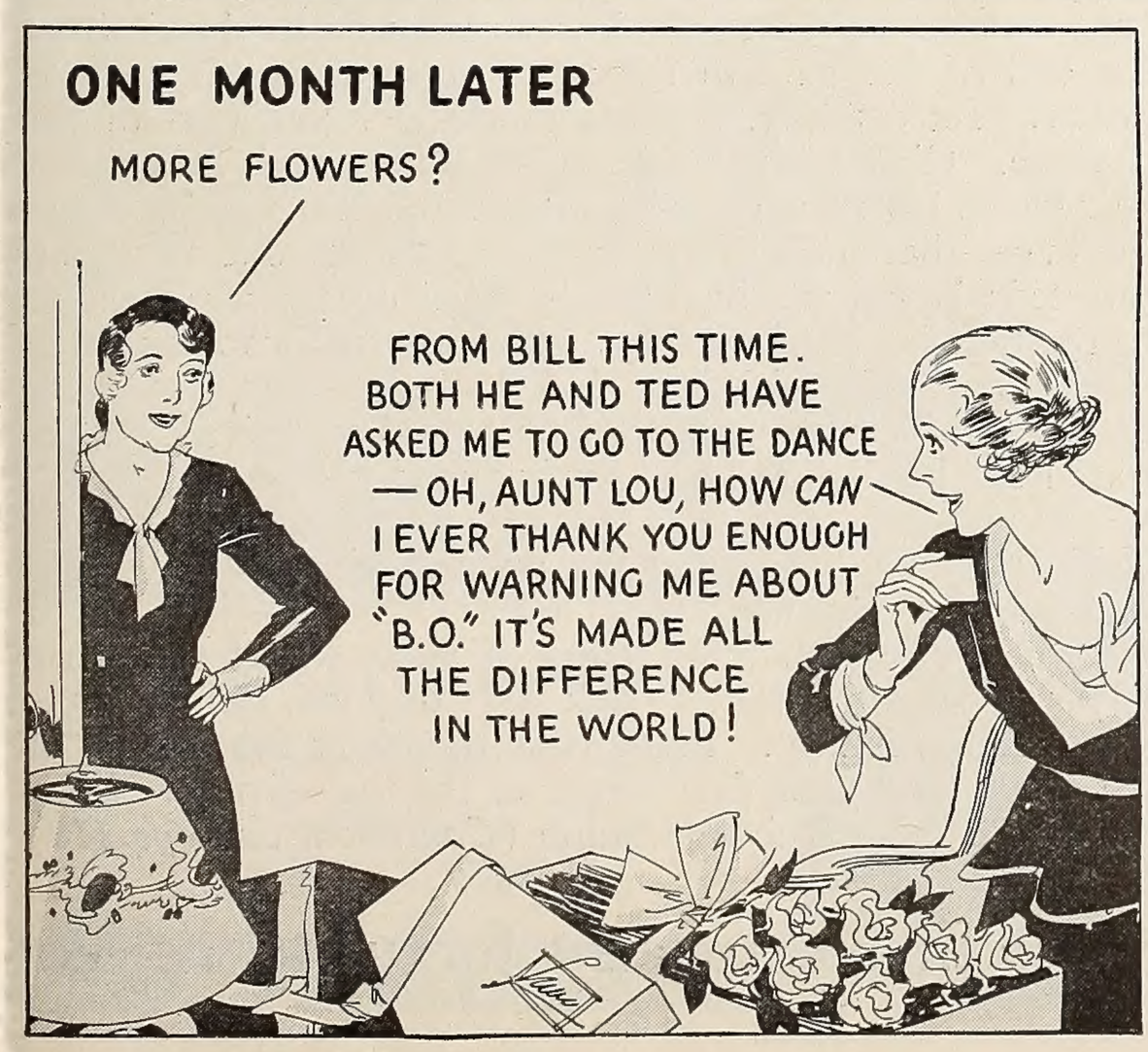
# WHO'S POPULAR NOW?. . by ALBERT DORNE









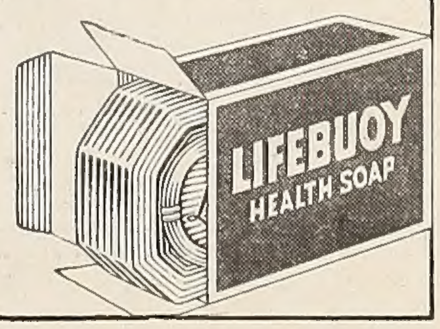


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# BEAUTY ADVICE



There's beauty in the tilt of a hat brim! We hardly recognized our own Sally Eilers in the racy Cavalier felt she's wearing above. Very attractive.

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. She will be glad to help you. Be as definite as you can and please give details! Address Mary Biddle, Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope

*By Mary Biddle*



Sally changes her whole personality with the girlish, brimmed soft straw shown in this picture. Note how much more hair shows under hats these days.

I'VE been mulling over beauty problems this month and discovered a number of odds and ends of information. I think we all get more or less fussy as spring and summer approach. We have some new clothes—or we're *going* to have some new clothes as soon as we get some money—and we suddenly discover that our faces and topknots are not all they should be. And then begins a regular epidemic of peering into mirrors and trying new hair-cuts and new shades of lipstick and what-not.

There's one very important item I'd like to stress first. It's about the hair. Changes in the seasons cause changes in the hair. Mine falls out in the spring and summer—maybe yours does, too. Don't be alarmed, as I was when I first noticed it. You will observe that the hair falls out in long lengths—that is, it doesn't break off but rather comes out right from the roots. That means it's dead hair and you don't want it around any more anyway. Some heads shed their dead hair all the time; others go through the shedding process all at once. In the latter cases, the shedding is usually accompanied by a generally lank appearance of the hair. It won't look nice and a wave won't stay in it and it behaves very badly altogether. The thing to do is to give it a lot of extra petting and coddling until it feels better. Give it hot oil shampoos and egg shampoos. And for an egg shampoo, take note, you need six eggs. Sounds expensive, but when you figure up what you'd spend for a beauty parlor shampoo, it really isn't. Beat the eggs up, add a little water, get your hair thoroughly wet with warm water and rub in half the eggs. Rinse, and repeat the process. Then proceed with the soap part of the shampoo.

If you are troubled with sudden excess oiliness, try this: when you melt down soap for your shampoo, add a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. If you use a liquid shampoo, you can do the same thing. And have you heard about dry-cleaning oily hair with alcohol? When you haven't time for a shampoo, soak a piece of gauze in rubbing alcohol, separate the hair into strands and wipe each strand with the gauze. Not advised for dry hair—ever.

A few more hints about the hair and then I'll talk about something else. Long-bobs please listen: you can't make those charming little neck ringlets unless your hair is tapered at the ends. A stubby, thick piece of hair just won't curl. Speak to your barber about it. *All* bobs please listen: be as particular about the back of your hair as you are about the front and sides. Back-of-the-head sloppiness is a menace. And—long-haired folks—be sure that the hair over the lower crown of the head, from the end of the part to the nape of the neck, is combed neatly. Incidentally, that's a much-neglected part of the coiffure. Girls with thin hair: brushing won't make your hair grow, but massage will. Brushing cleans and polishes the hair—that's all. New hair note for anyone who's interested: bangs are in. Leading hairdressers say they'll be the rage by 1933. People with high foreheads and thin faces look well with bangs. Coronets—that is, braids or twists of either your own or store-bought hair placed round the head—are also fashionable for evening.

HOW many of you have an annoying little vertical frown between your eyes? There—just as I thought! Altogether too many of you. Want to get rid of it? Then apply to it a thick layer of good, rich cream—tissue cream is best. Plant your thumb at the bottom of the frown and your first finger at the top—firmly. Keep the finger still. Rub the thumb (*Continued on page 110*)

**Hints about those important small matters which are so easy for us to neglect**

You loved her in "MADAME X"..."SARAH & SON"..."TOMORROW and TOMORROW"

Now see her in ALL her glory...



Miss

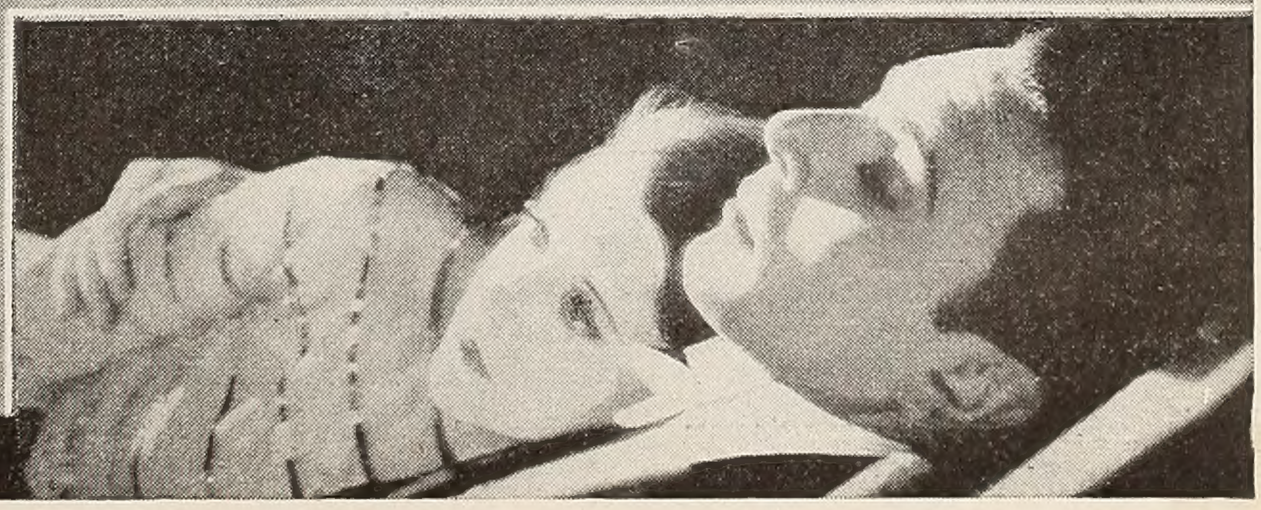
Ruth Chatterton

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HER MAGIC MULTIPLIED . . . IN
HER *first* FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

*The* RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US

The ultra smart set in the mad scramble for thrills!...A sumptuous portrayal of sensuous society in the perfumed fragrance of Park Avenue and Paris boudoirs...Witty—naughty—gay!...A spectacular story of how the ritzy-half lives—and loves—and lies...Coming soon to leading theatres everywhere.

COULD THEY CHEAT THE MARRIAGE GAME?



*with* BETTE DAVIS

GEORGE BRENT JOHN MILJAN

Direction by
ALFRED E. GREEN

*another* FIRST NATIONAL *Hit!*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME

## . . . In this department, the readers become contributors to MODERN SCREEN. Let's hear from you, too, whether your opinions are complimentary or indignant

Dear Friends:

This month I want to leave as much space as possible for readers' letters. But I do want to take this opportunity to remind you of one thing: namely, that this department is an open forum for all of you and not—as some of your letters indicate—a place for me to publish letters which necessarily express my opinions. I receive communications which upbraid me thus: "What do you mean by printing that terrible statement about so-and-so?" Or "I don't think you ought to print such letters as the one such-and-such a reader wrote about—etc." Well, I repeat, those opinions are not necessarily mine nor the magazine's. They are readers' opinions and as long as this is an open and unbiased department all letters which are interesting, amusing and informative will be printed to the extent that space permits.

More next time.

*The Editor*

### We're mad, too, Janet Coats. We're printing your letter as a warning to others. Sorry we haven't room for your photo, also

I am as mad as a March hare and wonder if you will be so kind as to publish a warning against stars' doubles who take advantage of their resemblance to our beloved favorites of the screen in order to steal hard-earned money from unsuspecting victims like myself.

You see, having been secretary to Miss Mildred Harris for three glorious years, I wanted very much to again fill a like position and ran an ad in our Los Angeles *Examiner* to the effect that I would give anyone $100 who secured me a position as secretary to a film star.

I received a charming letter from a man who signed his name "Tom Christensen, cousin to Phillips Holmes." I answered his letter, agreeing to meet him in the lobby of the Biltmore. We waited almost an hour for the arrival of "Phillips Holmes" who, after a few brief questions, engaged me as his private secretary and, telling "Tom" to see that all his fan mail was forwarded to my home address for answering, hurried away.

"Tom" then took me to the Brown Derby for dinner and I was so thrilled and happy and grateful that I gave him ten crisp ten dollar bills. "Tom" drove me home and promised to phone me next day.

Late the next afternoon, I received a box of red roses and a note on which was written, "Good-by, Blondie. Thanx for the century. Better luck next time—Tom and Phil."

You will say that I should have investigated before parting with my bonus, but I had worked at Pathé at the same time Phillips Holmes played with Helen Twelvetrees in "Her Man" and flattered myself that I couldn't be fooled and, indeed, this young man, although extremely nervous, was remarkably like Phillips in every way.

JANET M. COATS,
Santa Monica, California

### A few answers to our question, "Do you like tragic films?"

In your April editorial, you invite criticism of talkies such as "The Man I Killed." From a business point of view your comments are superfluous. The success or failure of a picture tells its own story at the box office. To invite criticism from the fans on the score that a picture is grim or gloomy is not an invitation to comment on its quality, but is rather a suggestion on your part that such a picture is over-estimated by the public. I have seen "The Man I Killed" and enjoyed the fine work of Barrymore. The only flaw I found in the production was that the other characters were over-shadowed by the artistic portrayal rendered by Barrymore as the doctor.

CHARLES E. GALTMAN,
Montreal, Canada

These gloomy talkies are very true to life and so I say let's have more of them. Surely you weren't knocking Phillips Holmes, as he played in each picture you mentioned?

ANITA OURSLER,
Louisville, Kentucky

What I can't understand is why the film folks want to produce pictures like "An American Tragedy." Don't we have enough gloom all around us?

CHIQUITA COCHRAN,
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

### Thank you, Reader. And Miss Wilde drops a curtsy

May I congratulate you on one of the most human articles I have read in any screen magazine—"Performance Interrupted" by Hagar Wilde—about Kent Douglass and his dog. Perhaps it's because I'm a great lover of dogs, but I just simply couldn't keep from crying over it.

AN INTERESTED READER,
Zanesville, Ohio

### What sharp eyes you have, Adella

I am going to enumerate some inconsistencies I have noticed in some of the newer pictures. In "Shanghai Express," Warner Oland gets off the train in civilian clothes and the next minute he has on a uniform. In "Hell Divers," it is daylight—a plane is up in the air, about to come down. When the plane lands, it is dark. In "Forbidden," the clothes and vehicles are the same throughout the picture, even though the years advance.

ADELLA LIVGARD,
Anoka, Minnesota

### Very pleased that our little stunt amused you, readers

I want to pat you on the back for the April issue. I chuckled hilariously over the pages of your 1917 tales. They were funnier than watching Walter Winchell's face when he meets Miss Garbo feet to feet some day. Won't his face get rosy after all he's said about them?

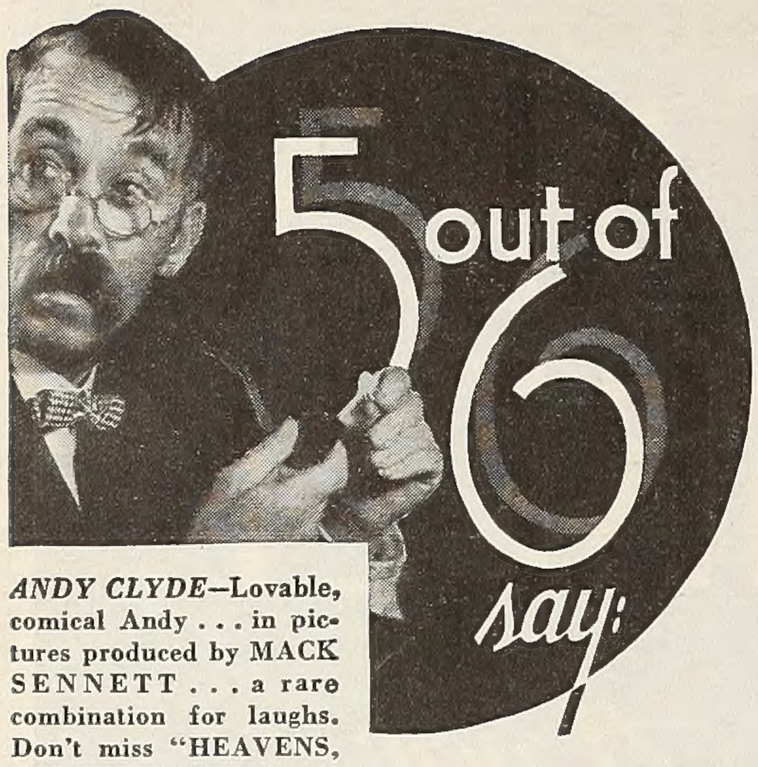
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE,
Madison, Wisconsin

Jes' between you 'n' me, I was simply crazy about the April MODERN SCREEN. "The Stars' Weirdest Stories" thrilled me; "Why They're Still Pals" settled a question I've often wondered about; "The Boy Without a Name" made me admire the spunk of Wallace Ford. "Why I Hate Garbo" was a human story and if it didn't discourage the gals who try to imitate the glorious Garbo it is not the fault of Miss Gerstein. I honestly thought I would burst when I read your "MODERN SCREEN 1917."

MARIE ORRELL,
Detroit, Michigan

*(Continued on page 122)*


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A new GLAMOROUS UNIVERSAL PERSONALITY
WATCH FOR HER IN FUTURE UNIVERSAL PICTURES
UNIVERSAL PICTURES
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*ANDY CLYDE*—Lovable, comical Andy . . . in pictures produced by MACK SENNETT . . . a rare combination for laughs. Don't miss "HEAVENS, MY HUSBAND!" and "SPEED IN THE GAY NINETIES."

***"Variety makes the best picture entertainment"***

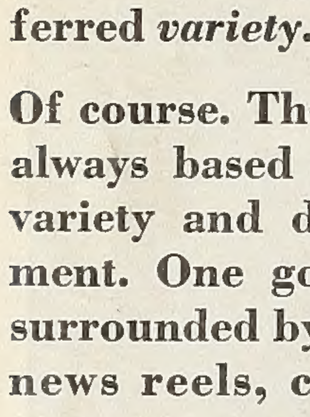
**THE Chicago Daily Times "Inquiring Reporter" recently asked six persons selected at random from street crowds if they liked "double feature" programs in picture theatres. Five out of six said they preferred *variety*.**

**Of course. The *perfect program* is always based on the principle of variety and diversified entertainment. One good feature picture, surrounded by a bill selected from news reels, cartoons, travel romances, sports thrillers and novelties. *And always a good comedy!***

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E. W. HAMMONS, President

Executive offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.


# THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Pictures)

. . . Don't just "go to the movies." Look over this list of the current pictures playing around the country and see which ones are best suited to your—and the kids'—taste

**AFTER TOMORROW** (Fox)—A sad but sweet love story with Charles Farrell and Marian Nixon. **Good—suitable for children.**

**ALIAS THE DOCTOR** (First National)—Dick Barthelmess as a young medical student who goes to jail innocently. When he comes out of jail he is forced to take his brother's place as a doctor and proceeds to do so and practise medicine without a license. From there on the story is sordid but dramatic. **Good—children may be bored.**

**AMATEUR DADDY** (Fox)—Warner Baxter and Marian Nixon. **Fair—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

**ARE YOU LISTENING?** (M-G-M)—William Haines as the unhappy husband of a nagging wife in a three-cornered love story. Karen Morley plays the nagging wife. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

**ARROWSMITH** (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Sinclair Lewis' famous novel in talkie form with Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes in the leading rôles. A delightfully intelligent production. **Excellent if you like serious stuff—but children would be bored by it.**

**ARSENE LUPIN** (M-G-M)—Lionel and brother John Barrymore in a new version of the famous French crook story. **Very good—children will like it.**

**BEAST OF THE CITY** (M-G-M)—The policeman's side of the racket problem. Walter Huston, Jean Harlow, Jean Hersholt and Wallace Ford. **Very good—okay for kids.**

**BEAUTY AND THE BOSS** (Warner Bros.)—Marian Marsh, David Manners and Warren William in another version of the homely stenographer who suddenly casts aside her drab costume and high shoes and turns into an alluringly beautiful woman whom the boss falls for madly. **Good—okay for the tots.**

**BIG TIMER** (Columbia)—Prize fight story—Ben Lyon, Constance Cummings. **Good—kids will like it.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

**BROKEN LULLABY** (Paramount)—First released under the title of "The Man I Killed." Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll have the leading rôles. It's the tale of a sensitive French boy who, because he killed a German during the war, could never get over it. **A bit slow, but interesting—not for children, however.**

**BROKEN WING** (Paramount)—Romantic drama with Lupe Velez and Melvyn Douglas. **Good—children will like it.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

**THE BLOND CAPTIVE** (Pizor)—Travelogue of the country and people of Northern Australia. Lowell Thomas gives an oral accompaniment. **Interesting—okay for kids.**

**BUSINESS AND PLEASURE** (Fox)—Will Rogers as an American manufacturer who gets mixed up with doings in the Far East in an attempt to further his business profits. **Excellent if you're a Will Rogers fan—children will like parts of it.**

**BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK** (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery and Nora Gregor in sophisticated story. **Very good sophisticated stuff—children may not like it.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

**CARELESS LADY** (Fox)—Joan Bennett and John Boles in romantic comedy. **Good—children will be bored.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

**THE CHAMP** (M-G-M)—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in a story of a broken-down ex-prize fighter who makes a grand attempt to come back for the sake of his son. **Excellent—fine for the kids.**

**CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE** (Fox)—Warner Oland is here again as the oriental detective who can always solve the crime when everyone else has failed. As usual, the story is nicely punctuated by Chan's homely little philosophical touches. **Good—a little involved for children.**

**CHEATERS AT PLAY** (Fox)—Story of crooks and an ex-police chief which all takes place on a South America-bound steamer. Thomas Meighan is in it, among others. **Very good—okay for kids.**

**COCK OF THE AIR** (Caddo-United Artists)—Chester Morris and Billie Dove in a highly amusing comedy about a flying chap and the girl he was crazy about but who had great fun stringing him along. Don't be misled by the first reel or two—they're slow. But after that the action speeds up. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

**THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD** (Universal)—Another one of the series with George Sidney and Charlie Murray. **Very amusing—great for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

**DANCE TEAM** (Fox)—Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers in a pretty sentimental tale of two small-town hoofers who come to the big city to make a success as a high-calibre dance team. **Good if you like sweet stuff—suitable for the kids.**

**DANCERS IN THE DARK** (Paramount)—Taxi dancer story with Miriam Hopkins, William Collier, Jr., and Jack Oakie. **Good—you can take the kids.**

**DELICIOUS** (Fox)—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in a musical about a little Scotch immigrant gal and a wealthy New York boy. **Very good—children ought to like it.**

**DISORDERLY CONDUCT** (Fox)—Sally Eilers, Dickie Moore and Spencer Tracy in a story which depicts the police department's side of the gang war stuff. **Good—okay for children.**

**DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** (Paramount)—Fredric March's version of the famous fiction character. **Very good if you like chills and thrills—better consider before taking the children.**

**EMMA** (M-G-M)—The story of a lovable old housekeeper—beautifully played by Marie Dressler—and her troubles. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

**THE EXPERT** (First National)—Chic Sale's characterization as the naughty old codger who gets himself into various jams will delight you. **Very good—suitable for the young ones.**

**FALSE MADONNA** (Paramount)—Kay Francis as a crook girl who—put into the position of posing to be the mother of a blind boy—realizes the wickedness of her crookery and goes straight—to the infuriation of the crooks she was formerly working with. **Fair.**

**THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE** (First National—Joan Blondell and Tom Brown in a mystery story. **Very good—not very suitable for the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

**FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD** (Warner)—Joe E. Brown as a fire fighter whose chief interests and pastimes are baseball and blondes. Joe's antics will have you rolling in the aisles if you are at all fond of his type of stuff. **Very good—perfect for kids.**

**A FOOL'S ADVICE** (Frank Fay Independent)—Frank Fay's own talkie—written, acted and produced by himself. **Good—the children may like it.**

**FORBIDDEN** (Columbia)—Adolph Menjou and Barbara Stanwyck in a love story which will hold your interest in spite of its being a trifle old-fashioned. **Good—not suitable for children.**

**GIRL CRAZY** (RKO-Radio)—Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Arline Judge, Eddie Quillan and Mitzi Green in screen musical. **Very good—you can take the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

**THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM** (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell as three fascinating gold-diggers. The story concerns their fights and goings-on over different men. **Very good—not for children.**

**THE HATCHET MAN** (First National)—Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young in a drama which takes place in Chinatown. You can just manage to recognize your favorites through the thick Chinese make-up. **Very good—suitable for children.**

**THE HEART OF NEW YORK** (First National)—A story of New York's lower East Side and its inhabitants with George Sidney and Smith and Dale. **Good—okay for children.**

**HELL DIVERS** (M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Wallace Beery in a story of two aviators in the air branch of the U. S. Navy. There are some thrilling air scenes. **Very good—and grand for the kids.**

**IMPATIENT MAIDEN** (Universal)—Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke in a story of a young hospital interne and the gal he falls in love with. **Good—okay for kids.**

**KEEP LAUGHING** (Educational)—Two reel comedy—slapstick in a night club. Very funny. **Good—great for children.**

**LADIES OF THE JURY** (RKO-Radio)—Edna May Oliver as a member of a jury in an amusing court room story. **Good—kids will like some of it.**

**LADY WITH A PAST** (RKO-Pathé)—In this story Constance Bennett who is really a simple little society girl pretends to have a past in order to impress the boy she adores. **Good—kids will like some of it.**

**LOST SQUADRON** (RKO-Radio)—A thrilling story revolving around the men who do the air stunts for the movies. Richard Dix, Joel McCrea, Robert Armstrong, Eric Von Stroheim and Mary Astor are in the cast. **Excellent—okay for the children.**

**LOVERS COURAGEOUS** (M-G-M)—Love story specially written for the screen by the noted English author, Frederick Lonsdale. Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans play the romantic lovers. **Excellent love story—but children may get restless.**

**MAN WANTED** (Warner)—Kay Francis and David Manners in business romance. **Fair—dull for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

**THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD** (Warner)—George Arliss as a brilliant pianist who goes deaf through an accident and becomes embittered with life. Turned from suicide by his butler he realizes that life has still some things to offer and spends his time doing good to people. **Good, if you like sentimental drama—all right for the kids.**

**MANHATTAN PARADE** (Warner)—Winnie Lightner and Charlie Butterworth in a theatre story with Winnie as the noble sacrificing young lady. **Fair—okay for the kids, in fact they may like it.**

**MATA HARI** (M-G-M)—Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro in a version of the famous Dutch spy story. The story does not follow the accepted biographies of Mata Hari but, nevertheless, you won't want to miss it. **Excellent—not for children.**

**MICHAEL AND MARY** (Universal)—An A. A. Milne story produced in England with an all-English cast. It has a charmingly romantic story and is capably played. **Very good if you like English characters and speech—children may be bored with it.**

**THE MIRACLE MAN** (Paramount)—Sylvia Sidney and Chester Morris in talkie remake of famous silent picture. **Very good—children should like it.** Reviewed in detail on page 48

**THE MOUTHPIECE** (Warner)—Lawyer story with Warren William. **Very good—not for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

**MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE** (Universal)—A decidedly Hollywood version of Edgar Allan Poe's famous short story. In the movie there are six murders instead of two as in the original. And in many other ways the story has been completely changed. As a thrilling movie—quite apart from comparing it with the Poe story—you will find it interesting. **Very good if you like horror pictures—better not take the children.**

**NICE WOMEN** (Universal)—Sidney Fox, Frances Dee, Lucille and Russell Gleason in a story of young love, a scheming mother and wealthy old man. **Fair—children won't get much out of it.**

**ONE HOUR WITH YOU** (Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Genevieve Tobin and Roland Young in a talkie musical version of the famous old silent picture called "The Marriage Circle." Ernst Lubitsch, who directed the silent picture, also directed this. **Excellent sophisticated stuff—children probably won't like it.**

**PANAMA FLO** (RKO-Radio)—Waterfront melodrama with Helen Twelvetrees, Charles Bickford and others. **Fair—not much for kids.**

**THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER** (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton and Jimmie Durante in amusing adaptation of famous stage play, "Her Cardboard Lover." **Very funny—excellent for children.**

**PLAY GIRL** (First National)—Winnie Lightner, Loretta Young and young Norman Foster in a "Bad Girl" type of story. **Good—children may like parts of it.**

**POLLY OF THE CIRCUS** (M-G-M)—Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a circus love story. You'll be somewhat surprised to see Clark Gable in the guise of a young minister. **Good—okay to take the offspring.**

**POSSESSED** (M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Joan Crawford in a sizzling love story. Joan is the little girl from the country who thinks—for a while—that clothes, and jewels are everything. Don't miss the love scenes between Clark and Joan. **Very good—but better leave the children at home.**

**PRESTIGE** (RKO-Radio)—Slow story of a married couple who—because the husband is there on duty—are forced to live in a penal colony. Ann Harding and Melvyn Douglas have the leading rôles. **Fair—children will be bored by it.**

**PRIVATE LIVES** (M-G-M)—Delightful story of a divorced couple—still in love—who meet again on the first night of their respective second marriage. Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery have the leading rôles. **Very good—but children may get fidgety.**

**THIS RECKLESS AGE** (Paramount)—The younger generation again—their doings and goings-on. Buddy Rogers is in it—among others. **Good—kids may like parts of it.**

**THE ROAD TO LIFE** (Amkino)—Story of the wild Soviet boys and how they were trained to be upstanding citizens. **Interesting.**

**SCARFACE** (Caddo-United Artists)—Gangster film with plenty of shooting and excitement—and also

*(Continued on page 121)*


# Enter each day's BEAUTY CONTEST with a fresh, clear skin!

Eyes—Eyes—Eyes! Looking at you, judging you. Every day, all your life, you are in a Beauty Contest! Today, get a dozen cakes of Camay. Camay will keep your skin so fresh, so exquisitely soft, that you'll get admiration wherever you go.



*This lovely bride has won the greatest Beauty Contest of all. Her precious veil is no lovelier than her exquisite skin. Keep* **your** *skin soft and fresh with gentle Camay!*



*Your other beauty aids will have a far lovelier effect if your skin is kept deeply clean with Camay—the blandest, most delicate of all beauty soaps!*




*Creamy-white, fine of texture—Camay is truly the Soap of Beautiful Women. No amount of money could buy a gentler, more luxurious beauty soap.*

To take care of that precious skin of yours, take care what soap you use! Depend only on gentle, safe Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women—the one soap praised by 73 leading skin doctors. Its pure creamy-whiteness is natural. It has no coloring matter—no "chalkiness" to dry out your skin. Get a dozen cakes today. One brief minute with Camay's luxurious lather and warm water—a quick cold rinse—and your face is so clean, so satin-soft! With each day your skin will be lovelier—and you'll win each day's Beauty Contest!

# CAMAY

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



EDWARD G. ROBINSON DISCUSSES SOME DISHES FOR THE PERFECT, HEARTY, HE-MAN MEAL WITH

# THE MODERN HOSTESS

**Edward G. Robinson is a hearty eater. He likes dishes your own menfolk will like. And his wife, Gladys Lloyd Robinson, has given The Modern Hostess her own special recipes for a certain sauce, for Hungarian deep-dish apple pie, for French fried onions—and several other dishes.**

DURING a long career spent in clattering from one celebrity to another in a determined effort to find out—and tell the world—what the famous like to eat, we have seldom met anyone whose ideas on food were more interesting, more appealing and more exciting and original than Edward G. Robinson's.

Do you remember the banquet scene in "Little Caesar"? Well, in real life every meal is a banquet to Eddie Robinson, for here is a man who understands food, who appreciates good cooking and who eats with relish and sincere enjoyment. The foods which Eddie Robinson enthused about were *men's foods*. Sturdy, substantial stuff that real he-men enjoy—and you will be wise to take a leaf from the book of Mrs. Robinson, who caters so lovingly to Eddie's likes, and treat *your* men folks to some of the dishes which Eddie told us about.

But to get on with the details of our luncheon with him! No sooner had the waiter placed his tomato juice cocktail before him (you can see him drinking it in the picture) than we plunged headlong into the subject closest to our heart.

"Mr. Robinson," said we, "what is your idea of the very finest of all possible ways to start off a dinner?"

"That's easy," he answered. "I like a nice big plate of hors d'œuvres."

"Featuring what?" we asked eagerly.

"Oh, all sorts of things," he replied. "Stuffed devilled eggs, ripe and stuffed olives, celery stuffed with roquefort cheese, pickled beets, rolled anchovies, sardines, alligator pear, fonds of artichokes, shrimp, tuna fish. . . ."

*"Wait a minute,"* we interrupted, "that sounds like a whole meal."

"It can be," he assured us. "I can easily make a whole meal of hors d'œuvres."

THERE! How long has it been since you started off a meal with hors d'œuvres? Probably you think a plate of hors d'œuvres is too complicated to attempt, but as a matter of fact it is very easy indeed. Practically everything which goes to make it up can be purchased in a delicatessen or taken out of a can—and the various things can be arranged on a plate and put in the refrigerator to chill. Leave them in the refrigerator until serving time, then put them on the table. Hors d'œuvres can be served either arranged on plates in individual servings, or they may be passed on a large tray and the guests allowed to help themselves. And don't forget what Eddie Robinson said about being able to make a whole meal of them! They really do make a splendid Sunday night supper, with perhaps the addition of a salad or a plate of cold cuts.

"But let's assume, Mr. Robinson," we continued, "that you are *not* going to make a whole meal on hors d'œuvres. What do you like to have follow them?"

"Like ninety-nine men out of a hundred, I like steak! But steak with the special sauce which my wife makes. And the steak should be accompanied by French fried onions, and macaroni baked (*Continued on page 114*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for June—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....

.....

# ALL JOKING ASIDE — By JACK WELCH






HALF OF JOAN BLONDELL'S RIGHT EYE-BROW TURNED WHITE WHEN SHE WAS FRIGHTENED BY A BIG BLACK SPIDER



BUSTER KEATON RETURNED FROM THE WORLD WAR STONE DEAF, AND WAS CURED.... NOTHING, HOWEVER, HAS BEEN DONE ABOUT THE DUMB PAN..



LAWRENCE TIBBETT WAS TURNED DOWN FOR HIS HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB.

EXTRA

# The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Miniature Newspaper

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 1, NO. 4 — HOLLYWOOD, MAY, 1932 — SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION

# GARBO EXPECTED TO QUIT THIS MONTH

## Breach-of-Promise Suit Follows in Wake of the Fenton-Dvorak Marriage

### Former Sweetheart Asks $250,000 for Hurt Feelings

No sooner did Ann Dvorak—one of Hollywood's newest stars—marry actor Leslie Fenton than her husband was sued by Julie Carter in a breach-of-promise action to the tune of a quarter of a million honest-to-goodness dollars. The suit was started during Mr. Fenton's honeymoon.

Leslie was going about with Miss Carter before he met Ann Dvorak and the two of them received quite a lot of publicity at the time—which, no doubt, is why the lady feels bad enough about it to bring suit. Incidentally, she has a remarkable resemblance to Estelle Taylor who had been seen in Fenton's company previously.

Leslie Fenton has been in pictures for some years. He played in "The Public Enemy," "The Hatchet Man," among others. His latest picture released is "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." After that you'll see him in "The Famous Ferguson Case."

Ann Dvorak, his wife, recently scored a sensational success in movies after having been around the studios for some time in technical capacities. "Scarface," "Sky Devils," were her first before-the-camera efforts. She is with her husband in "The Famous Ferguson Case" and in "Love Is a Racket." All of these are Warner Brothers Pictures.

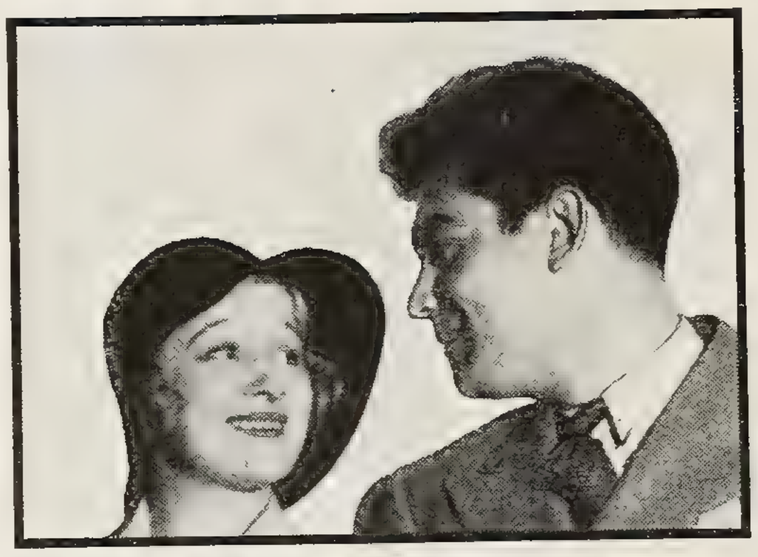
Fenton is well known for his individuality, having once disdained to sign a motion picture contract, deciding that he'd rather go to Europe on a cattle boat—which he did. He stayed some time in Europe, visited famous people, wrote a little now and then and, when he got good and ready, returned to Hollywood to take up his motion picture career again.

## Bannister to Reno—to Avoid Collusion Charge

Divorce may be very simple these days, but it seems there are complications.

Just in case there might be some difficulties in the Ann Harding-Harry Bannister divorce if suit is brought in California—that state being strict on the collusion question—Harry Bannister will go to Nevada where he will file suit for divorce from Ann. It is believed that there will be no entangling difficulties if the suit is carried out in that state.





## Greta Nissen Weds Weldon Heyburn in Tia Juana

### Romance Started when they Both Played in Same Picture

Greta Nissen, blond Nordic film star, and Weldon Heyburn, stage and screen player, flew to Tia Juana and were married there by Justice of the Civil Court Ricardo Gilbert. Col. Wyatt S. Franks, U. S. A., father of the groom, was present at the simple ceremony.

Afterwards, the bride and bridegroom flew back to Hollywood where they spent their honeymoon. They met when they both appeared in "The Silent Witness," made at the Fox studio.

## Extra! Extra! Gloria Swanson Gives Birth to Girl Baby

Well, it was true about Gloria Swanson's baby (Modern Screen, February, page 14).

A little daughter was born to Gloria at the London home of her husband, Michael Farmer. The baby weighed 7 pounds at birth.

The birth, according to Gloria, will not make any change in her plans. She will stay on in Europe for the summer—possibly making a picture in England.

## *Flashes from Here and There*

**The home of Constance Talmadge and her husband were visited by a burglar and relieved of valuables to the extent of $4,500.00.**

**Janet Gaynor balked at doing another sweet story with Charlie Farrell ("Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"). So Fox gave them "The First Year" instead. This was originally intended for Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers.**

**Young Wally Reid, Jr., is now appearing before the microphone. Radio work—not talkies. He's fourteen.**

**Aimee MacPherson and Walter Huston had a debate on Prohibition in Aimee's Temple. It was highly successful. Part of "The Wet Parade" (M-G-M) publicity. Swell stunt.**

**Marlene Dietrich has a bodyguard for her child now. Also the Ben Lyons. Josef Von Sternberg—among other grown-ups—has a bodyguard for himself. Just a great big kid?**

## Has Secured Passport—Refuses to Discuss New Contract with Executive

### From All Indications She's Leaving Hollywood Forever

Garbo's M-G-M contract expires this month—or at the latest, next month. The great question is whether she is going to re-sign.

Naturally, M-G-M is all of a dither about it. And one of their highest executives recently arrived in Hollywood ostensibly on a regular business trip but actually to try to persuade Garbo to sign on the dotted line—at a salary of ten thousand dollars a week.

He waited twenty minutes in the background on Garbo's set for an opportunity to speak to her. When he finally managed to get her attention she said, "I have nothing to say to you." He tried again. Garbo said, "I will not talk to you." Once more the brave gentleman tried. Garbo turned her back on him, walked to the set telephone, called her manager and said, "There is someone on the set annoying me. If he doesn't leave, I will."

The executive left.

And that is as far as any or all of the M-G-M studio executives could get with the Swedish star.

It has also been reported that someone overheard her say, "I'll be damn' glad to get out of Hollywood and pictures and back to Sweden."

Garbo has made application for a passport to her native land. Of course, this could mean she was merely making a flying visit home, but—coupled with the fact that she will not say she will re-sign at ten thousand per and her statement about being glad to get out of Hollywood—it does look as if this time the oft-repeated rumors of her retirement are about to be realized. If she does, it will be the most extravagant gesture any movie star ever made.

## Phillips Holmes Fractures Leg

Just as Phillips Holmes was ready to appear opposite Constance Bennett in "Untamed," he had an automobile accident and fractured his leg. He was bitterly disappointed as this would have been his best rôle in a long time. Luckily, however, RKO decided to have Connie do "The Truth About Hollywood" first. So by the time "Untamed" is put into production, Phillips will be well again. Nice break for him. And he deserves it.



# MODERN SCREEN'S GOSSIP

A FEW months ago, when Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson were married, wise old Hollywood shook her head and said: "I wonder how long she will be able to hold him?" This question arose because of Hooter's reputation for being a story-book bachelor—money, Rolls Royce and a night air complex.

Soon, however, it became apparent that Hoot wasn't doing at all well with his latest business ventures . . . the Rolls was sold and other of the money-indications disappeared. This time, Hollywood changed her old tune to read: "How long do you supose *he* can hold *her?*" This bit of gossip was helped by the fact that Sally was making a very big hit with her Fox contract.

Now comes a last-minute development on the Eilers-Gibson relationships. It seems that Hooter failed to show up at a dinner party once last week. Sally was forced to wait about two hours for an escort home. She is reported to have been very mad indeed! Some of the citizens at the party even thought it was the end. But they had it all patched up by the next day. Now, last night there was another big dinner party . . . and *again* Hooter forgot his obligations until two hours after they were said to be necessary. It is reported that Sally laid down the law to him as follows: "If this happens once more this month it will be the last time you will have the chance to embarrass me!"

We sure hope that Hooter takes that hint very, very seriously . . . if the report is true . . . and begins showing up on time. There really isn't a nicer couple in the whole colony.

*You'd be surprised if you knew the number of leading sheiks of the talkies who spend a few hours every week in a certain beauty parlor taking care of their hair! Bald sheiks* would *be funny!*

WHEN a Bennett does anything—she does it thoroughly. And when Connie didn't want any representatives of the press, either reporters or cameramen, at her wedding—she had nary a one.

But at sister Joan's recent marriage to Gene Markey there was a special reception room for the newspaper boys and girls and the fellows with the cameras were treated like one of the human species. Joan and her bridegroom posed patiently for the photographers, and Joan threw her bridal bouquet into the crowd of fans who waited in front of the Town House, where the ceremony was performed.

However, she did put her foot down once in not allowing pictures to be taken of her wedding reception guests.

"That would look as if I were capitalizing on the names of those I had invited," Joan said.

*Guess who is going to be M-G-M's "Red-Headed Woman"? No other than that famous platinum blonde, Jean Harlow. They will either have to get a new title for the picture, or a very large bottle of very extra red henna for Jean's crowning glory.*

TIME was when Dorothy Jordan stepped out with Howard Hughes—and Donald Dilloway with Barbara Weeks.

But it looks like Dorothy and Donald are back together again . . . and for keeps. Don admits he's been trying to get Dot to marry him. They were at the opening of "The Wet Parade" together. Recently they were together at the Agua Caliente races. In fact, we never see the one without the other. Maybe Dot will tire of Don's proposals soon—and set the date.

*Checking over a script with a writer, a studio boss objected to one of the player's lines which read: "I ain't going no place."*

*"With Will Hays and one thing and another," opined the boss, "we've got to be mighty careful of these mistakes in grammar. Better change it to 'I am not going no place.'"!*

A BLOND actress, plus an automobile, plus another automobile, equals an unoptioned contract. Judith Wood is the actress, and it all happened when the car she was driving crashed into another auto. Judith suffered a broken nose as a result. After it had been set and healed, she took several tests out at Paramount who held her contract with option time coming around.

Don't know exactly what they found to be wrong with the new Wood nose—but the option wasn't taken up.

HOLLYWOOD'S latest indoor sport is to show party guests the reels of film taken when the celebrities "blow up" on the set. Although a retake is necessary for the finished picture, the cameras keep right on grinding after a scene has been ruined. And what they grind out is a riot!

Grand dames of the screen, when they slip up on their lines, aren't such grand dames, it seems. And they have a special vocabulary to be used on such occasions.

Studio executives so far are the only ones who have chosen this type of entertainment for their guests. And when one of the guests happens to be in the "blow up" reel, well—

STOP worrying about that double chin and don't waste your money having the old face lifted—for the oldish boys and girls are coming into their own in the movies. M-G-M paved the way with those two box-office hits, Wally Beery and Marie Dressler. Now Paramount is going to co-star Alison Skipworth and Richard Bennett. Both have a goodly number of years stacked away in their biographies.

The Mae Murray type of perennial youth is decidedly on the decline. Actors and actresses can now afford to look as old as they feel. Provided they are *actors* and *actresses,* of course.

WE'VE been wondering what caused all the rush to Palm Springs . . . and now it comes out that there is a new Gambling Casino about seven miles from the place. The reports are that it rivals Monte Carlo.

The other day, Jack Oakie had an appointment with the publicity department at the studio. He gave as an excuse that he wasn't feeling up to par and that he wanted to run down to Palm Springs for the *mud baths!* Now everyone knows that they really *have* mud baths at the springs . . . but no one has ever been known to run very fast from Hollywood to make use of them.

Ten days later Jack arrived home. He called up the publicity department and was immediately asked: "Well, how were the mud baths?" *"Mud baths?"* questioned the comic, "Oh, yah . . . gosh, I forgot all about 'em!"

## Is the happiness of Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson imperilled?



International

(Above) Tom Mix and the new Mrs. Mix were remarried at Yuma, "just to make sure," since sometimes those Mexican marriages aren't valid. (Right) Corinne Griffith is making pictures again! In England, this time. This is a scene from "Lily Christine," with Colin Clive. Welcome back, Corinne!



THE penchant of Buster Keaton's dog Elmer for parking himself in strange autos in hopes of a free ride, has caused many a funny happening at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. One of the best is the recent event which befell Garbo's very dignified colored chauffeur. He was gazing at a paper while at the wheel of the glorified star's machine outside her dressing room when suddenly a jar from the rear seat startled him. Thinking his famed employer had bounced in, ready for home, the dusky driver stepped on the starter and put the car in gear. "Home, ma'am?" he murmured, without turning around. For a reply, he felt the side of his face and the back of his neck being licked exuberantly. Wondering if perhaps Garbo had suddenly gone crazy he whizzed around and saw Elmer, a giant St. Bernard, gracing the place where Greta should have been! Like Garbo, the St. Bernard said nothing.

YOU should have seen the party at the M-G-M lunch room yesterday! The high moguls of the American Legion were out for a bite of lunch and a quick look-see at the movie famous. The boys and girls at the studio were getting a huge kick out of the way in which Hedda Hopper was entertaining the good looking fellow who holds the highest office—when in walked Marie Dressler. You would have died if you'd seen all the boys scramble to their feet and stand in line for an introduction to the swellest actress of them all. Yes, Joan Crawford was there . . . and a flock of the others but it was Dressler who got the great big hand.

It did our heart good to see it, too, because it was Marie's first day in the studio for a number of weeks. She has been quite ill. But now she looks like her old self for the starting date of "Prosperity" her newest comedy.

*A fortune telling lady in Hollywood swears by her stars that Gloria Swanson's expected baby will be a boy. It was the same lady who said that Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon would be parents of a "junior." Well, she can't be wrong all the time. The law of averages should count for something.*

DO you remember Anita Stewart, the lovely Vitagraph girl who was the Norma Shearer of her day?

The other evening we saw Anita and her good-looking husband, George Converse, dining at the Cocoanut Grove, and not since Claire Windsor was our favorite Hollywood beauty have we been so impressed by any star's prettiness. Anita is simply grand looking. . . .

Of course, she is married to a very rich young man and probably doesn't have to think of the almighty sheckles any more, but it's a wonder that some smart Hollywood producer hasn't baited Anita back to the camera.

Just to occupy her time between social affairs Anita has been singing over the radio.

RUMOR has it that Marie Dressler will not be seen on the screen as frequently in the future as she has been in the past. Reason? . . . Marie's health is not good, and her studio, with great loyalty and respect for this wonderful woman, does not want to jeapordize her happiness and health by working her from one picture to the other, even though she is their biggest box-office "draw." Give M-G-M a big hand on this gesture . . . other studios have not always been so considerate of the physical condition of their best money makers.

HOLLYWOOD has been getting a break in popular fiction lately. We'll step out of our rôle as newshound and become book-reviewer just long enough to mention four tales that we think you'd enjoy.

Here's a story no girl will want to miss—"Headed for Hollywood" by Homer Croy (Harpers). It tells how Pearl Piper wins a state beauty contest which carries her from a dreary Iowa town to Hollywood. Mr. Croy does the Hollywood life more vividly and amusingly than we've ever seen it done before.

Everyone knows, of course, that Elissa Landi has already written two novels which were published in England —"The Helmers" and "Neilson." The third, "House for Sale" has just been published by Doubleday Doran. A surprisingly mature novel for a writer as young as Miss Landi.

Dick Grace's "The Lost Squadron" (Grosset and Dunlap) is just as thrilling in novel form as the Richard Dix starring picture of the same name. An adventurous, fast-moving yarn.

James Woods Morrison—old time movie star—has written the story of April Morley—a girl who becomes a glamorous adventuress—and Hollywood's most glamorous star. The title is "April Luck" (Putnam). The scene

## Garbo's chauffeur felt a breath on the back of his neck, and—



When Ronald Colman and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess met in Japan during their recent world jaunts, they visited the Nikitsu Studios where some of the Japanese films are made. Here they are talking to a couple of Japanese character actors. Cute, aren't they?

Wide World



Hollywood Newspictures



Joan Bennett's wedding was an event! (Above) Connie, Joan, Gene Markey, who happens to be the groom, and Capt. Clayton, best man. (Left) The bride and groom. After the ceremony, Joan and Gene stood on a balcony and bowed to the cheering crowds.

moves vividly from a small Connecticut town, to New York's theatrical whirl, over to Paris and then to Hollywood.

THE news that probably brought more joy to Hollywood than any other this month was the report from an Arizona sanitarium. It was good news, you can bet, when we heard that Rénée Adorée is really on the road to recovery. She's almost ready to leave the old sanitarium and move into a place of her own for a prolonged convalescence.

THAT old horse-opera maestro, Tom Mix, ain't taking no chances with a Mexican wedding. Not on your sombrero! No sooner did Tom get a day off from the studio than he and his bride of a couple of months hied themselves to Yuma, and went through a second ceremony. Lois Wilson, who is Tom's leading lady in his newest picture, and Tom's cameraman went along as witnesses.

What with all the hubbub about a possibility that some of these recent married-in-Mexico couples aren't really married (on account of technical requirements of the country) Tom wasn't taking any chances.

MRS. Brock Pemberton, RKO fashion specialist, selected a perfect duck of a hat for Irene Dunne. It was a black straw affair with two sassy bows on the crown. Irene was crazy about the hat, but (enter complications) so was Connie Bennett, queen of the lot.

In order to relieve Mrs. Brock Pemberton from any embarrassment in the matter, Connie proved herself a heck of a good sport by giving up the hat for Irene to wear on the screen in her next picture. She did ask, however, that she be allowed to have the charming *chapeau* copied in another color and she wore it with her bridesmaid's gown to sister Joan's wedding. (See picture at left.)

NO matter how you figure it, Tallulah Bankhead just hasn't registered as a "sensation" in Hollywood. For some reason or other the girl who set London and New York on fire hasn't quite clicked as a personality to gasp over. Even her enthusiastic newspaper reporter devotees who insist that Tallulah is more colorful than a desert sunset and more explosive than the Fourth of July can't seem to whip up the proper amount of interest in the drowsy-eyed Bankhead.

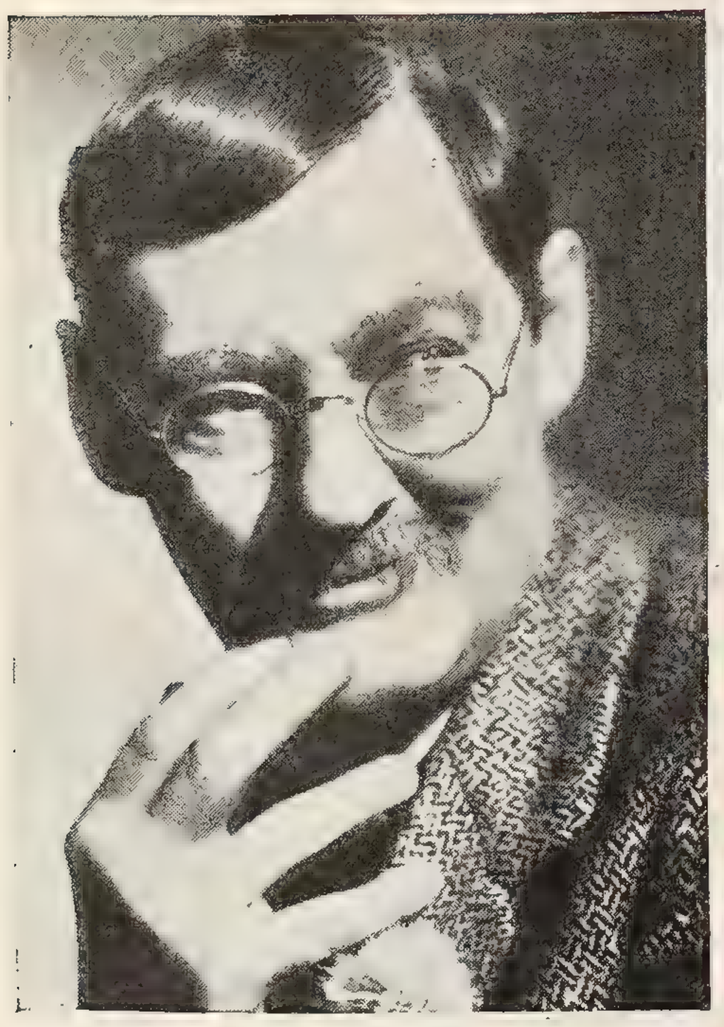
The other evening we saw Tallulah in a theatre lobby following a studio preview. While the two stars of the picture were being besieged by requests for autographs, Tallulah was allowed to step into her waiting automobile without a single tug at the sleeve.

## What's happened to the famous Tallulah Bankhead fireworks?

THE GREATEST CAST IN STAGE OR SCREEN HISTORY!



JOHN
GARBO-BARRYMORE





JOAN WALLACE
CRAWFORD-BEERY
LIONEL BARRYMORE

GRAND HOTEL

*with* LEWIS STONE
JEAN HERSHOLT

The play that gripped New York for a solid year—and toured America with many road companies. Now it is on the screen—long heralded—eagerly awaited—and when you see it you will experience the biggest thrill of all your picture-going days.

*An* EDMUND GOULDING *production*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S PROUDEST TRIUMPH!

# PORTRAITS



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Kay Francis doesn't look domesticated, goodness knows, but she really has become very much so since her marriage to Kenneth McKenna. Her husband's hobby is buying incidental pieces of nice, expensive furniture. Kay recently completed "Man Wanted" for Warner Brothers. Her next film (it is for the same company) will be "Street of Women." Marian Marsh is in it, too. Kay will have the opportunity to wear more gorgeous gowns than ever in the last named talkie.



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

Ann Harding has had her home telephone fixed so that only outgoing calls can be made. Just another little precaution that the busy star has to take against privacy-invaders. Ann's only hobby is still aviation. The famous Harding plane is the most bee-yootiful thing, with gold-plated gadgets and gold leather upholstery. Ann's next film will be "Westward Passage." By the way, be sure to read the sensational story about Ann on page 45 of this issue.



Photograph by Shalitt

Eddie Lowe is freelancing for the first time in nine years, having been under contract to Fox all that time. You'll see him in "Sensation" with Claudette Colbert. This film was made at the Paramount East Coast studios—and wasn't Eddie glad to get the part, for Lil was then in New York, you see, and he had been very lonesome. He and Lil had a high old time in the big city—went lots of places, saw lots of people, and bought lots of clothes.



Photograph by Freulich

This is Tom Brown who did so well in Warners' "The Ferguson Case." And whom you will be seeing shortly in "The Information Kid." He's just nineteen and has been on the stage since he could walk. His parents were old-time vaudevillians. His hobby is a pair of Boston bull pups that snore. After being in Hollywood for a few days, young Tom looked around and wise-cracked, "Join Hollywood and see the world—upside down!"



Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

Lily Damita, having completed "This is the Night" for Paramount, departed for Honolulu to meet Sidney Smith, her fiancé. Some say they'll marry out there. Others say they're already wed. Lily declines to enlighten the press or her friends on the subject. She has introduced bangs to Hollywood. And has recently lost ten pounds. You'll see her in Eddie Cantor's "The Kid from Spain" in which she'll have a chance to dance and sing again.



Marian Nixon and Warner Baxter, as you know, were both in "Amateur Daddy." Marian and Sally Eilers are the firmest of friends. Marian's wealthy husband, Edward Hillman, wants his wife to leave pictures and he's offered her a home in Southern France as a bribe, but Marian prefers to work. Warner Baxter plays tennis every day. He's famous for his spaghetti suppers.

MODERN SCREEN'S




Photograph by William Grimes

# UNPOSED PORTRAITS

Karen Morley's real name is Mildred Linton. Her dramatic career was started by her own interest in stage technique—but for playwriting, not acting. Karen lives with her parents in a modest little Italian bungalow. She says her rise to popularity in pictures proves the Santa Claus story. Her two most recent rôles are in "Arsène Lupin" and "Are You Listening?"



...This famous writer tells of the courage which is Hollywood's —a courage which remains unduplicated anywhere else in the whole world

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE



The elephants were stampeding! The trainer was not on hand to cow them! Hundreds of people would be trampled! Wallace Beery saw and—

It is an unwritten law that nothing must hold up a production. Even when death touches one's loved ones the picture must go on. Mary Astor knows this.

# HOLLYWOOD

OF old, we unsophisticated screen-watchers used to gasp at the life-and-death chances taken by stars of the film. Then we were told that most of the hair-crackling stunts and risks were incurred by doubles. That made us ashamed of our early thrills—even though a double is a human and a risk is still a risk.

But we grew to discount our first impression that screen actors had the flashing daredevil courage of a d'Artagnan. Reaction from our spasm of admiration made us over-cynical as to the pluck of Hollywood actors.

Then one of us began—carelessly at first—to investigate. Presently a throng of instances was gathered; instances of flaming physical and moral courage; and none of them smeared by the publicity man's brush.

Out of the mass of evidence one truth stood forth, past all doubt—Hollywood has a brand of courage all its own.

It is a type of courage which seldom drifts into print. It is a quietly dauntless heroism such as is found in almost no other walk of life.

I am going to tell you a mere handful of instances of this. They are worth your reading; not only for their keen dramatic interest; but because such stories of bravery can do more good than a hundred preachments. To begin with:

Wallace Beery had made friends with the elephant trainer at the Selig Zoo. He had made friends with the elephants, too, and the trainer had taught him how to put the giant beasts through some of their simpler tricks.

One day Beery and his company were on location near the zoo. A swarm of idlers were watching. Many other outsiders were strolling around the zoo itself. Somebody yelled, "Fire!"

Black smoke and red flames were belching from one end of the menagerie buildings. Crowds came running from every direction, even before the alarm could be turned in.

The zoo was in a deafening uproar as the animals smelled the smoke. Should they break loose, there might well be wholesale tragedy among the packed mass of onlookers who surrounded the buildings.

THEN came a multiple bellow, followed by a screamed sentence from one of the attendants. The herd of elephants had stampeded!

They had broken out of their own enclosure, maddened by fear. They were starting to charge through the buildings and yards in a rush for escape.

That avalanche charge was due to smash down everything in front of it; and to open the way for the frantic lions and tigers and leopards to dash out into the helpless crowd. The trainer had gone to a restaurant down the street. He was presumably the only man who could curb the thundering herd.

Wallace Beery scaled the high fence surrounding the zoo; and dropped down into the enclosure. It looked like a deed of suicidal insanity. He flung himself instantly among the trampling and milling elephants.

Then the firemen arrived; and the trainer came sprint-



Robert Montgomery, too, knows by experience the tragedy of having to play a rôle at a time when tragedy is close. Worse, he had to act light-hearted.



Lew Cody's contribution to Hollywood courage was in sticking to an old friend—a famous movie star—whom the world had turned against.



Richard Arlen, too, knows that the picture must go on—even in the face of personal injury. During a picture he was badly injured—but stuck to his job.

# HEROISM

ing back to the scene of tumult. But both would have been too late to check the charge and the escape of the other maddened beasts, if it had not been for the glorious pluck and coolness of that one film star.

The trainer and the firemen burst into the enclosure, to find Beery standing carelessly among the elephants. The giant beasts were kneeling—one of the tricks the trainer had taught Beery. Their murderous panic had been checked by the fearless presence and the calm orders of the man they had learned to like and to trust.

This was no screen stunt; no bid for publicity. It was the deed of a man who gaily staked his own life against big odds, in an effort to save the lives of others.

HOLLYWOOD is alive with "extras," all eagerly waiting for their chance; all willing to risk everything for that chance. Here is a tale of wholesale courage, performed by some of them in the effort to make good:

A shipwreck was to be staged. At the climax of the wreck the passengers and crew were supposed to dive singly and in groups over the side of a sinking yacht.

A hundred extras signed up for this diving job. They waived possible damage claims. One and all, they declared solemnly that they were expert swimmers. Therefore very few lifeguards were engaged to prevent disaster to such of the divers as might get cramps or find difficulty in keeping afloat.

As a matter of fact, nearly half of those hundred extras did not know how to swim a single stroke.

Most of the others were anything but the "expert swimmers" they had claimed to be. But the whole hundred played tag with death, by plunging into seventy feet of water; and had made false statements in order to do so.

They were looking for their big chance. Mere risk of drowning could not stop them when that shining goal seemed in view. By some miracle, the few real swimmers and the fewer lifeguards managed to rescue the floundering victims; and thus to avert wholesale tragedy. But the courage of the hundred extras was none the less amazing.

THE water-hazard seems to have scant terrors for fearless Hollywood. Dick Grace, the "stunt-flyer," was so anxious to outdo himself and to win success when "The Lost Squadron" was filmed, that he crashed his plane into the ocean.

The impact might readily have killed him. He took still greater risk of not being able to extricate himself from the machine, under water; and of drowning, pinned there and powerless. But gaily he took that double danger, and by rare luck he survived.

A "prop man," working in the "Broken Wing" company, was less fortunate in a flying venture.

The prop man never before had been in a plane. He knew nothing about aeronautics. But he volunteered to work the smudge pots for a stunt-flyer who was doing a spectacular bit of work in the picture.

The pilot lost control of the plane and it went into a

nose dive. He yelled and signaled to the luckless prop man to jump. The novice could not hear or else could not understand or else did not want to mar the picture by an unadvertised leap from peril. He was killed.

Lon Chaney courted danger in every make-up of his; including the risk of blindness in one picture wherein he gave his eyes the necessary wild aspect by pouring a deadly drug into them.

The climax of his dauntless risks came when he had to stand at the throttle of a fast-flying express train during a blizzard.

Chaney was ill at the time with a cold which had settled in his throat and chest. His system was run down by years of incessant stunt-work. His doctor warned him that the snow-and-wind machine used in the blizzard scene would increase his cold and might endanger his life.

But the star insisted on going ahead with the picture. Increasingly ill, he took every risk; staking his life, as ever, against his art. His death was reported to be the direct result of this gay defiance of his doctor's warning.

Maurice Chevalier for years has been running a like chance, in every vigorous motion he makes. He was sprayed with shrapnel, during the war. Some of this is still imbedded perilously close to his heart. He has been told that a sudden strain may kill him. He continues to laugh in the face of possible death by going ahead unsparingly with his strenuous work.

HERE'S another example of Hollywood heroism.

The entire "Carnival Boat" company was sent up into the hills on location. The work was rushed, because at any moment the winter snows were due—snows which would block all chance of egress, and keep the company there for weeks at a cost of many thousand dollars.

In the first scene Edgar Kennedy got a splinter deeply imbedded in his eye. This called for an emergency operation, which left Kennedy in acute pain and with his injured eye puckered up in a ludicrous squint.

Sooner than delay the picture he went on at once with his work. The director had had his rôle rewritten, overnight, into a comedy character called "Squinty." Thanks to Kennedy's unselfish pluck, the company was out of the mountains a day before the passes were choked with snow.

Dick Arlen was terribly burned by the accidental explosion of powder while he was working on a picture called "Gun Smoke." One side of his face was so badly injured that an eight-hour operation was needed. He refused to take ether. Then he went ahead with his part; keeping only the unscarred side of his face to the camera.

Hoot Gibson, in one sensational picture, had to jump from the cowcatcher of a locomotive to the running board of a motor car. The "timing" was bad. Gibson broke three ribs and sustained other hurts. As soon as he could get out of the hospital, he went back to location and made the daring leap successfully. Many a man, having tried that "stunt" once—and failed—would have lost his nerve.

GAVIN GORDON'S first big chance was an engagement to play opposite Greta Garbo in "Romance."

On his way to the studio a motor car hit him and broke two of his ribs. He had himself encased in a plaster cast. Then, suffering intolerable pain, he went on with the rôle.

There is another brand of Hollywood courage which perhaps is as mighty in its way as the things I have been telling you. Here are just one or two instances of it from the many which could be cited:

Montgomery's adored little baby died on the morning of the day when the comedian's funniest scenes in "Private Lives" were to be played. Heartbroken, he played those scenes with such uproarious humor that spectators all over the world laughed themselves sick over his comic genius. You who saw that film will remember how killingly funny Montgomery's antics were. It was his job—and he did it well.

Mary Astor was just going on the stage, in a stage performance, when she received word that her husband had been killed. She gave a brilliant rendition of her part that evening, collapsing in a dead faint at the fall of the final curtain. Again—it was her job to carry on.

Lew Cody risked public favor, and thus risked his future, by sticking to Fatty Arbuckle when the latter was in universal disgrace. Loyalty to a chum meant more to him than financial success. But many another professional would have felt justified in ignoring Arbuckle—in public, at least.

Phillips Holmes staged a magnificent battle back to the water wagon after liquor had threatened him with utter ruin. James Gleason, who does not drink, hazarded his popularity with a large percentage of his public by talking prohibition repeal over the radio; merely because he believed repeal was right. The courage of one's own convictions is, apparently, another sort of pluck which Hollywood has in abundance.

Yes, in both physical and moral courage, Hollywood could teach life-lessons to most of the outer world. The half-portion group of instances I have cited here could be added to, a thousandfold.

But I think I have proved my point. Haven't I?





Hoot Gibson, for the sake of a picture, had to jump from a moving locomotive to an automobile. He misjudged the distance—landed in the hospital with three broken ribs. Yet, when he came out he, too, showed remarkable pluck. (Below) Chevalier's life is always in danger, yet he pays no heed.

"...Hollywood could teach life-lessons to most of the outer world."





(Above) Leona Powers and Genevieve Tobin in a number called "Out Like A Flask." (Above, right) Thelma Todd and Eloise O'Brien (wife of Pat O'Brien) in a black-out sketch called "Black-Outs à la New Yorker." It got a lot of laughs.

. . . The Dominos—a Hollywood amateur theatrical club—had a gay time when they held their annual revel. Many famous stars went







(Above) Pat O'Brien and Walter Catlett, famous stage comedian. Pat's wife was in the show, you know. (Above, right) Lois Wilson and Sally Eilers. (Below) Alan Hale and Pat O'Brien buying tickets.

(Above, right) May Robson, famous trouper, and Anna Q. Nilsson. When is Anna going to make that picture, everyone is anxious to know. (Below) Jetta Goudal, who deserted her shop to attend.







(Left) With his father between scenes.—Lloyd, Sr., always has a small part in Harold's films. (Right) With his leading lady, Constance Cummings, after a rain scene—and before a sneeze.



# On the set with HAROLD LLOYD





(Above) A general view of a scene being taken at the Santa Fé Station. (Left) Harold being measured for camera angles. (Right) A close-up from one of the production's romantic moments. Much excitement for the Lloyd fans—it's the first picture he's made in some time. These pictures are exclusive to MODERN SCREEN.



# THE MOST THRILLING FILM OF ALL —but one which will never be made . . .

## By LOWELL THOMAS

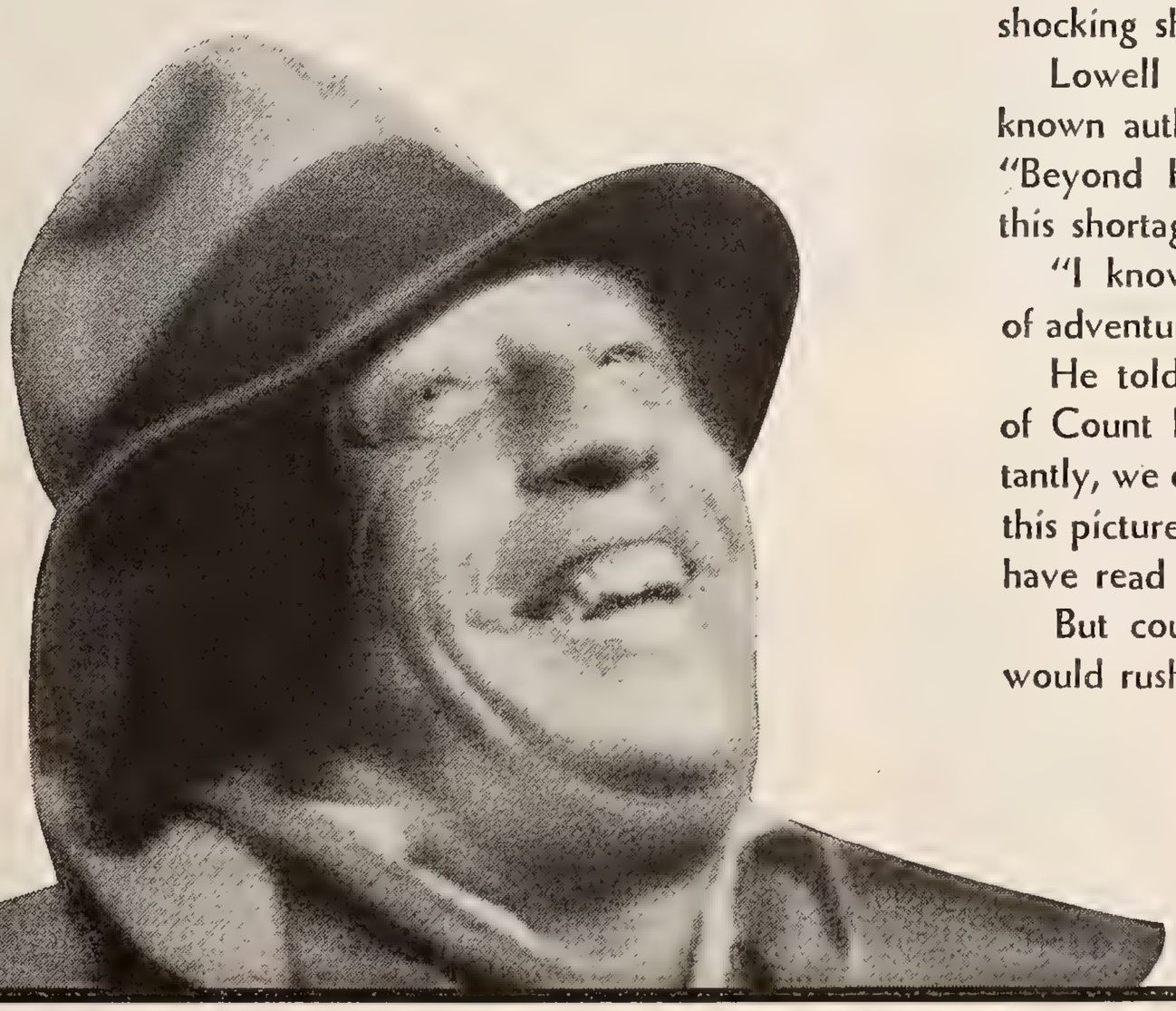
Illustrated by Howard K. Elcock



ON the screen flashes the dramatic sequence of ships, sailing ships, soaring masts and spreading canvas. A fair wind is blowing. And white sails spread like the wings of a bird, and the graceful hulk goes racing upon the water of a balmy sea. Then the next thing you know a storm is blowing, shrieking wind and gigantic seas, a West Indian hurricane, or a China sea typhoon.

The men in this favorite motion picture of mine are

(Below) The hero of the story, Count Luckner, The Sea Devil. (Right) The famous author of the story, Lowell Thomas.



You hear everywhere today that there is a shocking shortage of good material for movies.

Lowell Thomas, radio favorite and well-known author of "With Lawrence in Arabia," "Beyond Khyber Pass," etc., was discussing this shortage with me recently.

"I know the most amazing story—a story of adventure, romance, countless thrills!"

He told it to me—virtually the life history of Count Luckner, "Sea Devil." And, reluctantly, we decided that no producer could make this picture—the reason will be clear when you have read this fascinating article.

But could this film be produced, how we would rush to the box office!

—The Editor

# THE PERFECT MOVIE MUST HAVE ROMANCE, SPECTACLE, THRILLS

sailors, hardy old Jack Tars, salt bitten veterans of the sea. The villains are half-castes, or Malays, fierce slinky fellows.

The hero is a magnificent burly sailor man, born to the gentility of palaces, but reared to the hardy life of canvas and the wind. He is jovial, a great spinner of yarns, a man rich in the tang and splendor of the seas. And then there's the beautiful blond heroine.

Yes, that's my favorite motion picture, only it has never been produced. The actors have never played their parts while the camera grinds away. No audiences ever sat gazing at the screen on which this romance of the sea is being enacted.

During the past several years one big motion picture producer after another approached my friend, Count Luckner, the Sea Devil.

"Count," they said, "you have movie material here. Let's see if we can't get together on a picture."

That sounds like a good beginning, doesn't it? In fact, there are mighty few stories in this world that will seem to be such inevitable material for the motion pictures as the story of Count Luckner, the Sea Devil. It's a natural. What better could you want than a nobleman who ran away to sea as a boy, lived the life of a sailor before the mast for years, then returned to his aristocratic home, became a naval officer and raided the seas in a sailing ship during the World War. The only instance on record of a windjammer raider in this modern day of dreadnaughts and submarines. Romanticize that a bit, fictionize it with a love story, and that's movie stuff:

Then the Count himself is a prodigious fellow, with an inborn genius for theatricals. He is by nature a superb actor and would make a magnificent hero for a screen drama. So it's no wonder that motion picture producers have gone after him time and again. Then, always, one most impressive difficulty has cropped up:—expense, with a capital *E*.



THE modern colossus of motion picture producing doesn't pinch his pennies. He invests hundreds of thousands in big pictures, and yet the most lavish of them, in talking to Count Luckner, have been stopped in their tracks by that word—expense. It would simply cost too much money to produce his picture. And that's very easy to see when you think about it for a moment.

In his sea raid the jolly Count never took a life. He did sink ships, many ships. That is the central thrill and climax of his story. Now it's mighty expensive to sink ships. Any producer might well grow pale at the idea of buying a dozen sea-going vessels and then blowing them up with bombs and sending them down to Davy Jones' locker for the purpose of producing a spectacle for the motion picture screen.

That is why my favorite motion picture has never been produced, that is why what, to my mind, would make one of the greatest of all screen dramas, has never been filmed. So all I can do is fall back on imagination, and make believe that I am in a picture show, and let my fancies go roaming and build a romance of the sea that is being enacted on a mythical screen. Let's see how it would go.

We have a romantic old castle in Central Europe. The overgrown boy, Felix, of a nobleman's family, hates to study, and runs away. Like many a boy before him, he runs away to sea.

The Hamburg waterfront with its forest of masts. The runaway signs on a Russian schooner.

The full-rigged, three-master Niobe sails for Australia. It is a bad ship. The cabin boy is made custodian of the pigs. He cleans the pigsty, is forced to live with the pigs, and is called "the pig" by the Russian seamen. The captain

# AND REALISM. THIS STORY HAS—YET IT WILL NEVER BE FILMED

is a tyrant, the men brutalized. He is starved and beaten.

Off the West coast of Africa a beautiful isle comes in view, a green isle that looks like paradise, with its white cottages and leaning palms. The wretched boy gazes entranced—it is his first sight of land after weeks of misery aboard ship. How he would like to be on that enticing shore. In imagination he sees a fairy princess over there among the palms. He day dreams of her, but is brought back to the realities of life at sea by a curse and a kick. The captain orders the pig boy back to the pigsty.



At the first port of call in West Australia, at Freemantle, he deserts.

BUT he gets a job as a lighthouse keeper's assistant on the Australian coast just to be near his beloved sea. The head lighthouse keeper has a pretty blond daughter. In a dreamy moment it seems to the lad that she is the fairy princess and they are on the green island. He kisses her. The father sees it and kicks him out of the lighthouse.

This time he becomes a kangaroo hunter. Later he joins a troupe of Indian fakirs as a sort of strong man to peg down their tents. A Malay girl attached to the troupe secretly teaches him a few of the fakirs' magical tricks. His immense size and magnificent physique attract attention everywhere. His dreams are still of the sea, and when an English sailing ship, the Pinmore, sails into Brisbane, he signs on. Perhaps on long voyages he may catch sight of the green island where his fairy princess lives.

He has drawn a fine ship with a fine skipper. He rapidly develops into a full fledged A.B. There is no life like a sailor's life. The Pinmore sails for San Francisco and then steers south for a long storm beaten trip around the Horn. Once Felix is nearly swept overboard by a giant wave. Then there are calms under a blazing tropical sky. Hunger and thirst and scurvy aboard the Pinmore. The young sailor, scarcely able to stand, still is able to cheer his comrades with laughter and stories and songs and the magical tricks he learned among the fakirs. Finally the Pinmore makes port. She is a staunch, good ship. All the ills of ocean had beset her, but she had weathered them all bravely, sheltering and protecting her crew.

Then on around the world from ship to ship he sails, on voyage after voyage. He is always popular because of his rollicking manner, his tremendous strength, and his gift at spinning yarns.

But in all his voyages before the mast he gets not one glimpse of the dream isle where the fairy princess lives. Nor has he ever learned just where it was that he passed the green island on his first voyage.

IN the captain's cabin aboard a windjammer, he spies a copy of the Almanac de Gotha, and curiosity impels him to venture in, take the book, and look down the list under the L's for his own name. He finds: "Count Felix von Luckner, missing." A longing for home comes upon him. But he recalls his vow never to return until he has fought his way into the Imperial Navy and gained the rank of an officer. He is in a reverie, when the Captain, finding a sailor in his cabin, very formally gives him a shove and kick out the door.

He has saved enough money for a course in a school of navigation. But he is so clumsy and stupid that the professor and his whole family, who like the genial young giant, although his lapses into nautical profanity give them many a shock, are obliged to coach him before he can squeeze through the examinations. He passes them and becomes an officer in the naval reserve.

Then he returns home to the old castle, where he has long been given up as dead. (*Continued on page 111*)

# YOUR TASTE IN MEN





(Above) The Fairbanks type is a bit of a dreamer. A man of moods—which you must anticipate! (Left) Bad-boy Jimmy Cagney—just the opposite of Fairbanks. Do you want to know how the clever girl would "manage" his type?

. . . This brilliant, discerning writer analyzes five decided types of screen heroes. In real life, what types of girls could win—and hold—the love of these types?

## By FAITH BALDWIN

I HAVE been wondering for some time just how much influence our screen heroes have upon the girls in the audience. Quite a big influence, I think. Not only do these heroes provide vicarious thrills and an opportunity for hero worship, but they also aid in forming a girl's taste in men. For instance: perhaps you admire one of these heroes so much that you will unconsciously seek a man to marry who resembles him. And you can learn a great deal about winning and keeping the love of the man *you* love by studying your favorite screen hero. There are little tricks about understanding and pleasing every type of man—tricks which cannot be called deceits. They are absolutely vital to happy love and marriage and every wise woman has practiced them since the beginning of time.

Perhaps you are thinking, "Dear me! I certainly have my work cut out. There's my boy friend admiring Marlene Dietrich (or Garbo, or Crawford, or Swanson) until I almost hate to go and see her pictures with him. Now I not only must try to live up to a Dietrich ideal, but I must also figure out what type of movie hero *he* resembles and act accordingly." Well, I think I can state with a fair degree of certainty that you needn't worry much about his current screen ideal. Men are much less influenced by the beauties of the screen than girls are by the men of the screen. Your boy friend may secretly—or not so secretly

—adore Dietrich or Joan Crawford *while he is watching her on the screen,* but when it comes down to facts he is generally pretty well content with the girl who goes to the pictures with him and slips her palpitating hand in his own at the most exciting part of the shadow adventure. Men are the real romanticists, after all, and they find their romance in your own self, even though the roving male fancy—and it will rove, so you might as well make up your mind to that—is now and then casually attracted by a lovely face on the screen. Such casual fancies prevent no man from falling in love with and marrying the girl whom he has known all his life, or whose desk is next to his at the office, or whose brother is his buddy.

So much for men's ideals. But you—suppose you, for instance, should meet, in your own world, a man who is very like the man you most admire on the screen. How would you set about to win him? More important, having won him, how would you go about holding him?

LET'S take two widely different types. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and James Cagney, for instance. They are so different, as types, that they are at either ends of a scale, so to speak. Remember—I am speaking of the *screen* Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and the *screen* James Cagney. They may be entirely different in real life—but we won't concern ourselves with that.

The junior Fairbanks represents, as perfectly as any man today upon the stage or screen, the dreamer, the man of poetic and artistic nature. The girl who is naturally attracted to such a type will find her ideal expressed in him. He will embody, for her, culture, gentle birth, temperament—which is merely another term for a sensitive stubbornness of the soul. Such a man is perhaps not as hard to win as difficult to hold. The girl who is attracted by the Fairbanks type and who meets with such a man in her own life must be perpetually on her guard. She must surround herself with glamor, she must keep the high, clear flame of romance burning. She must occasionally be evasive—must not let him be too sure—all the time. A little uncertainty will intrigue him.

This Fairbanks type will be a man of moods. I don't mean that he will be *moody* or sullen. But he will swing from highest gaiety to deepest gloom. He will certainly not be a placid, even-dispositioned person. And you—like a good accompanist playing for a temperamental singer—must learn to *anticipate* his moods. Such a type demands not only an ardent sweetheart but a girl with something of the maternal spirit; a girl willing to efface herself in order to meet his demands and his moods. With this type you need not only a simplicity of nature, but the sort of cleverness which is Eve-cleverness—not a surface thing. A cleverness which warns you when he's had enough of coddling and when he needs a lot of it. How can you do it? Oh, little signs will point the way. Close association with a person—seeing him every day—teaches you to recognize those signs almost before they appear. For instance, there's the irritability which is inevitably part of the make-up of this type. You may, one evening at dinner, express an enthusiastic opinion about a book the two of you have been reading. He will rather snappishly reply that your opinion is all wrong and that, furthermore, the book isn't up to much anyway. And only yesterday he was raving about the book himself! Well, don't let the snappishness affect you. It isn't directed at you in the first place. It is simply an indication that he has tired of the book—that his mind has found an interest in something else. Drop the subject—and find out what the new interest is. With this type of man, a girl, by apparently submitting, really achieves the upper hand.

AND now, the Jimmy Cagney type—so different! Cagney is as modern as tomorrow. He is the tough boy who travels with a chip on his shoulder and a twisted grin on his lips; who would as soon knock you down as look at you; but whose daring and courage and laughter, whose bravado of the out-thrust chin and clenched fist has its own appeal. This type has its feet on the ground and is mighty quick on those feet. It also has its chin in the air. Impulsive, eager, a little mad, a sort of love-'em-and-leave-'em chap, perhaps.

In this respect, the Cagney type and the Fairbanks type do not differ, save in degree. Young Fairbanks would also love 'em and leave 'em, but he would do it poetically, with a gentle cruelty—a box of roses and a regretful note. Cagney would grin and say, "So long, Baby. I'll be seein' you." Only he wouldn't be seein' you and that would be that. (*Continued on page 119*)







(Above) The girl who admires the Gable type will find such a man hard to win. This type of man loves his own liberty. But the right tactics will convince him that love is more important! The Gary Cooper type—strong, silent and yet sensitive—needs sympathy and intelligent understanding. (Right) The sophisticated Colman type finds its match in equal sophistication—or a completely genuine simplicity.

# KEEP YOUR EYE ON ANN



"I didn't think I'd photograph well," Ann said to herself when they wanted to make tests of her. "I'm not good-looking enough . . . and, anyway, I'm young and self-conscious. I'm no actress."

(Below) After her effective work in "Scarface," Howard Hughes gave her a part in "Sky Devils." It happened, though, that "Sky Devils" was released first and is now playing around.

Photograph by Irving Lippman

# DVORAK . . . !

. . . She's going to be a big success on the screen. Yet, for a long time she thought she couldn't act



(Above) With Richard Cromwell in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." Her fourth picture. And Ann's work in it makes it seem pretty likely that she'll soon be a star in her own right. And she wanted to be a writer!



(Below) With Paul Muni in "Scarface,"—Ann's first venture into a real movie part. (Right) With James Cagney in "The Crowd Roars" for which she was lent to Warners by Howard Hughes.



By JACK JAMISON

TWO months ago none of us had ever heard of Ann Dvorak.

Now her name is headline material. When she married the young stage and screen actor, Leslie Fenton, on March 17, her photograph and her name appeared in all the papers. The young couple did not intend to make a splurge at all. They slipped away quietly, without telling their friends, and flew to Yuma, Arizona. They were married in the Methodist Church in Yuma by the Reverend Herbert Brooks and then they flew to Agua Caliente to spend part of their honeymoon.

Two months ago, Ann Dvorak was unknown to the fans. Now, suddenly, she bursts onto the screen in five pictures: "Sky Devils," "Scarface," "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," "The Crowd Roars" and "Love Is a Racket."

An over-night success, a sensation. What is the story behind her smashing rise? She is pointed straight for stardom, goal of a thousand hopes. What did she do to get there? Is a tale of long yearning, long striving; of burning ambition to rise to the height of stardom on the screen? No. As a matter of fact, she did not want to be a star. The goal of thousands was no goal for her. She had stardom literally thrust upon her.

Five years ago, at the Page School for Girls in Los Angeles, there was a thin, quiet girl the others called "different." She was not beautiful, according to schoolgirl notions of prettiness; the only thing at all noteworthy about her face were her high forehead and her big eyes with their high, sweeping, slender brows. She was very serious, diligently getting good grades in her studies. Few of the girls knew that she was working her way through school. Few knew that she wanted to be a newspaper woman. To be a newspaper reporter, not to be a movie star, was Ann's earliest ambition. Her only connection with the drama was that she occasionally helped in the staging and directing of school plays and pageants. She liked that, but she never felt any desire to be in them as an actress. All the time she could spare from studies she gave to the school newspaper, "The Pagette," becoming its editor, finally, which meant that she had to write nearly all of every issue herself. She supported herself by teaching French and dancing to the younger girls in the school. "I couldn't dance myself, but I could teach others," she says.

LEAVING school, Ann was faced with the necessity of getting a job. She was fifteen. Newspapers are not in the habit of giving staff jobs to fifteen year old girls just out of school. She tried and tried—and got no job. "I wore myself out looking for the kind of work I wanted. Then I tried reading the want ads in the paper, and following them up every morning. Nothing came of that either. (*Continued on page 100*)

# FAMILY FIRST

By BEN LLOYD

**. . . Now it can be told—why Richard Dix put off marrying for so long. It wasn't that he hated women—nor marriage. It was because of a fine promise he made to his elder brother**

THERE'S no simpler way of making Richard Dix roaring mad than to ask him about his love-life.

That used to be true, even before he married Winifred Coe. In those pre-marital days of his, when he was reputed to be Hollywood's champion heartbreaker, Dix'd offer to punch the nose off any interviewer who wanted to know about his heart affairs, if any.

"Those stories," he'd fume and snort, "about this girl and that girl and me are just a bunch of blankety-blank-blank-blank lies, and I'm blankety-blank sick and tired of 'em!"

That was Rich's attitude when he was one of Hollywood's outstanding bachelors.

But now—now that he's a married man—now he's ten times worse, as far as interviews are concerned! Interviews about marital happiness, and that sort of thing.

He simply will not talk about his wife, his love, his married life. You'll never get from Richard Dix himself the story behind his much-publicized reputation of being a heartbreaker, behind his recent marriage, behind his present belligerent attitude of I've-nothing-to-say-about-it.

But there *is* a story.

It's the story of Rich Dix's devotion to his family and his obligations as he saw them—a devotion that was the real cause of his long bachelorhood. It's a story that reveals, better than anything else, the real Richard Dix—who years ago promised his brother on that brother's deathbed that he'd never marry until he'd first taken care of his own family, and had enough left over to provide for a wife "in the best possible way."

Richard Dix kept that deathbed promise.

YOU see, the family instinct has been one of the strongest factors in shaping Dix's life. The Brimmers—that's the family name, you know—were a clannish group. Family solidarity was a fetish with them—handed down from generation to generation, from 'way back in that early period of America's history when one John Brimmer and his wife, Elizabeth Manchester, came from England and hewed a living out of the forests of New England. And this clannish feeling was handed down as a family tradition to Richard Dix.

Not that Richard Dix was not an individual. There must have been terrible struggles within him—struggles between his own very definite individuality and the family tradition that was part of him.

That struggle reached its fiercest point when young Ernest Carlton Brimmer, Jr., decided he wanted to be an actor. And when he told his folks that his aim was the stage, they were simply aghast. There were scenes, naturally. His father tried to beat down the lad's determination. But that determination was too strong—and so, eventually, the old folks gave in.

Then there came a perfect manifestation of the family solidarity. With all the intensity with which they had tried to dissuade the lad from his intent to become an actor, the family suddenly began to back him up. An aunt thought up the stage name under which he was to become famous—the name of Dix. The Richard was his own idea. His folks got back of him and boosted him and helped him in every way they could—encouraged him when he needed it, advised him when he wanted it. And particularly helpful was his elder brother Archie, now a physician, whom Dix worshipped.

"Archie was the greatest single influence in the shaping of my career," said Dix once, talking about that family tradition. "He aided and encouraged me more than anyone else."



Dix with his wife, the former Winifred Coe. Dix once said, "When it comes to selecting a wife, I shall certainly compare her with my own mother. . . . I think of a wife as a mother of children—and the kind of mother my own mother has been."

Wide World

HAVING won his point in the greatest family battle of his life, Richard Dix has devoted himself ever since to "making amends" for his stand. Not that he has felt he did wrong and had to be a good boy to make up for it. Rather, there was the feeling inside him that he had been right and could best prove it by taking care of his family.

With a single-purpose intensity that is strange nowadays, Dix's every thought, as his career developed, was to give his folks the benefit. He subordinated himself and his wishes, always, to his family. His earnings went, from the very beginning, to making more comfortable the lot of his parents, who were not well off.

(*Continued on page 103*)



Photograph by Bachrach

Dix was born Ernest Carlton Brimmer, Jr. The Brimmers were the most devoted of families. Despite their first disapproval, they helped Dix to win a stage success. And he has repaid them many times over in money, devotion and self-sacrifice.



(Above) The sad break-up of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister can be charged directly to the great fame which came to Ann. (Right) The very frankness and understatement of Ann's letter heightens the sadness of it.

By

K. ROWELL

BATTEN

# HOLLYWOOD'S

## . . . The failure of the marriage of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister is one of Hollywood's major tragedies

ANN HARDING

March 21st, 1932.

Mr. Walter Ramsey,
Modern Screen,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Mr. Ramsey::

The following statement, together with a statement from Mr. Bannister, is being delivered simultaneously to the general Press:

We, Harry Bannister and Ann Harding Bannister, are getting a divorce, because, during our three years in the motion picture industry, we have been placed in a position which is untenable.

Due to Harry's constant and generous effort to forward my interests, often at the expense of his own, he is gradually losing his identity, becoming a background for my activities, and looked upon as "Ann Harding's husband".

We have decided that the only way for Harry to re establish himself in his profession, is to cut the Gordian knot, to set forth on his own - quite apart from me - and win his way back to the standing he enjoyed in the Theatre, before this unfortunate situation in pictures has a chance to reach us, and destroy the love and respect we have for each other

We have found courage to preserve the thing we have in the way that seems best to us.

Ann Harding Bannister

THE two letters reproduced on these pages tell—with amazing and unusual frankness—one of the most poignant tragedies which has ever happened in Hollywood. In those letters—plain and utterly without verbal trimmings as they are—one can see the heartbreak and disappointment. Here, indeed, is one answer to the ever-present question of whether it is possible for love to exist in Hollywood.

Much has been written about the price of fame—a good deal of it absolute hokum, some of it true. This break-up between Ann Harding and Harry Bannister really does prove that there is a price for fame—and a high one. For Ann did love her husband tremendously—and does. That is no publicity story. Anyone who has ever been to Hollywood will tell you how she always tried to make her husband more important than herself—at their home and at gatherings. She always tried to show that he was master of the house—that he was no Mister Ann Harding. She never made a decision without asking his advice—whether in public or private. She did her best to make it clear to everyone that he was the head of the household.

Hard as she tried, though, Hollywood and public opinion was too much for her. When she and Harry first came to Hollywood they were two professionals of equal standing. Then the movies, with typical unreasonableness, cast Ann to the top of the heap and left Harry buried in obscurity at the bottom. He's a good actor—Ann herself will tell you he's every bit as good an actor as she is an

# FRANKEST BREAK-UP

actress. But Hollywood sometimes does strange things.

Very few men with any pride at all can weather the ignominy of being merely the husband of a famous woman—no matter how much that woman tries to show that her love for him is far greater than her pride of fame. For it isn't the feeling between them which causes the strain, it's the gossip, the malicious insinuations, the thousand tiny hurts which come from their friends, their acquaintances and the world at large.

And it is impossible to shut out the world—especially if you live in Hollywood and are a prominent figure in the movie industry.

Ann and Harry tried it—and failed. Fame has exacted its price—and the price is their married happiness. Not their love. For that is why they are going to be divorced—in order to save their love. A truly brilliant move, since they have learnt by bitter experience that if they stay married, their love for each other would be ultimately doomed.

Is it possible to be happily married—when both parties are professionals, and one of them—particularly the woman—gains greater fame?

Twice, John Gilbert found it unendurable. Once with Leatrice Joy—when he became suddenly famous and she began to slip, and again with Ina Claire—when he was sliding from fame and she was going to greater glory.

Rumors insist that Ruth Chatterton is going to divorce Ralph Forbes. Another case where the wife tried hard to hold happiness. Ruth has done everything to make Ralph as popular—but the fates said otherwise. And so their marriage may be endangered.

Gloria Swanson and Wallace Beery couldn't make their marriage last—when she became a great star. For in those days Wallace Beery was not nearly as important as he is now.

Some women have been wise enough to give up their career when they married an actor. Jobyna Ralston, now Mrs. Dick Arlen, did. Lola Lane is content to be Mrs. Lew Ayres. Dolores Costello tried one picture since she has been Mrs. John Barrymore—but only one. Perhaps her intuition told her

(*Continued on page 115*)

HARRY C. BANNISTER

March 21st, 1932.

Mr. Walter Ramsey,
Modern Screen Magazine,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Mr. Ramsey:

The following statement, together with a statement from Mrs. Bannister, is being delivered simultaneously to the general Press:

During the five and a half years I have been married to Ann Harding, I have had the love and respect and devotion of the very great and lovely person who is my wife.

Therefore, in order to preserve this in its entirety, we find the apparently drastic course of divorce, the quickest and best solution to our eventual complete happiness.

There is nothing further that I can add to Mrs. Bannister's statement.

Harry C Bannister



(Above) Harry Bannister's letter, too, is quiet and dignified—but that doesn't lessen the unhappiness which the events leading up to it must have caused. (Right) Baby Jane—the Bannisters' lovely child. She, too, must suffer.

# BECAUSE

—Johnny Weissmuller was hurt as only an impressionable kid can be hurt. He never saw her again, yet that girl's laugh changed his whole life and brought him supreme happiness

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



Johnny Weissmuller was girl-shy, anyhow. And when that girl laughed at him on the raft years ago you can imagine how crushed he felt.

A MIGHTY voice awakens the echoes of the silent jungle; a moment of suspense and then a hush as a magnificent sun-bronzed figure, lithe muscles rippling, swings into the picture. Tarzan the Ape Man, lord of the African jungle, is here and a million women will get such a thrill as not even Clark Gable ever gave them.

It is doubtful that any other man in the world has the grace, the strength and the physical perfection to measure up to the superman of Edgar Rice Burroughs' imagination. For weeks director Van Dyke combed the country for a man to play the part. Dozens of Hollywood's "he-men" were tested and found wanting. Van Dyke simply couldn't find the right physical specimen for the rôle until he met Johnny Weissmuller.

Most of the world knows the story of Johnny Weissmuller, the thin, emaciated young Austrian lad whom doctors sent into the water to cure a withering illness. What the world does not know is that it was not a search for health which drove the shy, sickly youngster to a regime of Spartan rigidity but the unthinking laughter of a girl. To that peal of girlish laughter, into which

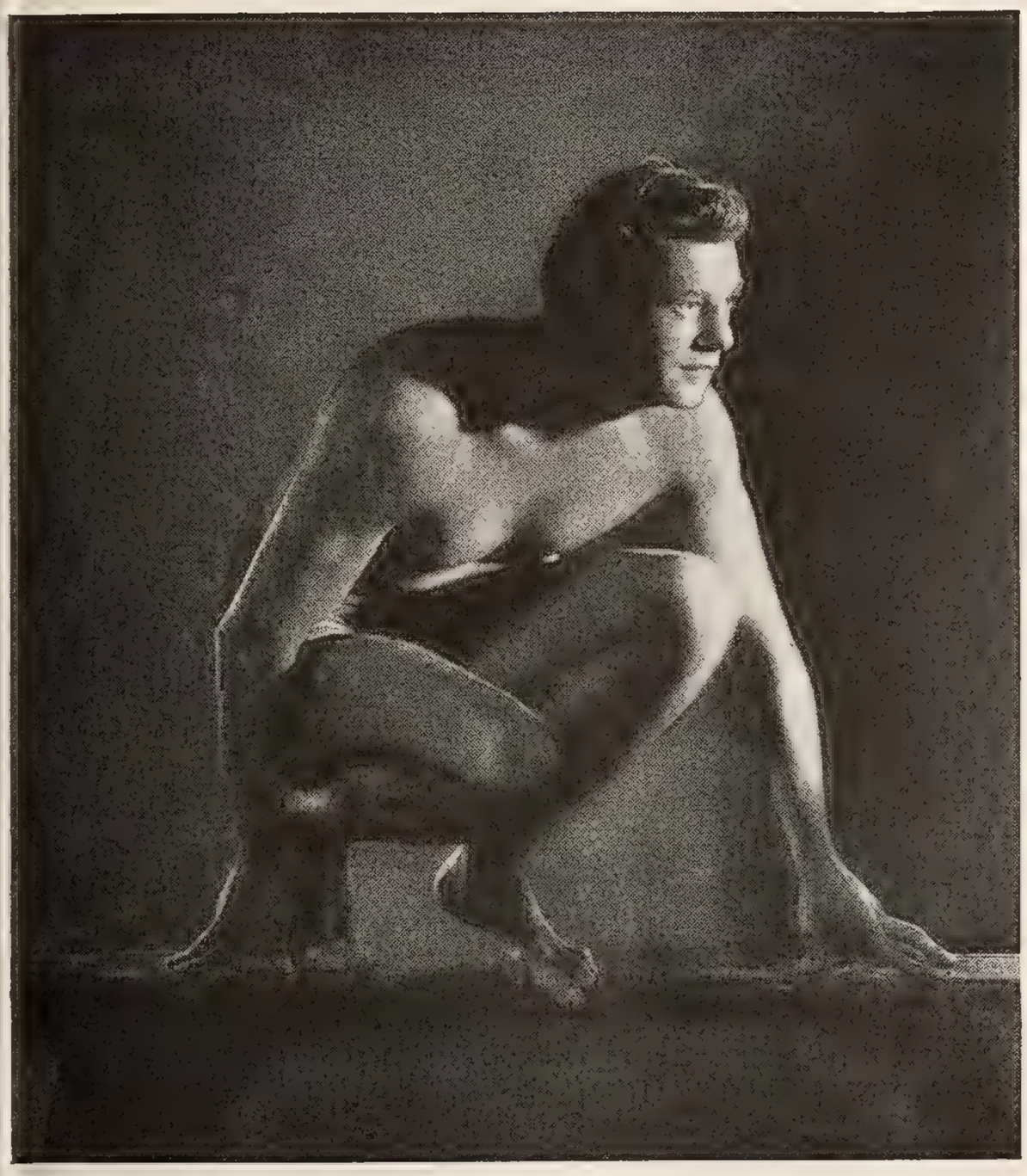


Mr. and Mrs. Weissmuller. Mrs. Weissmuller is Bobbé Arnst, musical comedy star. If there is an acme of cuteness, she is it.

# A GIRL LAUGHED—

(Right) With Maureen O'Sullivan and an "extra" in "Tarzan, the Ape Man." Johnny is hoping that his work in this picture will secure for him a permanent place in films. (Below) Dozens of Hollywood he-men were tested and found unsuitable for the rôle of Tarzan. No wonder Johnny got it.





was crowded the casual contempt of a girl for a man with an unprepossessing physique, Johnny Weissmuller owes his place as a world's champion swimmer, his selection for the rôle of Tarzan and the culmination of his romance with Bobbé Arnst, the beautiful girl who is now his wife and his love. Let us go back a few short years to the crowded lake front beaches of Chicago where it all began.

"I will never forget that afternoon," said Johnny, his white teeth flashing, "if I live to be a hundred. I don't even remember the girl's name now but if she reads this, she'll know how grateful I am to her.

"When the doctor told my parents that swimming was the only thing which might give me back my health and put some flesh on my bones, I'd never swum a stroke in my life," continued Johnny. "My parents were Austrian and neither they nor any of my ancestors had ever swum a stroke either, so far as we knew. I was afraid of the water but I did manage to paddle a bit in the Des Plaines river, near where we lived. My brother Peter had become quite a swimmer and had a job as a life guard on one of the beaches on Lake Michigan and as I learned how to swim a little, I began hanging around the beach where Pete worked. I was tall for my age but I looked like a bean pole in my bathing suit and although I began to take notice, as a kid will, of the good looking girls who came there to swim, I didn't get a tumble from them. All the girls were crazy about Pete who was husky and better looking than I'll ever be.

THERE was one girl on whom I got quite a case. Of course, I didn't let her know it for I was ashamed of my thin body. She used to hang around Pete a good deal and I would watch her and worship her from a distance. I had become a pretty fair swimmer by that time, even if I didn't look like much out of the water, and whenever I'd get a chance, I'd show off in front of this girl. She wasn't but maybe a year older than I was but she was a good looker and well matured for a girl of her age.

"Then, one day, she and a group of boys and girls had swum out to a raft not far from shore. I swam out and pulled myself up on the raft beside her. Somehow I managed to mumble:

" 'Gee! You've certainly got beautiful hair!'

"She looked quickly at me and *laughed*. Then, when she realized she must be hurting my feelings, she cut short her laugh and made some polite remark like, 'Do you think so?'

"I dove off that raft and struck out for shore—that thoughtless laugh still ringing in my ears. I never had anything hurt me like that did. I dressed and went home. Up to that time I had been swimming because the doctor told me to and I was beginning to enjoy it a little. But when Pete came home that night I asked him:

" 'Pete, if I stick to my swimming and train hard will it make me big and husky and give me hard muscles like yours?'

" 'Sure kid, if you stick to it,' said Pete, 'why?'

" 'Oh nothing,' I told him, 'only I was just wondering.' "

Johnny Weismuller began to swim in earnest. Soon he began to frequent the city pools and so sincerely did he devote himself to the sport that he began to attract attention. Still tall, lanky and shy, he went through high school with the fear of being hurt again still preventing him from having much to do with girls. He finished high school and entered college. Soon after this, he met William Bachrach, head coach of the United States Olympic swimming team. Bachrach was searching for a youth whom he could develop (*Continued on page 102*)

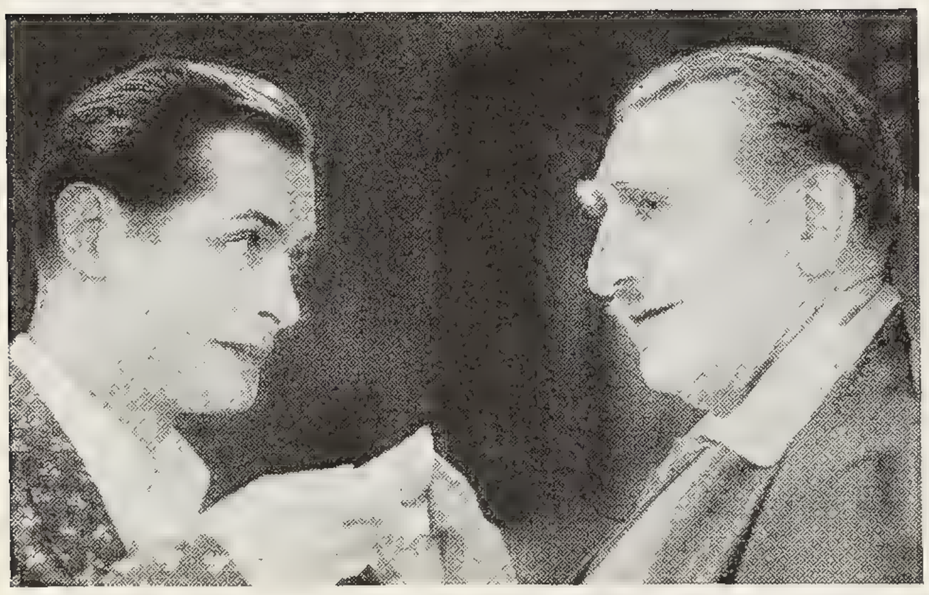
# MODERN SCREEN



## THE MOUTHPIECE (Warner Bros.)

Warren William in this, his first starring picture, portrays the lawyer who becomes a "mouthpiece" for the underworld after the disillusionment of sending an innocent boy to the electric chair while acting for the District Attorney. William is exceptional in his sincerity and smoothness.

The picture is crowded with incidents from the life of New York's famous mouthpiece, Fallon, and some of them will leave you breathless. Sidney Fox, the typist in his huge office, shows him the error of his ways. The scene in which William "drinks poison" to convince a jury of his client's innocence is enough in itself to recommend this picture for your preferred list.



## BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK (M-G-M)

In this spicy comedy-drama, originally "The Truth Game," Bob Montgomery is the penniless but attractive son of an impoverished Englishman. Father and son's only material salvation lies in Bob's marriage to a wealthy English noblewoman, but love steals a march on their well-laid plans in the person of beautiful but poor Nora Gregor. As the sensuous Russian prince, Nils Asther proves that his slight accent can no longer be considered a handicap to his career.

You may come away with the feeling that Bob Montgomery is becoming too William Haines-ish—with his insistent buffoonery—but don't let that keep you at home.



## THE MIRACLE MAN (Paramount)

A good cast, under intelligent direction, with convincing dialogue, sufficiently animates the somewhat outmoded story of the regeneration of four crooks, in its talkie revival. You will probably remember the plot from the story's silent version. Of the underworld foursome's plans to make "easy money" by capitalizing on the reputed healing powers of the miracle man (Hobart Bosworth). This quartette is ably portrayed by Chester Morris, Sylvia Sidney, Ned Sparks and John Wray.

Naturally you will want to see how the portrayals of these actors stack up against those of Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson and Lon Chaney in the silent-day filmnization.



## THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE (First National)

Certainly there have been better pictures depicting the devious practices of unscrupulous newspapermen. However, there are a few new twists in the plot.

The murder of a famous financier at his summer estate in a quiet village brings a flock of big city reporters swarming to the scene of the crime. Before they return to the fold of the metropolis the lives of guiltless persons have been wrecked.

Tom Brown is the youthful editor of the village paper who comes through with some real newspaper work, and some commendable acting. Joan Blondell as the city sob-sister proves she can be depended on for good performances.



## GIRL CRAZY (RKO-Radio)

When the girl-crazy Eddie Quillan converts an old Western rancho into a night club and imports Woolsey, Wheeler and a score of beautiful girls to help him put it over—he also introduces a goodly number of farcical situations. Especially when the town's bad man, who shoots prospective sheriffs on sight, learns of Wheeler's candidacy for that office.

Mitzi Green's imitations are grand. Wheeler and Woolsey caper through a lot of footage in their fast and furious manner and can't be held culpable if some of the lines prove not uproariously funny. The scene showing them posing as Indians *is* uproariously comical. Dorothy Lee and Arline Judge are good.

# REVIEWS

Make sure it's the sort of a picture you'll like!

## SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION (RKO-Radio)



Hail Ricardo Cortez, the star! In Fanny Hurst's gripping story simmer from the Ghetto, Cortez earns stellar honors.

The son of a Ghetto tailor he strives to become a great surgeon so that this skill can be dedicated to the suffering humanity around him. Feeling a duty to family, he forsakes his charity patients to practise in fashionable circles and earns fame and wealth.

Somewhat reminiscent of Dick Barthelmess' "Alias the Doctor" is the scene showing Cortez operating on his aged father. More palatable, however, is the sequence in which his surgeon's hands must manipulate to heal his crippled sweetheart, Irene Dunne.

## CARELESS LADY (Fox)



The metamorphosis of one Sally Brown (Joan Bennett) from a drab wall-flower to an alluring sophisticate, is the theme of this frothy drama. Like sister Constance in "Lady With A Past," Joan believes Paris will cure her wall-flower complex. By mistake she picks up a coat, during a speak-easy raid, belonging to one Stephen Illington, whose name she adopts for her Paris sojourn. Imagine her embarrassment when Mr. Illington turns up at her hotel and meets his "wife"! That is when things begin to happen.

You will like the youngest Bennett daughter as the careless lady. Also, the personable John Boles as Stephen Illington.

## THE BROKEN WING (Paramount)



First-class hokum done on a lavish enough scale with such of your favorites as Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo and Melvyn Douglas. Carillo ees one bad hombre ruling an isolated section of Mexico and wants the ravishing Lupe for his veree own. But she will have none of heem. Her romantic preference runs to Melvyn Douglas who arrives on the scene when his airplane crashes right in Lupe's patio. Plenty of complications develop when Carrillo becomes jealous and decides to shoot his rival.

You know that he won't succeed in this dastardly attempt. And Melvyn and his Lupe presumably live happily ever after.

## THE WET PARADE (M-G-M)



Has the Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment to the Constitution accomplished any part of its original purpose? That is the problem which "The Wet Parade" forcibly presents.

Overlooking the wet and dry propaganda contained therein, this picture shines brightly with outstanding characterizations. Walter Huston as a political-minded city drunkard, and Lewis Stone in the rôle of a gentleman down South who comes to self-destruction through alcoholic cravings, both offer unforgettable portrayals. And mark it down on this year's calendar—Robert Young is climbing right into the star class. Jimmy Durante, as a brother prohibition agent, adds plenty of laughs.

## SO BIG (Warner Bros.)



Barbara Stanwyck, so to speak, puts the words in the mouth of Colleen Moore in this famous Edna Ferber story. The consensus of opinion is that she doesn't add much to the memory of the silent version. But all agree that it is a picture worth seeing and that her acting is good.

The story, so well known to all, need not here be retold. Miss Stanwyck brings a real sincerity to her part as the young school teacher who marries a farmer and grows old before your eyes. In the last few scenes she has white hair, but the sparkle of her eyes and the crispness of her voice fail to show a corresponding aging. George Brent, Dorothy Peterson and Alan Hale are also in it.



## YOUNG BRIDE
(RKO-Pathé)

Take a nice, sweet girl (Helen Twelvetrees) who marries a four-flushing wiseguy (Eric Linden) who falls for a gold digger (Arline Judge). Mix with this some wisecracks, some pathos and a dash of comedy. Presto! "Young Bride."

Helen supports her shiftless husband until she simultaneously discovers she's expectant and hubby is stepping out on her. Life doesn't seem worth the struggle. But tragedy is averted when friend husband reforms and gets a steady job.



## STOWAWAY
(Universal)

Fay Wray is a beautiful but good taxi-dancer who stows away on a freighter between Los Angeles and San Francisco. The First Mate on the ship believes she is just another dance-hall lily but his mistaken impression is soon rectified. Beside the subsequent romance, the plot thickens around narcotic smuggling, a murder and a secret service agent *incognito*.

Leon Waycoff as the First Mate shows himself to be a promising leading man. Fay Wray is gorgeous. You may have some difficulty in overlooking the plot.



## MAN WANTED
(Warner Bros.)

Herein is a new angle on the boss-secretary love theme, for this time the boss is beautiful, brunette and alluring, and the secretary is a handsome ex-college athlete.

Kay Francis is the magazine editor wife of a society play-boy. Personable David Manners progresses from the job of selling rowing-machines to a glorified secretaryship in the magazine office.

Kenneth Thomson appears as the polo-playing husband, and Una Merkel as the secretary's fiancée who, needless to say, doesn't become his bride.



## AMATEUR DADDY
(Fox)

Warner Baxter merits a better fate than this rôle of a male Pollyanna, who undertakes the care of four orphaned children out on a California ranch. The naïve older sister-mother of the little brood is Marian Nixon, and she is more surprised than you will be to find herself in love with her "Daddy Long Legs." Marian is another who should not have been sacrificed to such unconvincing, story-bookish material.

Frankie Darro as the young brother, and David Landau as an old-time Western heavy, are good.



## THE BIG TIMER
(Columbia)

A fight yarn with some new twists to its plot and a satisfying cast. Ben Lyon is the prize-fighter whose manager doesn't smoke cigars or wear a derby because she is pretty Constance Cummings, his wife. There is a break in the fighter-manager team when a beautiful society girl (Thelma Todd) falls for the up-and-coming slugger. Dazzled with the attentions of the wealthy miss, he recovers just in time to stave off disaster.

Ben Lyon has done better in recent pictures but he won't entirely disappoint you in this.



## COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD
(Universal)

Perhaps you won't like this as well as previous Cohen and Kelly comedies, with those old favorites, George Sidney and Charlie Murray.

The Kellys have a daughter, June Clyde. The Cohens have a son, Norman Foster. Both families leave their small-town homes to invade Hollywood. Miss Kelly becomes an actress; young Cohen, a theme-song writer. There is ample opportunity for laughable situations when the two families come to Hollywood. The dialogue is not as amusing as it should have been.



Darryl Zanuck



Doug Fairbanks, Jr.



Lucien Hubbard



Raymond Griffith



Bob Montgomery

# AT THE COUNTRY CLUB

. . . On this and the following pages, come to the Riviera Country Club and watch the movie stars play polo while their movie star friends look on

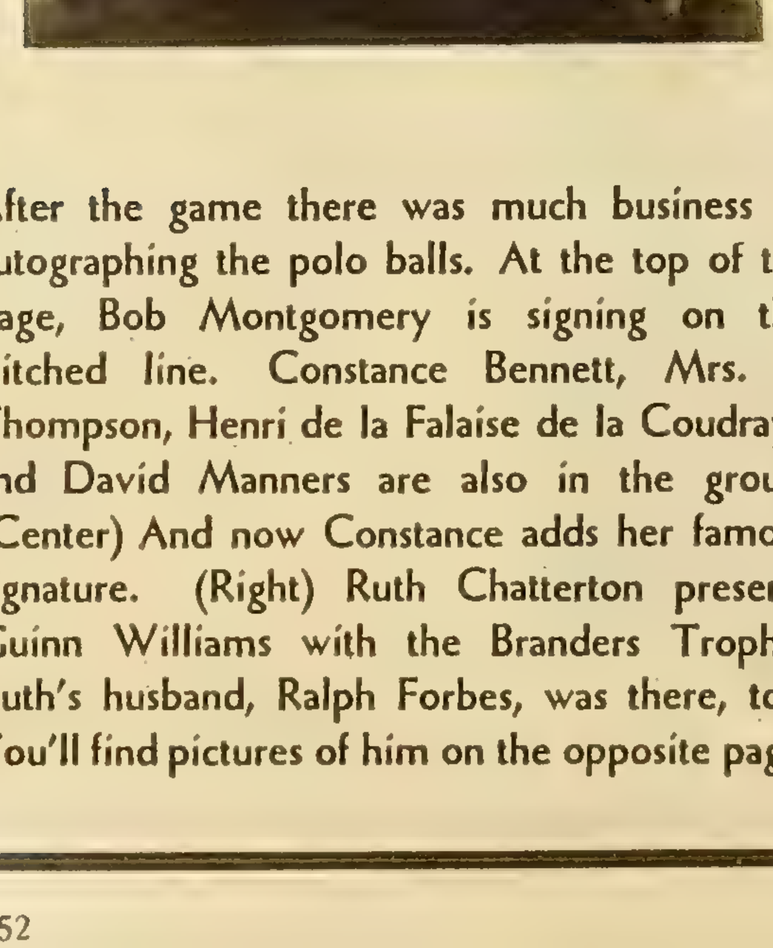




(Above) At the edge of the field. Bob Montgomery, Henri de la Falaise, Constance Bennett and Guinn Williams. David Manners in background (with dark glasses). (Left) A general view of the field itself with Constance Talmadge and her husband, Townsend Netcher, and Johnny Mack Brown and his wife, arriving at the polo match.

Photographs in this feature by Hollywood Newspictures







After the game there was much business of autographing the polo balls. At the top of the page, Bob Montgomery is signing on the stitched line. Constance Bennett, Mrs. J. Thompson, Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye and David Manners are also in the group. (Center) And now Constance adds her famous signature. (Right) Ruth Chatterton presents Guinn Williams with the Branders Trophy. Ruth's husband, Ralph Forbes, was there, too. You'll find pictures of him on the opposite page.







(Above) Constance Talmadge, Mrs. Jack Lawrence, Guinn Williams (back to camera), Johnny Mack Brown and Will Rogers. (Center) Mrs. Jack Lawrence, Constance Talmadge and Matt Moore. How do you like the girls' new polo costumes? (Left) Ralph Forbes and Will Rogers. Must be sort of fun to hear Ralph in his very English accent carrying on a conversation with the ultra-American Mr. Rogers. Incidentally, Forbes is going to appear on the Hollywood stage in a play his wife is producing.





(Above) Nora Gregor and Robert Montgomery. During the play a player broke his wrist and Bob changed his clothes and took the injured player's place on the field. (Above, right) General view of a critical moment of the match. (Right) Guinn Williams, Dr. Wilson, Harry Branders (with broken wrist), Robert Montgomery helping him off the field.



Ralph Forbes standing at the trophy table. That's Neil Hamilton, seated, with the soft hat and the dark glasses. Behind him is Spencer Tracy.







(Above, left) Guinn Williams and Robert Montgomery during an exciting moment of the match. (Above) Sidney Fox, Universal contract player, and a friend in a box. (Left) Rochelle Hudson, Ivan Lebedeff, and friends. Rochelle Hudson is still under contract to Radio. Ivan Lebedeff used to be but he isn't any more. He's going to try free-lancing now.





George Brent and Ruth Chatterton. George Brent, as you may have heard, is the latest he-man star to rise in the cinema heavens. See the story on him on page 57. That's Bob Montgomery's mother at Ruth's left.

# SAYING "NO!" TO

## SALLY EILERS REFUSES TO BE A TYPICAL STAR



(Above) Sally with mother and father Eilers. Sally says, "I'm afraid I'm not very good human interest material. I'm not bored, nor tired, nor unhappy." She's just having heaps of fun and isn't a bit ashamed to say so!



IF you should happen to meet Sally Eilers walking down Hollywood Boulevard one fine spring morning, you would not, in the strictest sense, be meeting up with a typical movie actress. And this remains true in spite of Sally's recent screen hits, "Bad Girl" and "Dance Team."

Yes, Sally is under contract to a studio . . . she owns an ermine coat . . . she is a confirmed "first nighter" . . . she is married to an actor—Hoot Gibson . . . she has a swanky motorcar . . . a ranch, with dogs and horses . . . she owns an apartment in town . . . two diamond bracelets . . . one diamond ring . . . a wrist watch and sables. In other words, Sally has all the necessary accoutrements of Hollywood stardom. But the point is, that unlike other ladies similarly blessed by these trinkets of movie fame, she is neither bored nor indifferent to them. Sally gets the same kick out of fame that you . . . or *you* . . . or you would if you had the same chance at motors, diamonds, ranches and sables and a nice fat movie contract.

Where Constance Bennett is just a trifle weary of fame with its accompanying sidewalk cheers and autograph-seekers, Sally is crazy for it! Where Joan Crawford is beginning to find the routine of the celebrity too invading on her privacy, Sally is reaching for more of the same with eager, ambitious hands. Interviews, portrait sittings and the hundred and one other items demanding daily attention may tire Gloria Swanson—but to these the Eilers spirit is indefatigable. In short . . . *Sally is having fun!*

AFTER years of meeting ladies with the fame complaint, it is a genuine kick to run into someone like Sally. As to those ladies who profess to be "just a little tired of it all," Sally has her honest doubts. "Take it all away from them," giggled Sally, "and you'd hear a real holler. It just isn't natural for a woman to be bored with an ermine coat—or even *two* of them.

"No," said Sally, "I'm afraid I'm not very good human interest material. I'm not bored *(Continued on page 101)*

# HOLLYWOOD

By WALTER RAMSEY

## GEORGE BRENT REFUSES TO BE A CLARK GABLE





Meet George Brent the first—not Clark Gable the second. Did you know that Brent was the Abie of the stage "Abie's Irish Rose"? (Above) The attractive Mr. Brent with Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us."

GEORGE BRENT doesn't even look like Clark Gable!

That is the first point of interest when you see him, for the gossips and writers all have stamped him "The New Clark Gable." True, he has the same ruggedness . . . the same virility . . . the same "something-as-gets-the-gals"—but George Brent will never be a second Clark Gable; he will no doubt be the *first George Brent.*

Brent is barely twenty-seven, but his hard life makes him appear about thirty-two. (Gable *is* older than Brent *looks.*) Brent says he hopes he gets good enough to "earn as many potatoes a week as my friend Clark!"

And if he *does,* he'll be a millionaire pronto because he is a savin' type of an Irishman. Yes, George was first shown the light of morning in Dublin, Ireland.

During a rather hectic childhood, he learned to like stew and detest kings, like all good Irishers. His father owned and edited one of the larger newspapers in Dublin. He attended the National University in Dublin. Here he added his six feet and one-hundred-and-seventy pounds to the football team and did the family name proud.

AFTER that the real fun started.

George liked adventure and hated routine jobs. Since all his ancestors had been army officers, he decided that nothing would do but that he should don the armor and do likewise. His opportunity came sooner than he expected.

It seems that a very famous Irishman, Michael Collins, decided to overthrow the English rule and place De Valera in office as president of the Irish Republic. Civil war! George was a good friend of Collins . . . and since he could pass for an American tourist (which is not meant as a slam), he was chosen to run dispatches for the rebel forces. This was right up George's alley, since he had a craving for adventure. He got it!

The King of England sent forty thousand English soldiers and prepared to maintain *(Continued on page 91)*





Jetta Goudal's uncontrolled temperamental outbursts kept her from holding success. Fame was too much for Barbara La Marr. And Sally O'Neil's rise to sudden stardom and importance made her extravagant and impaired her career.



# THEY COULDN'T

By
CARTER BRUCE

TO most of us who plod along in the well-beaten paths of life it is the achieving of fame that appears to be the most difficult hurdle. After recognition has come, to the majority of us, it seems that the rest of the way must be smooth—clear sailing ahead. It means the end of hardship and struggle, and in their place come power and riches for those lucky enough to make the grade.

Yet various histories of Hollywood have proved that those who have had the stamina to fight their way up from the bottom, suffering every hardship the long pull demanded of them—those who have walked through the valleys with courage and high heart, have not been able to stand the achievement of their goal on the hilltop.

*They could not stand fame!*

For fame, in many respects, is like champagne. It is sparkling, thrilling, exciting, the most heady stimulant in the world . . . and therein lies its danger . . . especially to women.

The mental hazard . . . the physical strain . . . the rumor and gossip angle . . . the flattery . . . the sudden fortune after months and years of privation . . . the even more sudden use of power . . . the danger of blackmail . . . the sycophants . . . all these have proved obstacles far more dangerous to cope with than those encountered in the struggle for recognition.

The "too beautiful" Barbara La Marr could not stand fame. Neither could Wallace Reid, nor the unfortunate Roscoe Arbuckle. But perhaps the most telling example of them all is Clara Bow—poor, big-hearted little Clara who proved that she could cope with life in all its bitterest defeats and still smile on. It was the ease and luxury of success which whipped Clara.

The history of her childhood reveals the stuff Clara is made of. She watched an invalid, sick-minded mother die in her arms. She was a spectator at the battle of her incompetent, bewildered father to wring a bare living from the world. Her entire childhood was filled with ugliness and injustice. She learned the meaning of responsibility when most children are cutting out paper dolls. Her education consisted of one or two years of grade school. She knew hunger and privation for many years. At thirteen she was "out on her own," looking for any kind of job that would help keep the wolf from the door. All these things the brave little Clara could master.

At the very beginning of her career there was no smarter and more clear-headed girl on Broadway than the little red-haired miss who was later to become the world's "It Girl." She kept her feet firmly planted on the right track toward her ultimate destination. Yet when fame finally burst upon Clara, so brilliantly, so unexpectedly, so overwhelmingly—it proved too much for her.

Clara Bow could fight her enemies in the open . . . but she could not distinguish those smiling, deceitful foes who entered her life under the guise of friends.

She had learned early in life the bitter lesson that one hundred pennies make a dollar but she could not sanely manage money, quick money, that came in thousands.

Gossip and rumor hounded her from the top of the

**It's hard enough to get to the top in the movie game—but**







Mary Nolan's love of life was too much for her success. Clara Bow did well enough in her struggle for fame, but when it came to holding it—. Nancy Carroll's career is just now at the crucial point. Can she keep on top?

# STAND FAME

ladder to the sanitarium where she eventually landed at the climax of her career—and she knew no protection against it.

It would have been easy for her to have hired an expert to handle her financial problems . . . but she allowed her twenty-three-year-old secretary to manage her $8000 weekly income.

She trusted anyone who came along. She was generous to a fault with money and friendship and love.

BACK in the days when Clara was just a cute kid an affluent but elderly gentleman had tried to make love to her under the promises of "helping her along with her career." Her young mind was a little too quick for him. She recognized him as the *bad man* in the drama. But she could not guard herself against younger, and far more dangerous men who professed to love her. To one of these she paid $30,000 blackmail money.

Clara knew how to work—but she did not know how to play. In short, she knew how to pull upgrade . . . but she could not coast with safety! For many months it looked as though the fame game had whipped Clara. Her health and her career hung in the balance. But now they say she is coming back with the wisdom of a "burned child." She is going to be careful what she says for publication . . . what she does in public . . . of those whom she chooses for friends. If she is able to come back into the picture business it will be because she has learned the bitter lesson of fame.

ONLY slightly less hectic than Clara Bow's screen career is that of Mary Nolan. One of the most beautiful women the screen has ever known, she started at the bottom just as Clara did, worked up via the stage and artists' model route to stardom. But the heights were too dizzy for her. She did not have the moral stamina nor the strength of character to protect herself. Her headline lapses have delayed and halted her career from the very first.

It is not generally known, but Mary Nolan could have been a well known movie star in Hollywood three years before she actually began her film work. Douglas Fairbanks had seen Mary in the Follies. He was tremendously impressed with her fragile, haunting beauty. She was put under a personal contract to Doug and Mary, and it was settled that she was to leave immediately for the West Coast. Two days before the time set for her departure the Frank Tinney scandal broke. Due to the ugly blot against Mary's name, Fairbanks and Miss Pickford cancelled the contract.

Eventually the Hays ban against Mary's appearance was lifted and she came to Hollywood and stardom. She promised to lead a sane, healthy life; but Hollywood meant fame and fortune, and Mary was not up to it. Ugly charges involving the use of drugs were laid at her door. She was proved innocent, but the charge was too ugly to be easily forgotten. During the luxurious existence of her Hollywood stardom she allowed herself to get fat, her health reached the breaking point. She spent money recklessly without a thought of safeguarding her future, and the inevitable outcome was bankruptcy! The very contract that paid her thousands a week contained a clause that allowed the studio to break the agreement if her moral char- *(Continued on page 88)*

**it's harder still to stay there. How would you face that struggle?**

# VICTIM



When the talkies came to Hollywood, John Boles was swept to the very heights because of his glorious voice. Then, when the musicals were suddenly banned by the producers, John Boles found himself left high and dry. That was when his real fight for success came—after having been enormously successful once.

ALTHOUGH in these dismal days it seems hard to believe, there is such a thing as too much success. The trouble with success is that you have to live up to it. If you make a huge hit and then don't manage to carry on at quite as high a level thereafter, people are apt to say you're slipping. You may be doing a nice workmanlike job—but if the result is less spectacular than your highest point of achievement, it looks, comparatively, like a downward slide.

All of which leads up to John Boles and his present peculiar situation. John is in a sense the victim of his own too spectacular success. Not that he isn't doing very well at the moment, with a brand new Fox contract in his pocket and a promising schedule ahead, but in comparison with the sensational popularity which he enjoyed two years ago his present less colorful—although more solid—position looks like a fall from glory.

John Boles was swept to fame on the talkie tide, and more specifically, on the tide of screen musicals. At a moment when people who were never meant to sing outside their own bathrooms were assaulting the ears of millions of harassed movie-goers, John Boles came along with his glorious voice and his striking good looks and caused a box-office landslide. The old-guard handsome hero of the screen sounded like a defective radiator when he burst into song. And most of the imported stage voices had faces that were anything but the answer to a maiden's prayer. No wonder, then, that John, who had a face and physique in keeping with his vocal chords—and vice versa—became over night a cinema sensation.

"Desert Song" and "Rio Rita" shot him up like a skyrocket to the very top of the Hollywood heavens. From an obscure leading man he became the most talked of male personality in films. I know whereof I speak because at the time I was on the editorial staff of a fan magazine whose offices were daily deluged with letters praising and panning screen players. Prior to "Desert Song" you could have left John Boles' fan mail lying on the floor for months without even mussing up the office. But after "Desert Song" and more especially after "Rio Rita," we contemplated taking an extra room just to accommodate the frenzied tributes which poured in bearing his name. For lo! in the postman's daily bundle John Boles' name led all the rest.

For the next few months John Boles looked like the best bet in pictures. Universal, to whom he was under contract, made epic plans for him—plans in which the word *star* was writ largely. He was a star already in the eyes of the public and Universal meant to lose no time in making his official status match his box-office standing.

BUT before the transformation could come to pass something happened which was most unfortunate for John Boles. The public wearied of screen musicals and the nervous producers with their fingers eternally on the audience's pulse put the ban on all microphone music. The ironic part of it is that the public was not weary of singers like John Boles. But they had had so many

# OF SUCCESS

. . . There is such a thing as too much and too sudden success. That's the variety which John Boles tasted—much to his regret. It made a really deserved success all the harder for him to acquire

By

HARRIET

PARSONS



With Joan Bennett in "Careless Lady." John has a nice contract with Fox now and is one of the most solidly popular leading men in Hollywood. But in order to be so he had first to overcome his over-inflated success.

pseudo-singers crammed down their throats that the mere sight of an actor opening his mouth wider than was necessary for speaking purposes threatened to empty the theatre. In their frenzied attempt to follow the shifting popular taste the producers as usual went too far. They dispensed with the good as well as the bad. They silenced the golden voice of John Boles.

But Boles was entirely too popular to be dispensed with altogether. Future pictures were planned for him—but without benefit of music. Primarily a singer, he was suddenly compelled to rely solely on his secondary talent —that of acting. It was a rotten break and would have turned a less sanguine and determined man a deep depressive indigo. The situation was particularly ominous in view of Boles' earlier experience as a non-singing film actor. His introduction to the screen as Gloria Swanson's leading man in "Loves of Sunya" had been anything but auspicious, and would not have led even the most optimistic to proclaim him an actor. Nor had the various other silent films in which he appeared prior to "Desert Song" revealed any histrionic gift. Thus, when screen musicals went out the odds were very much against John Boles.

In the Boles blood, however, is a combination that is hard to beat. His forefathers endowed him with a granite vein of good Scotch stubbornness and a golden vein of untarnished Irish optimism. John was in the movies. He liked the movies. And he meant to stay in the movies.

On his side was the fact that, although he might not sing, he could use his charming speaking voice. Silence had been a severe handicap to him in those early films. He cannot be at ease, express himself fully, without the aid of his voice. Pantomime is not his talent.

Those who saw "Seed" know that John, with the aid of his aforementioned Scotch, his Irish and his speaking voice, triumphed over the difficult situation that faced him. Screen musicals went out—but John Boles stayed. In "Seed" he played a straight dramatic rôle—without the aid of a single chanty, ditty or carol. His was not an epoch-making performance—but it was a good performance and it proved that John had something to offer the screen besides an enchanted set of vocal chords.

But John's success in "Seed" lacked the sensational quality of his phenomenal leap to fame in "Desert Song" and "Rio Rita." In a personal sense it was an even greater triumph for him—but it was dimmed by the romantic glamor and public frenzy that had characterized his earlier success.

HAD John Boles followed a gradual, unspectacular upward path to the top of the cinema heights, "Seed" would have seemed a high place and John's present status in the talkies—that of featured player—would appear in its true light; that is, a good solid spot among the ranking featured players of the screen, earned by steady and consistent effort. But because his voice rang out in "Desert Song" and "Rio Rita" just at a certain moment and under certain unique conditions with sensational results, he appears now to have fallen from stardom to a lower rank.

Such is not the case and that it should seem so is most unfortunate for John Boles. For John's status now is exactly what it was in the first feverish days of his success. He has not been demoted from stardom, for he was never a star—nor does he want to be. Through no desire of his own he achieved (*Continued on page 90*)

# CAROLE LOMBARD'S WARDROBE

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

. . . It isn't only what Carole wears—it's the way she wears it! Study these pictures and read her advice about clothes





(Left) If you are slim and long-waisted, you can wear a suit like this one of Carole's. The material is steel-gray light-weight wool. The style is strictly tailored—notched lapels, cinched-in, one button closing, bound diagonal pockets and a single button to finish off the sleeves. But note the feminine touches Carole has added: the white satin waist, with its imitation-of-a-jabot collar, fastened with a diamond and sapphire brooch—present from husband Bill Powell. The gray suede pumps are bow trimmed. The gray felt hat has two bands and two bows in two tones of gray. (Above) Let's see how many fashion notes we can get from this evening gown of Carole's. Material, dull white crêpe roma. Very good—dull materials are best, you know. The circles of brilliants are very new. Observe how sparingly they're used on the bodice. No jewelry at all—it would be too much.



A flesh satin evening gown best described by the word classic. Those graceful sleeve-like affairs swing over the shoulders and keep right on going until they form a train in back. The lower skirt, too, which is a bit full, ends in a train. The V-neckline would have been spoiled by a necklace. A cluster of bracelets is good with this sort of gown.



Miss Lane calls this dinner gown a gem. Not only because the bodice is a solid mass of pearls, but because it is so unusual without being the least bit tricky. The skirt is black crêpe and floor length. Long ties of the beaded material fall from the surplice closing. This would be a good gown to copy. You could use dull white crêpe for the bodice.

TEN to one if you met Carole Lombard on a desert island, draped in fig leaves dashingly trimmed with red berries, you'd say: "Now *there's* chic for you! I must have a dress like it!"

I know I would. Because this clever young Carole gives any costume she chooses to wear a style all its own. A style you want to copy. When I interviewed her I had to remind myself that steely-gray, the shade of the suit she had on, isn't my color and that I'm too short-waisted to have a cinched-in coat anyway. Otherwise I would have driven straight over to my dressmaker and gone into a deep, dark conference. The suit made that much of an impression. (You'll see it on the opposite page.)

It was strictly tailored. Narrow collar, single-buttoned coat and of a light-weight wool that was smooth and wonderfully cool looking. None of that wooden soldier effect our suits used to have. Now they're trim but softer in appearance.

Carole had added to it those feminine touches which are indispensable to modern suits. A white crêpe-satin waist with a fluttery imitation of a stock collar (it was half-way between that and a jabot) and she had fastened it with hubby Bill Powell's gift to her—an exquisite diamond baguette and star sapphire pin. Ordinarily such a pin would have been out of place, but this one was of so severe and heavy a design that it fitted in perfectly. Her gray pumps were bow-trimmed and her tilted hat was banded with a two-tone ribbon in gray. Grays, as a



(Left) Carole's pajamas are beige satin—beige is one of her favorite shades—and they're made in Russian style, with a high neckline and tiny stand-up collar. The trousers are just normal width, as most well bred pajamas are these days. Below you can see the detail of the top of the pajamas. The row of covered buttons with loop button-holes is nice. The hat is one of beige straw, with a brown bow in the back.



(Below) A very useful all-round suit of mottled gray tweed, banded with caracul around the capelet, sleeves and jacket edge. Note the novel little hat of the tweed and caracul. And the buttons on the front of the coat. You can see the detail in the small picture, below, left.





Write to Virginia T. Lane about your own wardrobe problems. She can help you a great deal, for she is in close contact with the head designers of the Hollywood studios. Address Virginia T. Lane, Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please, for the reply.

rule, are difficult to blend well but she had succeeded beautifully.

IT doesn't really matter," said Carole in that way she has of seeming to be tolerantly amused at herself and you and me for taking life seriously. "Where you live or where you shop has no bearing on whether you'll be smartly dressed or not. It limits the range of your wardrobe probably, but it doesn't effect the style of it. You can be quite as interestingly gowned in Podunk as you can in New York or Hollywood *if you want to be.* You've got to care! To care enough about your personal appearance to give plenty of thought to it and to work out the colors and lines that belong to you. To you personally—not just your type in general. It's easy enough to find out the latest trend of fashion from the various magazines. To apply it to yourself is a different matter. That requires concentration and study.

"We were passing through an isolated western town

(Below) Carole's favorite bathing suit is corsair blue and white ribbed silk. It has practically no back. The beach sandals are washable crêpe. (Right) This is probably the most useful garment in Carole's wardrobe. It's a three piece ensemble. A straight skirt and hip-length, double-breasted jacket. Large buttons trim the jacket which has a narrow belt of leopard skin to match the sleeves.







(Left) The detail of Carole's green and leopard skin top coat. Don't you like those sleeves, cut in one with the leopard skin yoke? A very new fashion note and very smart, this.

Photographs in this feature by Otto Dyar, courtesy of Paramount studios

on our way to location not long ago and it struck me how many of the girls were extraordinarily well dressed. There wasn't a hint of the 'grab-bag' dressing you so often see in larger cities where the stores display a wide variety of things to choose from. These girls wore nicely matched ensembles, neat sport clothes, hats at just the right angle. We stopped at a drug store for lemonade and I asked one of them about it. She was a vivid brunette and she looked charming all in blue and white.

"'Fifty miles from nowhere like this, how do so many of you manage to keep up on fashions?' I inquired.

"'Well, we're lucky, I guess,' she replied. 'We have a high school principal who is the most smartly dressed woman I know and she's made a point of teaching us the value of good clothes and how to combine colors. Of course, she gets all the latest style publications and some of us get them too, and then there's the radio. . . .'

"Which made me realize once and for all how little locality has to do with style sense. They ought to erect a statue or something to that school teacher—making girls happy that way. For if there's anything that brings peace of mind and contentment and a feeling of security to a woman it's the knowledge that her clothes are *right*.

IF I hadn't turned to acting I'd like to have been a dress designer. It opens up a tremendous field. A fascinating field. *You never can know too much about clothes!* And it *is* fun plotting and planning for your wardrobe. Discarding this trimming and that. Learning that two gardenias on a black dress are (*Continued on page 107*)



"You boys be careful about that lake," the old hermit said to young Dick Arlen and his three friends. "Last night a woman came to me with a message for you boys. . . . Her name was Aunt Edna." Richard Arlen had an Aunt Edna—but she had recently died!

...We bring you another fascinating group of amazing experiences—supernatural, psychic, ghostly—from the reminiscences of your favorites

# THE STARS'

DO you believe in reincarnation? Do you believe that we come to this earth more than once and that sometimes a very real memory of things we have done and places we have lived in during a previous existence survives?

Do you believe in ghosts? Do you believe that disembodied spirits are all about; that at times they even succeed in communicating with the more psychic among us?

A third time I ask these exciting, imagination-stirring questions. For a third time I bring strange and supernatural stories from the stars . . . stories strange and supernatural but stories that also are true!

When Dick Arlen was a little boy an old hermit who had what the neighborhood called "visions" gave him a timely warning. . . . There is the startling discovery made by Pola Negri when she visited the apartments in Versailles which were Du Barry's. . . . There's Barbara Stanwyck's touching, poignant "dream". . . . Natacha Rambova tells of Rudolph Valentino's automatic writing and relates how she knew of his tragic death before the cable arrived telling her the dire news. . . . Lewis Stone has a blood-curdling story, told him by the first mate aboard the ship upon which he crossed to Shanghai. . . .

*Every one of these stories is true. They cannot be dismissed with "Such things cannot be!" They actually are! And if no natural explanation for them is to be found, then a supernatural explanation for them must be accepted.*

Not many years ago the world scoffed at mental telepathy. Today Science accepts it, absolutely! Reincarnation and ghosts Science does not accept—yet! But Science does keep an open mind regarding them. And it behooves every one of us to do the same.

Dick Arlen was a little boy when the old hermit gave him that dramatic warning. But he never has



By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Illustrated by J. R. Flanagan

# WEIRDEST STORIES

forgotten it. Neither have his mother and his father. In the memories of all them it remains an experience which never has been explained.

The winter before this amazing warning was given, Dick's Aunt Edna died. Dick always had been her favorite relative. It was her proud boast that on his visits to Washington to see her Dick never had grown homesick.

Aunt Edna was one of those people who are a living proof that age isn't a matter of years. She had lived long but she was young. It took more than a grimy baseball glove and bat thrown on a newly upholstered sofa, more than a great wedge cut from a loaf of gingerbread set to cool to distress Aunt Edna. No wonder she and little Dick got on so beautifully. No wonder little Dick was suspiciously red-eyed every morning for weeks after the arrival of that terrible telegram telling them Aunt Edna had died.

It was some months later, on a breathless midsummer morning that Dick and his gang started out for a swim in a nearby lake. They went across fields even though this way led close to the cabin of the old hermit.

But they did make a detour around that little copse where his cabin stood. And it was then, as with one accord they quickened their pace, that the old man called after them.

With obvious reluctance they obeyed the beckoning command of his crooked finger. After all, even the local grown-ups were a little uncomfortable about this old man and his "visions" which came true too often to be dismissed.

"You boys be careful about the lake," the hermit began. However, it was upon Dick that he centered his attention. "Last night a woman came to me with a message for you boys that swim in the lake. Her name was Aunt Edna. . . ."

*"Aunt Edna is dead!"* exclaimed Dick, his eyes large. Immediately there was an instinctive backward motion among the gang.

"Aunt Edna said," the old man continued, "that you boys were to stay away from the lake today, otherwise something would happen . . . something terrible. Mind now!" And shaking his old, gnarled finger at them ominously, he turned and walked towards his little cabin.

DICK dug his heel into the dirt. Another boy made a great pretense of throwing his bathing suit into

the air and catching it on his head. They were stalling for time, every one of them. And clearly the interest in swimming wasn't what it had been.

"He's crazy," one of the older boys said, finally. "That old lake's safe as my back yard. C'mon. . . ."

It was sheer bravado but it influenced another boy to trail along. Dick and the fourth boy turned back home.

"I don't see," said Dick, "how he knows about my Aunt Edna. 'Tisn't as if she lived here in town. You know she lived in Washington, D. C."

"Some say he has the power to see the dead," the other boy announced soberly.

They met Dick's mother in the village and interrupted each other telling her all about their encounter with the hermit and his strange warning.

"It's just as well you came back," she said. "It looks as if it was going to storm." And then, hoping, no doubt, to help them forget the old man's disquieting "vision," she gave them money for sodas.

An hour later the rain came down in torrents that drenched the dry fields and roads and gardens. Accompanying it were twisting, squally winds that left grass and flowers flattened against the ground and broke great branches from the trees.

*When it abated, at last, an overturned canoe on the lake and two lost boys told too eloquently how wise little Dick Arlen and his friend had been to heed the old hermit's warning.*

IT was in Paris, a few years after poppies in crimson profusion grew again in the war-torn field of Flanders, that a party of visitors from Germany and Poland were stopping at the Ritz. Among them, paying her first visit to the world's gayest capital, was the glamorous young Countess Dombeski, known in the theatrical world as Pola Negri.

Since her arrival in Paris, Pola had had an inexplicable feeling that she had come home. In the old streets especially, in the Rue Popincourt, the Rue de Charonne, and in their little shops and restaurants she experienced a great sense of familiarity. She didn't actually know her way about but, time and time again, she had the feeling she had been there before.

"Strangely enough, I am more at home here than in Poland," the lively countess told her friends. And because she was so charming and so beautiful the men found this very interesting, while the women thought it all very silly.

The day her party was to visit the Palace of Versailles Pola was very excited. They were planning to see the entire palace. They even had a special government order to admit them to the apartments of DuBarry and Pompadour. These apartments are not open to the public and it is only through influence in the highest circles that a special dispensation to visit them can be secured. Even the most seasoned travellers do not suspect these rooms remain in a state of preservation which permits them to be seen.

On the drive to Versailles Pola sat on the extreme edge of her seat. And several times as they passed an old chateau or turned into an ancient cobbled road she again experienced the same sudden sense of familiarity.

When they alighted from their motor in the great courtyard embraced by the wings of the palace, Pola immediately started off towards a little door in the left wing—too excited to wait for the rest of the party.

"No, no," laughed their special government guide, "we go in the other way. That, I understand, is the entrance Louis' favorites used."

Dutifully Pola followed her party through the handsomely decorated corridors and rooms. Excitement lit her eyes. In the Hall of the Mirrors she listened obediently to a long harangue about the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, attending the details of where every individual statesman had stood. It was an endless description of the gardens below as they had appeared on fête days with all of the fountains playing which snapped her patience.

"I know better than he how they looked," she told one of her party. "Why can't we go on to the apartments of DuBarry?"

FINALLY they all climbed those steep, narrow stairs situated behind the throne room which lead to the charming rooms in which DuBarry lived.

"This," said the guide, "was her boudoir. And there's the little salon where she and her bewitched Louis spent evenings together . . . over cards perhaps . . ."

"I have such a strange feeling," Pola murmured, "I cannot explain it. It grows upon me. I used to know these rooms . . ."



Pola Negri had an eerie experience in Versailles—where Du Barry lived.

It is safe, I think, to assume that the ladies smiled a little condescendingly. Perhaps now the men would realize how silly she was behaving. And undoubtedly if Count Dombeski was with them he wished his wife would hold her tongue.

"The tapestries on the walls are priceless," droned the guide.

Suddenly, raising one hand to her throat, Pola pointed dramatically to one tapestry in particular. *"Behind that," she said, "there is a door. Am I not correct? And there are little steps leading down . . . only down . . . I have been down those steps . . ."*

She turned to the guide for confirmation.

"You are right," he said. "But, of course, madame has been here before. However, I find it hard to believe that madame is so old that she has been down those stairs. For long they have been in decay. They have not been shown, in fact, for many, many years."

However, even the ladies had to assure him that Pola was in France for the first time.

He was an elderly man and this may account for his surprising resistance to Pola's black eyed charms.

"Well then," he said, "since madame is so well informed about the most secret things in this palace it may be she even can tell us where those stairs lead." He laughed. Obviously he thought he had her trapped. "Only a very few in France know," he said.

*Pola nodded. She had the* *(Continued on page 109)*

# OPEN LETTER TO BOB

## From His Friend WALTER RAMSEY





According to this writer, Robert Montgomery has never been high-hat, and isn't now. (Right) With his wife, Betty, at Grand Central on a recent trip which the two of them took to New York.

**This brilliant writer—exclusive contributor to MODERN SCREEN—has some pointed comments to make to Mr. Montgomery in reference to recent rumors**

DEAR BOB:

Not so long ago I came across a story in a magazine which said you had turned into quite a "high-hat young man" since you've become a star. The article went on to say that you had let your rise to fame in the movies go to your head . . that you had nothing whatever to be so darn proud about and that your attitude was silly to say the least.

Well, Bob, to tell the truth I was a bit surprised by this little journalistic outburst. I've known you ever since you first arrived at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and I must confess that I always thought you a whale of a nice fellow. You always had a smile on your effective pan. You seemed to understand the spirit of the rest of the gang at the studio and went out of your way to be regular to everyone who came in sight . . . from prop boy to stenographer and up to the heads of the departments. And so, when I read this yarn I just said to myself, "Either they have run out of things to write about the fellow or else a few in Hollywood have got a wrong impression of Montgomery!"

But as time went on I began to hear other reports about you, Bob. Some were heard to say that you were impulsive and irresponsible! They said that you were taking your fame to yourself and leaving your wife out of it . . . even that you were going out in public without her. That you were forgetting your old pals! It sort of got me down to hear all this stuff going around. A lot of these reports

are being used as a basis for stories at the present time . . . but whether or not they ever come out in print, I want you to know what I think about the whole thing.

Since this all started, I have watched you religiously whenever I had the opportunity. I've seen you around the studio on various occasions . . . at the Grove . . . down at the Mayfair Club . . . over at the tennis matches. And each time I see you or talk with you I am only more firmly convinced that there is a misunderstanding somewhere . . . and that it should be cleared up.

I'll never forget that night at the Cocoanut Grove. We had adjoining tables, remember? You were there when we arrived, but the moment we were seated you came down to the table to say "Hello." And I recall wondering who the beautiful little girl was who was walking in front of you towards us. You introduced her as "Betty, my wife," and I was quite surprised to see you with her (after all the reports about your going around without her) and after we met her, I made a little mental note of the fact that she was one of the sweetest girls I had ever met. And her manner was so gracious and altogether delightful. Betty is a marvelous girl, Bob.



Robert Montgomery with Leonora Gregor, the new M-G-M featured player, and Edward Everett Horton in a scene from "But the Flesh Is Weak," Bob's next. This was a famous stage play.

AWHILE later in the evening I noticed that Janet Gaynor, who was one of the guests in a huge party nearby, came over to your table. And I heard you introduce your wife to Janet and Lydell Peck. And then Janet left. No sooner had she gone when you came down to our table again, remember? And you said that you couldn't understand why a big star like Janet should come way up to where you were sitting just to say "Hello" to you . . . you were flabbergasted at her recognition! And that same morning I had heard you referred to as "high-hat"! I couldn't understand it. You seemed about as modest as anyone could possibly have been under the circumstances. And right then I wished that those who thought of you as ritzy could have been there to see what I had just seen.

And remember how you and Betty sat with us for about an hour and took turns telling about the thrilling honeymoon . . . and about what happened and all that? How you got married without a dime in your pocket . . . and borrowed enough for a short trip . . . and how you went to that little small-town hotel the first night . . . and got a room . . . for two dollars . . . and how you went up there . . . and that on account of the fact that you were so deliriously happy, Betty and you, you failed to notice that the room had just been freshly painted . . . and after a lot of self-conscious stutters on both your parts . . . you decided to get ready for bed? Remember telling us that? And then . . . after you had both donned pajamas . . . you were suddenly taken violently ill . . . and then Betty got sick too . . . on account of breathing the odor of the fresh paint . . . and then how you had to stay up with each other all that first night?

WHY don't you ever tell that story to someone who comes for a story, Bob? It's so darn human and it seems to explain so much about you. It shows that it is your very nature to act impulsively . . . and consequently be a wee bit irresponsible. You haven't got that way just since you came to Hollywood, as some of them say!

And I want to tell you, too, that I've checked up some of those stories about your being "irresponsible" and the most I can locate is the fact that you have failed to show up to one or two dinner parties . . . that's all. What the ho . . . maybe you get so many invitations that you tell 'em you'll come out of self-defense. Personally, I don't care any more for them than *you* do—so I don't blame you!

Another thing I'll never forget (and I'll bet you won't either) was the night at the Mayfair Club when you begged Neil Hamilton's wife to take you over and introduce you to Marlene Dietrich. That was another time I happened to be seated near you . . . and I heard the whole thing. And I watched you as you started out, following Mrs. Hamilton, on your journey across the intervening floor space to where Marlene was sitting. And, Bob, you ought to have been ashamed the way you were blushing! Why, you could see it way over to my table! You'd have thought that Dietrich was the Queen of England . . . and you were one of the royal gardeners. You were so flustered when you shook hands with her that she almost had to hang onto you to hold you up! What was the matter? You who are said to be so "high-hat."

And all this business about your leaving your old pals flat when you got up in the world. That's a flock of bunk! You and I both know that your best friend from the start has been Eddie Nugent . . . and that you *still* spend about half your time chasing around with him! I, myself, have seen you with him on more occasions than with any other one person.

And no sooner did I have all that stuff settled, than I started to hear another rumor. This time it ran something like this: "You ought to see Montgomery burn up at the popularity of Clark Gable on the same lot! I guess that will hold the fellow for a while! He will learn now that he isn't the biggest shot in the world! Boy! How he hates that fellow Gable!"

I DIDN'T know what to think at first. All of the other rumors about you had been proven unfair . . . but this idea of Gable getting your goat . . . I could almost understand how it might have happened. At any rate I determined to keep a watch and see for myself. A few days later I was in the publicity department of the studio and you came in. I casually mentioned that I thought Gable was having the biggest run of popularity I had ever seen in the industry. I remember you said: "You think he's big *now?* Wait a year . . . just wait a year! Clark is going to be the biggest bet in pictures. You wait and see!" It stunned me at first, Bob, because I was prepared to have you say the opposite. Still I gave the rumor hounds the benefit of the doubt . . . I decided that maybe you were putting on a bit of a show for my particular enjoyment.

But the next day I was out at the studio trying to dope out an angle on a story on Clark. You had made such an impression on me with your sales talk on your "rival" that I figured we should have another story on him. I recall that I was sitting in the publicity office when you came in. And before I knew it, you were enthusiastically walking up and down the floor *trying to dope out a good angle on a Gable story for me!* And you did! And Clark liked the idea you suggested and he gave me a swell story on that subject . . . and I want to thank you for that, Bob.

All these things that I have mentioned about not taking Betty out, and getting the swell-head and ignoring your friends, and being jealous of your studio rival . . . these things you've taken with a big (*Continued on page 115)*

# ✦ BE CORRECT ✦



It doesn't matter whether the boy friend owns a Packard or a humble Ford, his manners when he comes to call for you should be right. Above you see the correct way—he should get out of the car and walk to the door to meet and greet you—not sit in the car (below) and casually wave and wait for you to walk to him. And don't forget that he should take off his hat.



If he, in the car, meets you on the street when you're walking and he stops to give you a lift he should always get out and open the car door for you as shown above. Only the most mannerless sort of cad would sit in a car and let a li'l girl open the door herself (below). The cigarette in the mouth is, of course, unforgivable. Don't say we didn't warn you, boys.





Dorothy Jordan and Neil Hamilton demonstrate automobile etiquette

# LET'S TALK ABOUT



(Above) Charlotte Henry is her name and she's one of the newest Hollywood discoveries. You'll see her first in Tiffany's "Lena Rivers."



(Right) The Grand Old Man of the Producers and some of his henchmen. Left to right: the director, James Whale, Bela Lugosi, Carl Laemmle, and Tom Mix.

IT appears that Warner Baxter bears a charmed life! All of the film colony was shocked the other day when his chauffeur was killed in a car accident. He stopped to get gas and his car was standing still when a huge truck hit him. Warner might have been in the car save for the fact that he had been ill at home with the grippe. It will be recalled that Warner also had a narrow escape from death a few years ago when he was scheduled to go up in the airplane (but at the last moment he didn't) that carried director Kenneth Hawks and several other film people to a tragic death.

*Many Hollywood folks go in extensively for collecting this and that—their hobbies ranging from first editions to dressed fleas—but for some reason no one ever imagined Greta Garbo to be in this category. However, it's come to light that Garbo does collect—stills and portrait studies. But they are all of herself! She has several great albums in her library and these contain copies of every single picture she has ever posed for.*

THE kidnapping of Colonel Lindbergh's baby son was definitely reflected in Hollywood with added anxiety for the film city's screen star mothers and fathers. Ann Harding and Harry Bannister probably head the list of worried parents. It is Ann's little golden-haired daughter, Janie, who has been threatened on several occasions by kidnapping notes. So Janie has a special bodyguard and you can't get near the kid unless you happen to be a personal friend of the family. And if the bodyguard isn't enough to ward off would-be kidnappers—Harry's big German police dog watches Janie every minute of the day.

And when Mitzi Green left Hollywood for vaudeville appearances, she was accompanied by a private detective. Mitzi's folks said that they didn't anticipate any kidnapping trouble—but there's nothing like being prepared.

Wally Beery, who just recently legally adopted eighteen-month-old Carol Ann Priester (the youngest of the three children Wally and his wife have taken into their home) says that no kidnappers better make a play for any of his kids—or they'll have to settle with him first. And when he says it Wally looks menacing enough to scare off the most hardened of kidnappers.

Harold Lloyd is another star who has been bothered by threatening messages and phone calls. And just in case any trouble should pop up, Harold keeps a couple of able-bodied guards at his home all the time to watch over the Lloyd kiddies. A little farther down the beach from the comedian's home lives Norma Shearer. You never see little Irving Thalberg, Jr., on the beach for a second unless there are at least two grown-ups by his side.

RONNIE COLMAN hasn't been so enthusiastic and talkative about anything for a long time as he is

# HOLLYWOOD



From the Harold Seton Collection

(Left) Rose Wood, famous old time actress and grandmother of the Bennett girls, who recently died in Tenafly, N. J. (Right) He's the son of Lon Chaney but he won't let himself be billed as Chaney, Jr. He'll be Creighton Chaney.



All about Warner Baxter's charmed life; Greta Garbo's pet collection; Eddie Cantor's latest gag; and other movie news and gossip

about the four-and-a-half-month trip abroad that he just returned from. No, he didn't see any actual fighting in Shanghai, but he did hear a lot of heavy bombardment not far off. No, he wasn't arrested for not obeying the Chinese city's curfew law. And *no,* he didn't get a Paris divorce from his estranged wife.

The first thing Colman did—that is, after he had satisfied all the people who fired questions at him about his experiences in the Orient—was to visit his tailors and order a batch of new suits. The second was to straighten out his income tax. And there were a lot of odds and ends to be taken care of, chief among them acknowledging Christmas gifts.

The rumored romance of Ronnie and Thelma Todd has rumored itself out. In fact, everyone had so long forgotten about it that they didn't remember to ask him if there really had been a romance.

*Greta Garbo turns platinum blond in her new picture, "As You Desire Me", and even though it will be only a wig—look out Harlow!*

REMEMBERING reports that drifted back to Hollywood of the flop that was Colleen Moore's first legitimate stage tryout in the East—if Colleen's newest play, "Church Mouse," plays in Hollywood, it will show to a critically curious audience.

Flop or no flop in her first venture, everyone thinks that the "Church Mouse" is just the thing that Colleen (or Mrs. Al Scott) could do best.

It may even lead to a movie engagement. And that, we guess, would make Colleen happiest.

*Of course you know that Lydell Peck, ex-lawyer husband of one Janet Gaynor, is no longer acting in an executive capacity for Paramount studios.*

*The latest dope on Peck's vocational activities is that he may get some executive berth at Fox, Janet's own studio.*

JACK OAKIE'S *formal* evening attire is going from bad to worse. First it was a tuxedo jacket with white flannels. Then the tuxedo, jacket and trousers, with a white sweat shirt underneath. And now it's a tuxedo suit—with a *red* sweat shirt! That's exactly what Mrs. Oakie's little boy wore to Jeanette MacDonald's party given in honor of her fiancé, Bob Ritchie. It was the same party that had to be postponed some weeks ago when Jeanette was called to New York for retakes on "One Hour With You." Celebration came a little late for Ritchie's birthday . . . but everyone had a grand time, including Maurice Chevalier and wife Yvonne, Genevieve Tobin, Una Merkel and husband Ronald Burla, Claudia Dell, Ginger Rogers and Mervyn LeRoy, John Gilbert and plenty of others.

EDDIE CANTOR almost brought down the house the other night at the fights. It seems that the American Legion, in whose stadium the boxing bouts always take place, decided to have a drawing for a prize just before the main event. The ticket stubs all bore numbers corresponding to hundreds of numbers placed in a hat.

The holder of the lucky number was a very attractive young lady. She was asked to step into the ring to receive the prize, and the announcer called: "The winner is Miss Rosie Brown of 541 South Main Street!" As the applause died down, Eddie Cantor yelled from the fifth row: "Telephone number, please!"

LOOK FOR MORE NEWS ON 14 AND 84

# THE ROMANTIC STORY OF HELEN HAYES



International





International

**. . . The fascinating story of how Helen met Charlie MacArthur—so brilliant as to seem a little mad. Of how they fell in love and married. And also of how Helen's dreams of a career were realized**

(Above, left to right) 1. Helen Hayes' mother, whom Helen Hayes' husband calls, delightfully, Brownie. 2. The late Jack Conway—his death cast a shadow over Helen's honeymoon. 3. The first Mrs. Charles MacArthur who played an important part in Helen's romance.

## By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

HELEN HAYES met Charlie MacArthur at a studio tea. He was eating peanuts. She liked him immediately. But he apparently wasn't bowled over by her. She invited him to come back stage some evening at the theatre—she was playing "Caesar and Cleopatra" at the time—but a whole week went by and he didn't appear. Then, one evening, a knock came on her dressing room door.

"Come in," she called.

Charlie sauntered in and flopped into the easy chair.

"Like the play?" she asked him via the big mirror before which she was taking off her make-up.

He nodded. And, at the same time, he got up, preparatory to leaving.

"Just dropped in to tell you I think you're great," he said. "I'll be around again some time."

And before she could think of anything to say to prolong the conversation he was gone.

She always hurried into her make-up after that so she could go out on the stage and survey the audience through the peep hole. Looking for that face with an unmistakable woodland quality to it, the face which she had decided was the grandest face in all the world.

Helen Westley was also in "Caesar and Cleopatra." And Helen Westley, for the benefit of those who aren't theatre-going New Yorkers, is one of our finest actresses, considerably older than Helen Hayes, and known, among other things, for her utter and complete frankness and independence.

Night after night she watched Helen look out over the house and then turn from the peep hole, all the light drained from her young face.

"Looking for someone in particular?" she asked finally.

Helen gave a jerky little nod.

"A young man? Someone you like a lot?"

Helen gave two jerky little nods.

"Why in thunder don't you telephone him?" Helen Westley asked.

"That wouldn't be quite the thing," Helen demurred. She had thought of it herself.

To Helen Westley this was just too modest. She shook her head.

"I call them when I want to," she said. "I call them until they move!"

Helen was sorely tempted to take the Westley advice





(The pictures at the left. Starting at top and reading down.) 1. With G. Albert Smith in "Coquette" (stage production). 2. With Arthur Sinclair in "Mr. Gilhooley." 3. With Walter Connolly in "The Good Fairy." 4. With Robert Young in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." 5. With Ronald Colman in "Arrowsmith."





(Above) Charlie MacArthur, the man who spins such marvelous tales —sometimes with a touch of the macabre. (Right) At the dressing table in the boudoir of her New York home.

but something restrained her. Born at the turn of the century, there was and still is a faint Victorianism about her. It is this, I think, commingled with her lovely modernity, that is responsible for much of her charm.

At any rate, like Jimmie Durante, she held her attitude. It wasn't easy. On the street she'd spy a man ahead of her who walked like Charlie MacArthur and she'd bump into a dozen people catching up with him. Anyone in baggy tweeds and a felt hat pulled hopelessly out of shape made her heart go acrobatic.

Painful as it was, however, life had a fillip it had lacked before.

Spring came. "Caesar and Cleopatra" played on. Every night Helen drove out to Syosset, Long Island, where she and her mother had taken an old farmhouse for the summer.

Then one evening in June when she had almost despaired of Charlie's ever coming again, when she had begun to wonder what she was going to do to fill all the years stretching ahead of her, he dropped in for the second time.

"You're better than ever in the part," he told her. "I've just been out front."

This time Charlie didn't get away. It was Saturday. Helen threw reticence to the wind and insisted he drive out to the country with her and stay until Monday night when she would be driving in again in time for the theatre.

An hour or two later, when Helen turned the car into the little lane that led from the main road to the house, Mrs. Brown was waiting. She had tall lime drinks ready.

"This is Mr. MacArthur, mother," Helen said, "you'll remember that I've told you all about him before."

"That," Mrs. Brown explains, "was to impress him, of course. She'd never mentioned his name to me. Until that moment I hadn't known there was such a person in the world."

They sat up late, Helen and Charlie on straw mats on the low steps, Mrs. Brown in a wicker chair on the porch. The moon was high over the apple orchard. Honeysuckle was heavy in the soft air. There were hundreds of fireflies. No stage director ever had given Helen a more advantageous setting.

Charlie told one fascinating story after another. As always his stories were fantastic, some of them having a macabre touch.

Later, Mrs. Brown knocked on Helen's bedroom door.

"Helen," she told me, "sat mooning before her mirror. I knew I was in for a session. But what a session I didn't dream!"

"Do you like him?" Helen asked, rapt.

"He seems very nice indeed," Mrs. Brown began cautiously. "But, Helen, don't you think he's a little—well, strange?"

Helen laughed. "You mean mad," she accused. "It's that he is a wonderful romancer, a wonderful raconteur, mother dear. That's all."

"Just what does he do?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"He's on a newspaper," Helen explained. "But he's writing a play. 'Lulu Belle.' He told me all about it on the drive out and I'm perfectly convinced it will be a great success."

"H-m-m," said Mrs. Brown. "Well, good-night, my dear."

"Good-night," replied Helen, but her mind was obviously far away. *(Continued on page 93)*

# MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



Photograph by Ferenc

We honor Warren William for his sincere and smooth performance in his first starring film, "The Mouthpiece."



Photograph by Hurrell

We honor Norma Shearer for the intelligence of her acting in the film version of "Strange Interlude."



Photograph by Hal Phyle

We honor Spencer Tracy for his persistent excellence, culminating in "Disorderly Conduct" and "Young America."

# DOROTHY JORDAN PORTRAYS FOUR TYPES OF GIRLS







# ARTISTS'

(Left) The charming, slightly aloof girl made popular by Harrison Fisher. (Above) Ah, the Gibson girl! Who can ever forget her? She made Charles Dana Gibson world famous. (Above, left) The fluffy ruffles of the Nell Brinkley girl make Dorothy look cute.

Photographs by Hurrell,
courtesy M-G-M

MADE FAMOUS BY FOUR VERY WELL KNOWN ARTISTS





# MODEL

On this page we have Dorothy as the John Held, Jr., creation—the peppy, slim-legged bit of femininity so dear to us and pictured by John Held himself in the illustration at the right.



This illustration specially drawn for this feature by John Held, Jr.

# SCOOPS OF THE MONTH



Aha! "And so the poor, defenseless specimen of outraged womanhood was carried away by the great big bear—or possibly it's an orang-outang—" A supreme moment from that outstanding melodrama, "The Private Life of an Eskimo Pie." The lady being carried away is Alice Calhoun. The gentleman is not Clark Gable. The lady at the left, taking a nap on a mandolin, was the original mandolin-napper—the forerunner of that famous sport, flagpole-sitting. It's Ina Claire.

From the Harold Seton Collection




TRUE! Men, like bees, are drawn to the flower that is delectably fragrant! But of what use perfume, if on closer scrutiny, these critical men find that all your attractiveness flies away when you *smile*?

Don't forget that to be alluring, a smile must reveal only brilliant, white teeth! And sound, white teeth are dependent on sound, firm gums!

The foods of these modern days are far too soft and creamy to stimulate the gums—to keep them hard. Now they're soft and flabby. Tender, too. You have "pink tooth brush"—or you're *likely* to have it.

And if you're wise, you'll do something about this unhealthy condition of the gums. For "pink tooth brush" not only can dull the teeth, make them grayish-looking—but it may endanger the *soundness* of the teeth. And all too often it leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even the rare but dreaded pyorrhea.

If you'll get some Ipana Tooth Paste, and rub a bit of it into your gums every time you clean your teeth, you won't have to worry about "pink tooth brush." The massage stimulates the gums, of course. But the ziratol in Ipana (ziratol is a splendid toning agent) *aids* the massage in firming the gums.

Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste, and keeps teeth beautifully white and clean. Ipana with massage keeps the *gums* hard and healthy. Ipana with massage *protects* your smile! So today—start in with Ipana, and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

IPANA




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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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*City*.....*State*.....

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**A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury**

# More About Hollywood

## MORE TITBITS, CHIT-CHAT, AND WHAT HAVE YOU

GEORGE ARLISS is the main character in a little story that is now going the rounds in Hollywood.

It seems that during the making of "The Man Who Played God," in the scene where the bomb goes off while Arliss is playing the piano, the director wanted to be sure that no one was near the bomb when it exploded and asked a prop boy to make a last check-up. When the boy returned to the director he said: "Everyone is out of the way except an old bird sitting at the piano!"

George Arliss overheard the remark and said in his quaint way: "That's just like life and fame . . . to some folks you'll always be just an old bird sitting at the piano!"

*We understand that Columbia is planning to borrow Lil Tashman for the next Eddie Lowe picture! That's the newest team under the Hollywood sun. Might be a swell idea, at that.*

THOSE of you fans who have seen "Shanghai Express" will be glad to learn that a new Dietrich picture is going into production. This time she will play an American woman . . . starting in as the wife of a poor man and eventually being forced through circumstances to take a job as a cabaret singer. Those who guide the destinies of the German charmer seem to recall that Marlene was at her best when she was singing for the talkies . . . hence the change from her recent characterizations to one that allows for a bit of lung expansion.

A NEWS story on Greta Garbo is a good story even if it later develops to be untrue.

One day headlines read: "Ivar Kreuger, Swedish Capitalist, Kills Self."

The next day's paper contained a front-page story letting us all in on the fact that Garbo had lost a great portion of her huge fortune in the Kreuger bankruptcy. With, of course, a beautiful picture of the Swedish actress.

Naturally, Greta didn't have a word to say on the subject—or if she did she probably wouldn't have said it anyway. But her manager stepped forth to assure all the newspaper scribes that, as a matter of fact, Miss Garbo didn't have a penny invested with Ivar Kreuger. Further—that her money is all in good old American government and municipal bonds with a Swedish investment to show her loyalty to her native land. Or, as Jimmy Durante would say —she's got a million in 'em . . . a million!

*A well-known polo-playing studio executive refused to match his team against the one on which Guinn "Big Boy" Williams plays.*

*"Williams is too rough," was his ultimatum.*

AH HA! In duster and veil and a long grey beard we discovered Greta *the* Garbo does her horseback riding down at the new Riviera Polo Club. A few mornings ago she felt hungry after a sprightly canter. But go to the club house lunchroom for a bite? Not Garbo. Curious eyes might find her out. Instead she had the boy in attendance at the stable drive her to a Beverly Hills sandwich and steak house.

But when she saw that there were others in the eating place, Greta stayed in the car while the boy ran in and got her a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

*When anything out in Hollywood is very, very exclusive, they say, "That is very* Garbo!"

CHARLIE FARRELL is a very excellent example of what might be called: *A very loyal citizen, indeed!* Some Hollywood actors are loyal to the profession . . . and others are not so inclined.

Last evening we saw one of the poorest pictures released to the public. As we walked from the theatre, whom should we see but Charlie Farrell! Said we, kiddingly, "Gee, it's too bad that we didn't come to the early show . . . then we could have seen that picture through *twice!*" To which our loyal friend said, seriously, "Yah, it was a swell picture, wasn't it?" After we had had our laugh, Charlie said he always tried to be that way . . . ". . . never can tell when someone is going to see one of *my* performances, you know."

WHILE in San Francisco last week, your correspondent happened to attend a showing of "The First Mrs. Frazer" . . . and who should be sitting right in front but Colleen Moore! In fact, the whole cast of her next stage venture was with her. Of course you knew that Colleen was trying the stage again? Yes, sir! She is appearing tonight in "The Church Mouse" and after a run in the Golden Gate Town, she will bring the offering to Hollywood for an appearance before her best friends and severest critics.

There are many who supposed that Colleen would never attempt the stage again after her dismal flop in the East . . . but they failed to remember the Irish spunk. Make 'em like it, Colleen!

SOME years ago Betty Compson arrived in San Francisco . . . broke. So she got a job as nursemaid.

A few weeks ago Betty was in the city appearing in her vaudeville skit. She was tendered a dinner party by the family for whom she had worked those lean years before, and the young girl Betty had cared for is now a beautiful society débutante.

*(Continued on page 115)*




**Leslie Fenton and his new bride, Ann Dvorak, snapped on Hollywood Boulevard. They were married in Yuma and spent their honeymoon at Agua Caliente. Don't miss the story on Ann—page 40.**

Hollywood Newspicture

# ACTUAL EXPERIENCE OF MRS. JOHN H. LYNCH



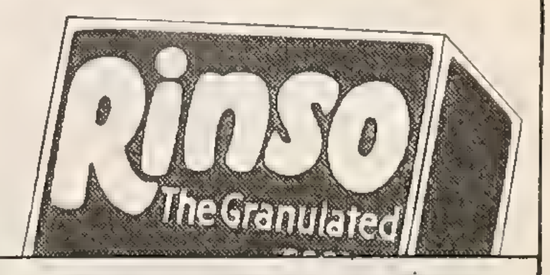

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Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

# THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED, AND IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO AFFILIATION; CURRENT AND FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

## COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Pathé Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; married to Virginia Shelly; born in Fergus Falls, Minn., February 2. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Way Back Home," RKO-Radio; "Speed Crazy," Universal; and "Huddle," M-G-M.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE; unmarried; born in Charleroi, Penn., December 16. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "So Big" and "A Successful Calamity." Now working in "The Jewel Robbery." All for First National.

ALEXANDER, BEN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 26. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé; in "High Pressure" and "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," First National.

AMES, ADRIENNE; married to Stephen Ames; born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "24 Hours," "Two Kinds of Women" and "Sinners in the Sun." Now working in "Come On Marines." All for Paramount.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "Touchdown," "Wayward" and "Skybride." Now working in "Come On Marines." All for Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng., April 10. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Alexander Hamilton," "The Man Who Played God" and "A Successful Calamity." All for Warner Bros.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich., November 20. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Panama Flo" and "The Tip Off," RKO-Pathé; in "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio; in "Radio Patrol," Universal. Now working in "Is My Face Red?" RKO-Radio.

ASTHER, NILS; married to Vivian Duncan; born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "But the Flesh Is Weak" and "Letty Lynton." Next will be "As You Desire Me." All M-G-M.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Smart Women" and "Men of Chance"; featured rôle in "Lost Squadron"; for RKO-Radio. Now working in "A Successful Calamity," Warner Bros.

ATES, ROSCOE; married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Ladies of the Jury," RKO-Radio; in "Freaks," M-G-M; in "Young Bride," RKO-Pathé; and "Roadhouse Murder," RKO-Radio. Now working in "Hold 'Em Jail," RKO-Radio.

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Starred in "Impatient Maiden" and "Night World." Now working in "Laughing Boy." All for Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Guilty Hands," M-G-M; in "While Paris Sleeps" and "Cheaters At Play," Fox. Now working in "They Never Come Back," Al Mannon.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavis Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Rich Man's Folly" and "World and the Flesh." Next will be "The Challenger." All for Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Ala., January 31. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "My Sin," "The Cheat" and "Thunder Below." All for Paramount.

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Costarred in "Arsene Lupin" and "Grand Hotel," M-G-M. Now starring in "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Co-starred in "Man I Killed," Paramount; in "Mata Hari," "Arsene Lupin" and "Grand Hotel," M-G-M. Next will be "The Claw," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to the former Mrs. Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City, May 9. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Last Flight" and "Alias the Doctor." Now starring in "Cabin in the Cotton." All for First National.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Cisco Kid," "Surrender" and "Amateur Daddy." Now starring in "Man About Town." All for Fox.

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Rita Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Champ" and "Hell Divers"; co-starred in "Grand Hotel." Now working in "Flesh." All for M-G-M.

BELLAMY, RALPH; married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Surrender," "Disorderly Conduct" and "Young America." Now working in "Woman in Room 13." Next will be "What Price Glory?" All for Fox.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to the Marquis de la Falaise, born in New York City, October 22. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "Bought," Warner Bros.; and "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Unmated," RKO-Pathé. Next will be "The Higher Ups," First National.

BENNETT, JOAN; married to Gene Markey; born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "She Wanted a Millionaire," "Careless Lady" and "Trial of Vivienne Ware."

BENNETT, RICHARD; married to non-professional; born in Beaconmills, Iowa, May 21. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Bought," First National; in "Arrowsmith," United Artists; in "This Reckless Age," Paramount. Now working in "Countess of Auburn," Paramount.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Men in Her Life," Columbia; in "Panama Flo," RKO-Pathé; in "Hot News," Universal; in "Thunder Below," Paramount.

BLANE, SALLY; unmarried; born in Salt Lake City, Utah, July 11. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Good Sport," Fox; in "X Marks the Spot," Tiffany; in "Cross Examination," Supreme Prod. Now working in "Phantom Express," Educational.

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried, born in New York City, August 30. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Greeks Had A Word For Them," United Artists; in "Union Depot," "The Crowd Roars" and "The Ferguson Case," Warner Bros. Now working in "Miss Pinkerton," Warner Bros.

BOARDMAN, ELEANOR; married to King Vidor; born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 19. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Fea-

(Continued on page 92)

## HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR MAY AND JUNE— WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bing Crosby | May 2 | Clive Brook | June 1 |
| Mary Astor | May 3 | Hedda Hopper | June 2 |
| Gary Cooper | May 7 | Bill Boyd | June 5 |
| Richard Barthelmess | May 9 | Walter Byron | June 11 |
| Billie Dove | May 14 | Ona Munson | June 16 |
| Robert Montgomery | May 21 | Ralph Bellamy | June 17 |
| Dorothy Lee | May 23 | Ivan Lebedeff | June 18 |
| Doug Fairbanks, Sr. | May 23 | Jeanette MacDonald | June 18 |
| Paul Lukas | May 26 | Irving Pichel | June 24 |
| Jack Holt | May 31 | Lois Wilson | June 28 |

# *Now* . . 10¢ WILL BUY PARK & TILFORD BEAUTY AIDS IN CONVENIENT SIZES AS PURE AND FINE AS THE WELL-KNOWN BRANDS PRICED FROM $1.00 TO $3.00

Faoen Cosmetics are the biggest beauty value ever offered to American women. Equal in purity, quality and texture to the most expensive—and only 10c. Sponsored by Park & Tilford, who introduced many of the most distinguished French perfumes and cosmetics to this country. No wonder Faoen Beauty Aids are already the favorites of thousands of fastidious women.




A famous firm of chemical analysts tested every Faoen product. Here is a part of their report:

*"—and after a complete and careful chemical analysis and investigation, we have found that every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1.00, $2.00 and $3.00."*

*The purity of Faoen Products needs no further proof than this!*

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FAOEN *Beauty Aids*



*Release the enchanting Beauty in your Eyes*

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It's in *your* eyes right now—that wonderful, bewitching beauty sought by every woman and admired by every man. But it's a captive there; a dormant power that can be brought into play only by the magic of Maybelline. Release it—by fringing your eyes with naturally dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes. Just a simple, easy application of Maybelline and the marvelous transformation takes place. Your eyes instantly become a thousandfold more interesting—your whole self, more charming!

But, be sure you get *genuine* Maybelline, for this preparation is non-smarting, tear-proof and very easy to use. And *perfectly* harmless! Its continued use actually tends to stimulate lash growth. Black or Brown, 75c at any toilet goods counter.

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5900 Ridge Avenue, Chicago
10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the *new* Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown

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*Town*_____ *State*_____

# They Couldn't Stand Fame

(*Continued from page 59*)

acter faded in the public eye. Mary Nolan was warned but her fame-bedazzled eyes couldn't see the writing on the wall of success.

She says she is innocent of all charges—and now, she too, is going to try to come back. Has failure taught her the full meaning of character and personal strength? It is up to Mary to prove that she can *handle fame!*

Mary Nolan and Clara Bow are bitter examples of beautiful women who have been subjected to bitter lessons in the rules of success. But there are several others who have proved that they are far more successful in the discouraging period of struggle than they are after glory has burst upon them.

SALLY O'NEILL failed at the fame game—not through maliciousness or scandal or lack of moral fibre, but through an enthusiastic, almost childish ignorance of the tough job of *keeping* famous.

Sally was like a kid with too many Christmas presents to open. Overnight she was wafted from the dance floor of the Cocoanut Grove to a studio contract and a publicity campaign that put her name far ahead of Constance Bennett's and Joan Crawford's, two girls who started at the same time.

Within a few months Sally's salary jumped from $150 a week to $1,500. To the little Irish girl who had never had many of the good things of life this seemed like a fortune. She spent money too carelessly. She owned the longest and greenest automobile in town. She never appeared in the same expensive garment twice. She entertained lavishly and often. Fame, to Sally, was not a hard job of keeping one's feet on the ground—it was an easy one of letting one's feet fly as one jumped the silken hurdles. Celebrity, to Sally, meant being recognized in night clubs and wearing lovely and costly clothes and being pointed out by envious girls wherever she went. In time her play life began to show in her screen work. But Sally did not foresee the pitfalls. Her screen shadow became less spirited, less buoyant. The reason was clear to everyone but Sally. She was usually very tired after an evening of dancing. She drifted into an unhappy love affair that kept her generally miserable. When the crash came, when that magical $1,500 weekly salary was not renewed on contract—Sally found herself bankrupt financially with a broken romance and very, very few real friends left. It was a bitter lesson for a little girl who did not realize where her path was leading her—perhaps too bitter, for Sally's only sin had been a consuming love of fun. Recently, she told a reporter: "I know what this game is all about now. I shan't make those old mistakes over again, believe me. I've learned my lesson." Only time can tell whether this little Irish girl who has been badly burned once will play with the fires of success again. Let us hope not.

I SOMETIMES wonder if Nancy Carroll realizes that she is dangerously near a precipice in her own career. In Nancy's case the blow has not yet fallen. Yet Nancy is not standing the gaff of fame so well.

When this little redhead was working her way to the top she was one of the best loved people around the studio. Everyone adored her. She coöperated with the slightest whim of her fellow workers—from the director to the prop boy. Little extra girls who weren't onto the ropes got plenty of sage advice from Nancy. Then: stardom, fame.

Overnight she must have come to the conclusion that everyone on the studio lot was working against her, for she made a definite effort to counteract their advice at every step. Temper, or temperament, became a byword of her productions. She forgot a great many people she used to speak to. She constantly bickered with her director.

Recently her career has been a topsy-turvy affair. For some reason or other she developed an objection to working with Phillips Holmes in "Broken Lullaby." Even the opportunity of working with the great Lubitsch did not impress her. She walked out on the production, delaying her company for several weeks, and it wasn't until Nancy received some very sane and logical advice that she consented to return to work. Even then her attitude was petulant, and Lubitsch became so angry with his star that, it is said, he made scenes for an entire week that did not include Miss Carroll.

Real, lasting fame is not built out of such chaos as this, and already Hollywood is wondering if Nancy can stand the pace. Or if she, like many others, will learn her mistakes only through bitter experience.

It is too bad that Jetta Goudal cannot warn Nancy of the dangers of too much temperament. This particular problem was Jetta's own in the days of her stardom.

Fame brought Jetta stardom . . . and stardom went to her head. She quarrelled violently with people who had her best interests at heart. She, too, walked out on productions. *And for three years she did not make a picture. No studio would sign her.* Yes, Jetta is another one who is back trying to live down the mistakes of her days of glory, and there are those who will tell you she is a very changed young woman.

This fame thing is tough going all the way, and to such women as Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo and many others who have proved they can withstand the dizzying pace—all the more glory. They have proved that they can handle the most difficult phase of their careers . . . success . . . fame . . . wealth!



# "NOTHING EVER HAPPENS In Grand Hotel"

## *So Says the Doctor— But Behind Its Doors . . .*

**A beautiful, famous dancer is eating her heart out with loneliness.**

**An under-dog clerk, doomed to die, takes one last fling at life.**

**A rich man faces financial ruin—and murders a Baron.**

**A lovely young secretary finds herself the plaything of men.**

**OF course you know "Grand Hotel"—hailed by the world as a soul-stirring novel—the most successful stage hit of a Broadway season—and now on the screen with probably the greatest cast ever assembled in one picture!**

**Greta Garbo is the dancer, loved by John Barrymore who plays the Baron. Lionel Barrymore is the poor clerk, Wallace Beery the rich man, Joan Crawford the young secretary, and Lewis Stone the doctor. Imagine what a story "Grand Hotel" is, to deserve a cast like this!**

**This thrilling story in complete fiction form, profusely illustrated with scenes from the picture, appears in the June SCREEN ROMANCES!**

**Every month 10 of the best stories that come out of Hollywood are fictionized in SCREEN ROMANCES. Here are some from the June issue:**

SO BIG, that beautiful story of mother love with *Barbara Stanwyck* as Salina.

THE CROWD ROARS, a *James Cagney* and *Joan Blondell* story of an auto racer who loses his nerve, and wins—?

MAN WANTED. *Kay Francis* is the boss and *David Manners* her secretary! But when he falls in love with her she's just a woman. . . .

WET PARADE. *Neil Hamilton, Dorothy Jordan,* and *Walter Huston* are stars in this Upton Sinclair story—the cinema's challenge to prohibition.

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION with *Ricardo Cortez* and *Irene Dunne.* From the Ghetto to Park Avenue is a long journey and Felix Klauber loses something on the way.

*And Five Other Fine New Picture Stories— Abundantly Illustrated.*

**SPECIAL IN THE JUNE ISSUE:**

**A beautiful rotogravure section of native Hawaiian scenes, full of the languid tropic glamour of this romantic island —from the new RKO production, "The Bird of Paradise."**

**Thousands of movie fans and lovers of good stories are discovering the thrills, laughs, sorrows, and romance packed between the covers of SCREEN ROMANCES—the only All-Screen-Fiction magazine. Find out for yourself this month—at the nearest newsstand.**

10 Complete Stories in Every Issue — Screen Romances — On Sale At All Newsstands




# Victim of Success

(*Continued from page 61*)

temporarily a false aura of stardom due to the timeliness of his success. It was a deserved success—but inflated by the abnormal condition of the industry—like the stock market before the crash. It placed too high a value upon John Boles, an inflated value which he would be the last person to accept as accurate. And it was too much to expect him to live up to.

For Boles is not a he-Garbo—one of those rare, glamorous phenomenons who can keep the public imagination at a fever pitch over a period of years. Nor does he think he is. He is a capable, intelligent trouper. He has a nice flare for comedy. He has the type of romantic good looks which make him an authentic screen lover—but not a sensational one. His goal should be (and I believe is) to achieve for himself a consistent record of good performances as a featured player, without any ballyhooed stardom. In other words, he is a reliable, reasonably versatile, better-than-average leading man—with one exception. And that exception is a really distinguished gift as a singer. When he sings, John Boles does attain a romantic level that brings him close to star calibre.

HIS life, too, has had its romantic aspects. Not comparable to the glamorous past of Ivan Lebedeff or the amorous front-page adventures of John Gilbert—but distinctly more colorful than the average existence. Born in the sleepy little village of Greenville, Texas, he was destined by all the laws of environment and heredity to become a cotton broker or a small town banker like his father. But events—either precipitated or taken advantage of by his Scotch persistence and his Irish adventuresomeness — tore him from his leisurely Southern setting and catapulted him into the outer world.

The war, tearing him loose from the normal, placid back-ground of family and college, took him to France, and his knowledge of the French language, gained as a child, put him at the exciting business of spy-chasing in the Intelligence Division. When peace was declared he returned to his native village and went to work in the bank. But like millions of other young men he was no longer the same. He had gone out from the portals of Greenville and glimpsed a larger world. He was restless and he thirsted for adventure. A British musician had heard him sing on an A. E. F. entertainment program in France and had urged him to train his voice. So John took lessons while he worked in the bank.

Thus, when Oscar Seagel, in Texas on a concert tour, begged him to go to New York to further his studies the advice fell on willing ears. Boles borrowed a thousand dollars and embarked on a career. With his departure for New York he cut himself off definitely from all that life in Greenville signified. It took courage because—for there had been no musicians in his family—there was no precedent to back him up. Only his own faith and determination.

Sheer, dogged persistence and a buoyant spirit which refused to be downed by anything carried him through some difficult days. When his money was gone he got a job as French instructor in a girls' academy and continued with his vocal lessons. When he felt that he needed more advanced instruction and realized he could only get it abroad he did not sit back and bewail the fact that he lacked funds. Instead, he organized a band of musical students and earned his own passage and tuition by acting as business manager for the party.

When he came back to New York his troubles were just beginning. For three months he tramped Broadway, looking for a job on the stage but refusing to consider anything but leads.

Eventually the Boles persistence won out and he landed the lead in "Little Jesse James." That long-awaited chance was all he needed and he scored thereafter in a succession of Broadway musical hits. But with his introduction to films he found a new battle on his hands. He came to Hollywood under personal contract to Gloria Swanson—but his début opposite her in "Loves of Sunya" was such a dismal flop that the contract was allowed to expire quietly after six months. Later on, as it happened, with the aid of the talkies he achieved a success beyond his wildest dreams.

He's a nice chap, this John Boles, with a persuasive Southern graciousness spiced with Celtic gaiety. He has a reputation for being serious-minded—which is hard to understand in view of the numerous crinkles at the corners of his eyes and the unmistakable twinkle in their brilliant blue-gray depths. Married to a non-professional for a considerably longer time than is stylish in these days when all roads lead to Reno, he lives rather quietly. He has two attractive small daughters.

With the renewed vogue for screen musicals you will undoubtedly hear him sing again in the near future. And it is more than likely that his fan popularity will enjoy a second boom if he is given even an occasional singing rôle. But that dizzy and turbulent period when he appeared to be a singing Valentino is gone forever. John Boles has found his proper niche as a popular featured player. Given varying rôles which afford him a chance to show his versatility—in other words his romantic appeal, his flare for light comedy and his really splendid voice—he should maintain a sizeable and steady following. For John Boles was no flash in the pan—although the brevity and sensationalism of his hour as an idol made him seem so. His is the unique misfortune of being an ex-star without ever having been a star.

# George Brent Won't Be Another Gable

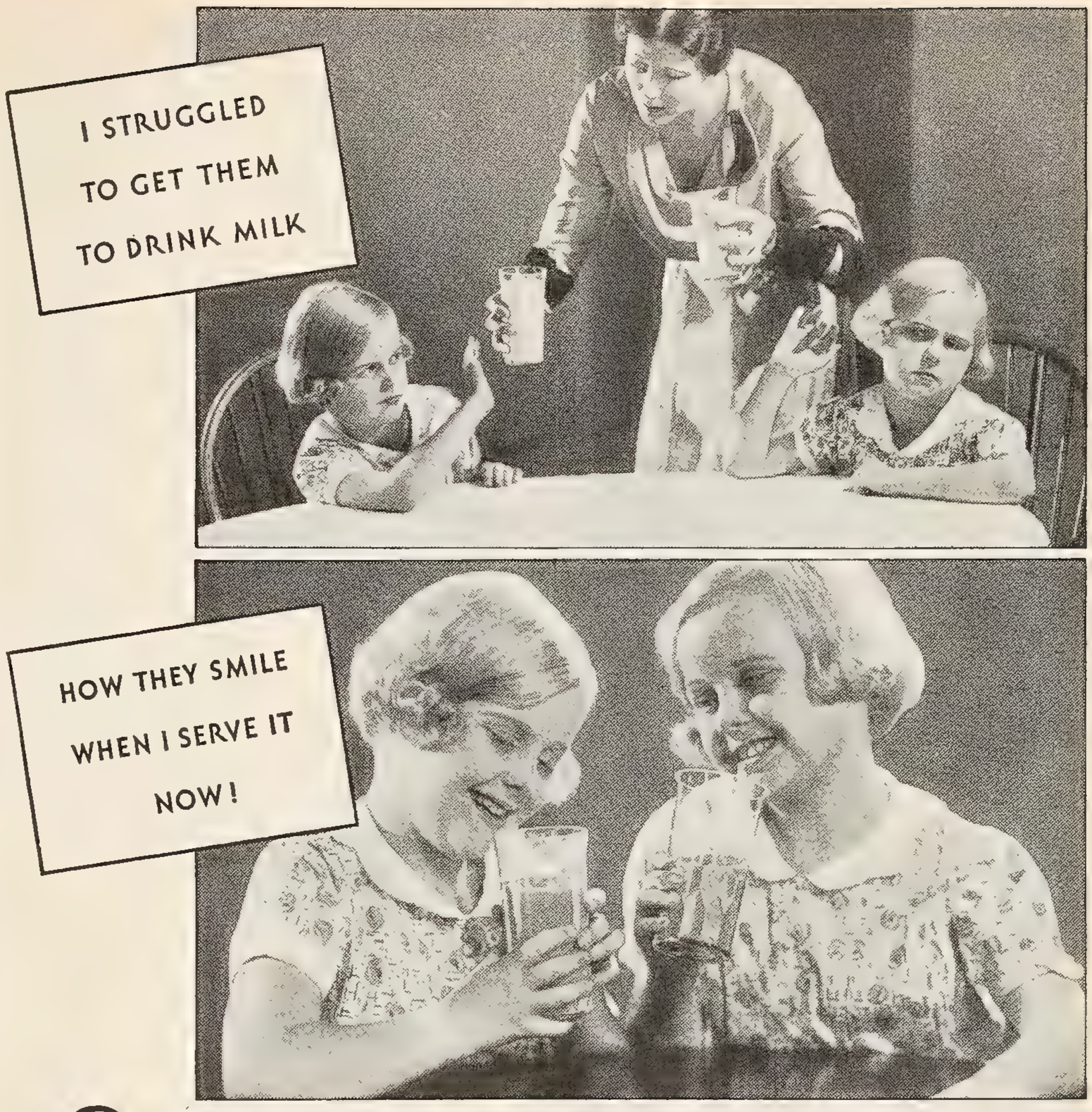
(*Continued from page 57*)

order at all costs. Someone had to get through to the various headquarters of the Collins' forces so that communication could be continued. George Brent! Posing as a sightseer from America, George would rush from headquarters to headquarters with important news and dispatches. It was only after he had been in the service a month that he learned he was in a class with the spies! That if he were caught he would be sent before a firing squad without a moment's hesitation.

ON several occasions he was stopped and questioned, but he always wore out the guards with so many inane questions typical of the tourist trade that they let him go his way just to get rid of him. But with all the adventure and close scrapes he had, there is only one thing that stands out in his memory as a beacon light of that particular period of his life: *he had an unlimited expense account!* He often finds himself startled out of a sound sleep (even now in Hollywood) to discover that he has been dreaming about the marvelous advantages of an unlimited expense account.

Then Collins, his friend and employer, was shot. This should have given George a cue to fold up his activities, but he went blithely on until he returned one day to his hotel room to find that all of his luggage had been examined and the entire suite searched! Rebel papers which had been carried in the false bottoms of the bags were missing—and so was George within the hour. The red coats almost caught up with him in Scotland so he fled to England. He figured that the last place they would think to look for an Irish spy would be in England . . . which is like a gangster hiding in the police station. Finally he shipped on a cattle boat for America.

Immediately upon arriving in America, he was faced with the terrific problem of getting money without doing routine work . . . which field is so overcrowded that he is lucky to have landed a job at all! He had a bright idea: why not go on the stage? He had done a couple of parts in the college dramatic class and no one had ever told him he was terrible. So that's just what he did—got a job with a stock company and went to work the following Tuesday. The first performance he became paralyzed with fright in the middle of the stage. The leading man ad-libbed for fifteen minutes and then merely shrugged his shoulders and walked off with this line: "I shall leave you to reflect!" This, however, woke our friend up and he finally got his legs working enough to get off the stage and into the sheltering wings.


# Sisters have weight race ...gain 7 and 8 pounds

***on milk served new delicious way***

"I CAN get my little girls to do almost anything and eat almost anything, too. But how they both disliked milk!

"And no one knew better than I how they needed it! Week after week their weight remained the same, though they kept shooting up all the time.

"One day my girls told me about a wonderful drink a friend had given them. They said that it was called Cocomalt, and it was mixed with milk.

"I began giving both my daughters Cocomalt—and their weight has gone up steadily ever since. One has gained seven pounds, and the other eight pounds already!"

***Children need Vitamin D***

Mothers everywhere are finding how beneficial Cocomalt is to growing children. This delicious chocolate-flavor food drink actually adds 70% more nourishment to milk—almost doubling the food value of each glass. It supplies the *extra* proteins, carbohydrates and minerals.

Cocomalt also contains Vitamin D—the important "Sunshine Vitamin" that aids in preventing rickets and helps build strong bones and sound teeth.

Give *your* children Cocomalt with their milk. Served hot or cold, it's *delicious!*

***Special trial can sent free***

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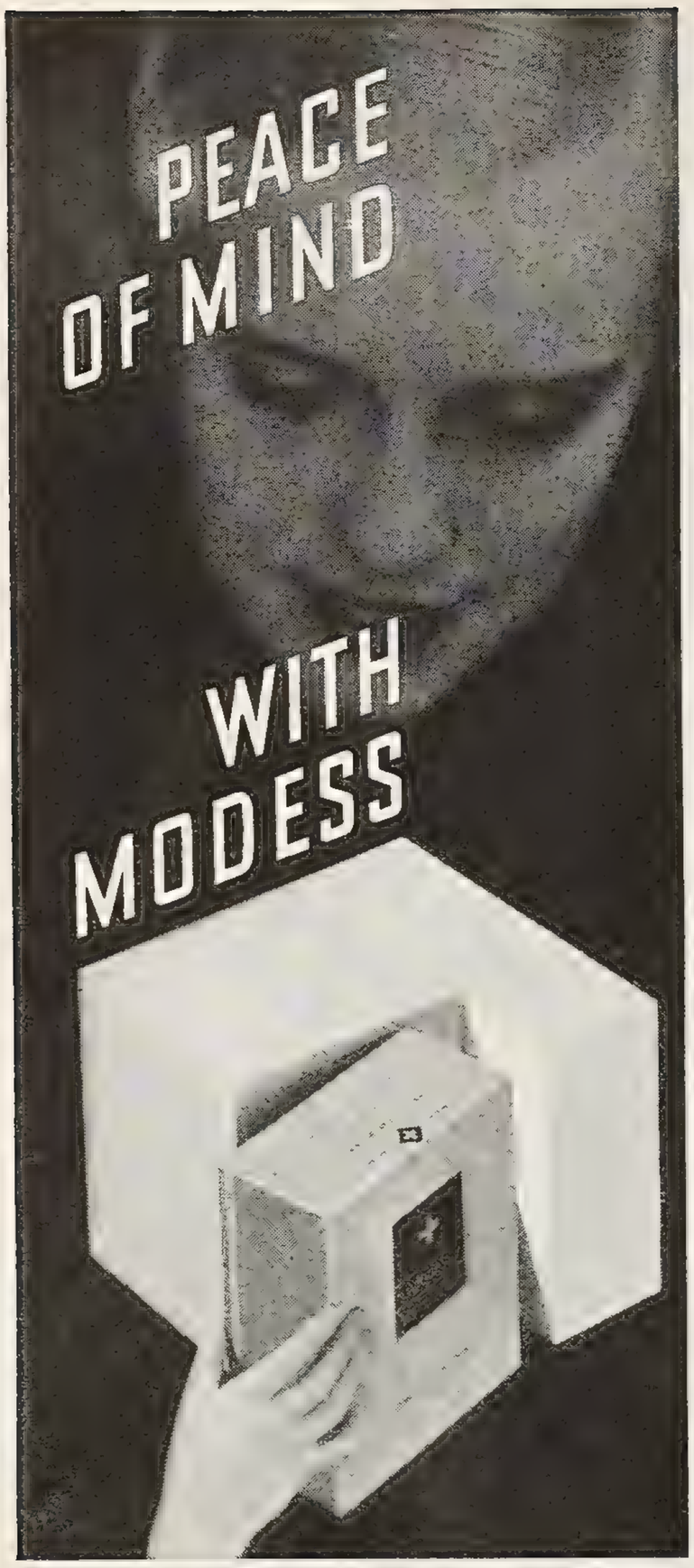

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**SANITARY NAPKINS**

GEORGE worked for the next five years in stock companies all over the United States. He had ripe tomatoes thrown at him from all angles . . . rehearsed one play while he was playing in another . . . fell in love and got married for one month . . . fell in love again and stayed single . . . stayed up all night with a cold towel around his head learning lines for the next play . . . and every Saturday night played poker with his salary.

After five long years of this he obtained the rôle of Abie in "Abie's Irish Rose." After he had played it for a year he found it hard to convince the folks that he wasn't born in Palestine.

We forgot one thing that happened just before "Abie." George made his Broadway début in a little number starring Alice Brady. In the same company was another young stock leading man by the name of Clark Gable! You see? There *is* room for both of them . . . even in the same play! George says: "I like the fellow, too! He's a good actor and a smart business man. And furthermore, he knows his place . . . at the top!"

However, let's not give Gable too much of a break in this story. Brent's stay on Broadway was studded with great performances and he became well known as a fine actor. This is said to be the reason why the movie moguls asked him to come to Hollywood (but, of course, it is only hearsay). Anyway, at last he was on his way. *And he was here one solid year without working in a single picture!* This sort of treatment made George rather discouraged. And well it might, after the spy job and the tomatoes and all that! But suddenly Warner Brothers placed him under contract, and now all seems to be well with George Brent.

He went into a huddle with the bosses at the studio and told them all about his experiences—and nothing happened. But when he happened to mention that he liked polo—he was immediately placed on the roster as a potential star. He was to be built into another he-man of the screen. You see, the bosses at Warner Brothers all play polo (at least they all bought a lot of horses and mallets and belong to the Club), and so when George mentioned polo everything was jake. They probably figured that if he turned out to be a bad actor they could get him to teach them polo until his contract ran out.

But that's where George fooled 'em. He didn't know a darn thing about polo. And in the meantime he turned out to be such a good actor—in "So Big" with Barbara Stanwyck, and in "The Rich Are Always With Us" with Ruth Chatterton—that they all forgave him, and he is going to stay with them anyway! His next rôle will be that of Joan Blondell's leading man in "Miss Pinkerton."

In order to make this a really complete story on Mr. Brent, I suppose we should have his views on love and marriage . . . just so the girls won't feel slighted.

"I have been married," he said with a smile, "and I shall think twice before I marry again. If I do, I shall marry a woman older than myself . . . just like my old friend C. G. I believe," he continued, "that too little stress is placed on the idea of finding a person who is mentally companionable."

There! How do you like the chap?

# Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 86*)

tured rôles in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M; and "Women Love Once," Paramount.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "Frankenstein," Universal; in "Good Sport" and "Careless Lady," Fox. Now working in "Back Streets," Universal.

BOW, CLARA; married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Starred in "No Limit" and "Kick In," Paramount.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Suicide Fleet," "The Big Gamble" and "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathé.

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced from former actress; born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The False Madonna" and "The Wiser Sex," Paramount. Now working in "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio.

BRENDEL, EL, married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "West of Broadway," M-G-M; in "Delicious" and "Disorderly Conduct," Fox. Now touring in vaudeville.

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida, October 20. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Pagan Lady," Columbia; in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio; and "High Pressure," First National.

BRENT, GEORGE; divorced; born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "So Big," "The Rich Are Always With Us" and "Miss Pinkerton." Now working in "Week End Marriage." All for First National.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Runaround," RKO-Radio; in "Homicide Squad," Universal; and "It's Tough To Be Famous," First National. Now making personal appearance tour.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, England, June 1. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Husband's Holiday" and "Shanghai Express." Now working in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." All for Paramount.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Broadminded," "Local Boy Makes Good" and "Fireman Save My Child," First National. Now working in "The Tenderfoot," First National.

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala., September 1. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Last Flight," First National; and "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal.

BROWN, TOM; unmarried; born in New York City, January 6. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Famous Ferguson Case," First National; in "Information Kid," Universal. Now working in "Brown of Culver," Universal.

BUSHELL, ANTHONY; married to Zelma O'Neal; born in Kent County, Eng., May 19. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Five Star Final," First National; in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé; and "Vanity Fair," Hoffman.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES; unmarried; born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Side Show," "Manhattan Parade" and "Beauty and the Boss," First National. Now working in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

BYRON, WALTER; unmarried; born in Leicester, England, June 11. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Blonde Baby" and "Feathered Serpent," Columbia; in "Vanity Fair," Hoffman; and "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount.

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City, July 17. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Co-starred

(*Continued on page 94*)

# Helen Hayes

(*Continued from page 76*)

The next day was really almost too wonderful. Helen and Charlie walked through country lanes to the old schoolhouse where Walt Whitman once taught and which is now a book-shop. And when they came home their arms were loaded.

They spent the afternoon swimming and lying on a lonely beach in the sun.

Monday it was the same. Positively elysian. They were so late getting into the city there was no time for any prolonged farewell at the stage door.

"I'll see you again. Soon," Charlie MacArthur promised. He wasn't as casual as he'd been before.

"Do!" Helen said. She wasn't casual at all.

Sitting at her dressing-table she was conscious of being insanely happy. Because she knew Charlie meant it when he said he would see her soon. With that fine intuition women have she knew that now her mark was upon his heart, too. That he wouldn't be the independent, casual young man about town in the future that he had been.

Helen's happiness, however, wasn't to be unalloyed.

Charlie MacArthur proceeded to fall as madly in love with her as she was with him. On that score nothing was left to be desired. But Charlie was married. He hadn't lived with his wife for a long time and she had begun a suit for divorce. But, when she heard Helen Hayes was in love with Charlie and that Charlie's play "Lulu Belle" promised to be a great success, she withdrew this suit. And then Charlie had to start proceedings.

Fortunately for both Helen and Charlie during the next year and a half they had their work. Helen was busy in the theatre. And, overnight, Charlie found himself a famous and successful playwright.

However, every night when the final curtain rang down, Charlie was waiting outside Helen's dressing-room. Arm in arm they'd slip out through the stage door and stroll through streets busy in the daytime but now deserted.

THEN early one morning, August seventeenth, 1928, to be exact, Charlie telephoned. He had his decree. His first wife had twenty-four hours in which to take it to the highest court at Springfield, Ill. They might uphold her, of course. But in the meantime he was free.

"If we hurry we can be married before she gets a stay," Charlie fairly shouted over the wire.

"I'll be ready," Helen told him.

He kept his taxi downstairs. True to her word, Helen was waiting. They dashed down to City Hall where a license was issued them. Then back to the apartment where Mrs. Brown had laid out Helen's things. There was nothing new. Helen had, in fact, chosen a particularly old dress because

(*Continued on page 95*)





*Professionally posed photo of Mrs. Rachulles' true experience*

# So thin, haggard-looking

## *she hated to have her picture taken!*

### But *today* she's added 23 lbs. —cleared her skin, too

SHE'D pretended not to mind—*laughed* when they called her "skinny". But she drew the line at being photographed. For no one can laugh off a scrawny face and shapeless legs, when they are *printed in black and white!*

Today, thanks to 23 pounds gained, she's *no longer camera-shy!* Read her thrilling story:

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"I was sick and rundown from childhood. I weighed only 104 pounds and looked just 'skin and bones'. In fact, such a sight I didn't like friends to take snapshots of me.

"But since taking Ironized Yeast I have put on 23 pounds. It improved my skin, too. I look like a *different* woman!" Mrs. J. E. Rachulles, Red Cliff, Colo.

### Many quick results

If you, too, are a bit self-conscious about your figure—if you, too, worry over your complexion—why not profit by the experience of *thousands?* Gain pounds of healthy flesh, clear complexion — *plus* sound sleep, regular elimination, steady nerves, tireless energy. Get these quickly, *inexpensively*—with Ironized Yeast.

### Concentrated 7 times

In perfecting Ironized Yeast, no expense has been spared. It contains a remarkably rich yeast—imported "*beer yeast*". This specially cultured yeast is *concentrated* by a process so new and so important that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations officially recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Seven pounds of "beer yeast" are required to make just one pound of this yeast concentrate that goes into Ironized Yeast. And three distinct kinds of iron are required to *ironize* this concentrate. Thus Ironized Yeast not only brings you all the body-building benefits of yeast—*many times multiplied*—but it also wonderfully enriches your blood, increases strength and pep as it adds firm flesh.

**RESULTS TRIPLE-TESTED:** To make sure you get the utmost in weight, strength and health-building qualities, the *genuine* Ironized Yeast is *triple-tested* — by our own chemists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college. Beware of imitations which may discolor teeth and upset stomach. Insist on the *genuine* Ironized Yeast.

### Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and send it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts about Your Body", by an eminent health authority. Results from very first package–*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. **36** Atlanta, Ga.

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IT'LL BE A BANNER ISSUE, MOVIE FANS, GET IT—MODERN SCREEN for JULY

"Read Modern Screen
and Be Movie-Wise"


# Directory of Players

(Continued from page 92)

in "Blonde Crazy," "Taxi" and "The Crowd Roars." Now working in "Winner Take All." All for Warner Bros.

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City, January 31. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Whoopee" and "Palmy Days." Now working in "Kid from Spain." All for Goldwyn-United Artists.

CAROL, SUE; married to Nick Stuart; born in Chicago, Ill., October 30. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Graft," Universal. Now making personal appearance tour.

CARRILLO, LEO; married to non-professional; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Guilty Generation," Columbia; in "Girl from the Rio," RKO-Radio; in "The Broken Wing," Paramount. Now appearing on legitimate stage.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City, November 19. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Personal Maid," "Broken Lullaby" and "Wayward," Paramount.

CAVANAGH, PAUL; unmarried; born in Chiselhurst, Kent, Eng., December 8. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Heartbreak" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox.

CHANDLER, HELEN; married to Cyril Hume; born in New York City, February 1. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Five Star Final," First National; in "Fanny Foley Herself," RKO-Radio; and "A House Divided," Universal.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, England, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md., October 29. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Starred in "What A Bozo," "Nickel Nurser," "Balmy Days" and "First in War," Roach-M-G-M.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City, December 24. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Once A Lady" and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," Paramount; in "The Rich Are Always With Us," Warner Bros.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France, September 12. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Smiling Lieutenant" and "One Hour With You." Now working in "Love Me Tonight." All for Paramount.

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo., December 25. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Ambassador Bill" and "Riders of the Purple Sage," Fox. Now on New York stage.

CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C., October 15. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé; and "The Greeks Had a Word for Them," Goldwyn-United Artists.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Reckless Living," "Impatient Maiden" and "Night World," Universal.

CLYDE, ANDY; unmarried; born in Blairgowrie, Scotland, March 18. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Contract comedy star. Starred in "Shopping With Wifie," "Heavens My Husband" and "Temporary Butler," Mack Sennett.

CLYDE, JUNE; married to Thornton Freeland; born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Speed Crazy," "Steady Company," "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," "Radio Patrol." Now working in "Back Streets." All for Universal.

CODY, LEW; widower of Mable Normand; born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at Tiffany studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "X Marks the Spot" and "File No. 113," Tec-Art. Now working in "The Tenderfoot," First National.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France, September 13. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "His Woman," "The Wiser Sex" and "The Misleading Lady." All for Paramount.

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City, February 12. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "File No. 113," Tec-Art; in "Dancers in the Dark," Paramount; in "Handicap," Chadwick. Now working in "Phantom Express," Educational.

COLLYER, JUNE; married to Stuart Erwin; born in New York City, August 19. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros.; in "Honeymoon Lane," Sono-Art-Paramount; and "The Brat," Fox.

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, England, February 9. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Unholy Garden" and "Arrowsmith." Now working in "Brothers Karamozov." All for Goldwyn-United Artists.

COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah, March 18. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Three Who Loved," "The Lady Refuses" and "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio. Now touring in vaudeville.

COMPTON, JULIETTE; married to non-professional; born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "No One Man" and "Strangers in Love," Paramount. Now working in "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathé.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., October 26. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., December 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Skippy," "Sooky" and "The Miracle Man." Now working in "Sky Bride." All for Paramount.

COOK, DONALD; divorced from Frances Beranger; born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Heart of New York," "Safe in Hell" and "Man Who Played God," First National; in "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox. Now working in "After All," M-G-M.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "City Streets," "I Take This Woman" and "His Woman," Paramount.

COOPER, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Champ," M-G-M; in "Sooky," Paramount. Now working in "Limpy," M-G-M.

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in Vienna, Austria, July 7. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "No One Man," Paramount; co-starred in "Symphony of Six Million," RKO-Radio. Now working in "Is My Face Red?", RKO-Radio.

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Possessed"; co-starred in "Grand Hotel." Now working in "Letty Lynton." Next will be "Promiscuous." All for M-G-M.

CRAWFORD, KATHRYN; divorced from non-professional; born in Wellsboro, Pa., October 5. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Flying High," "Emma," "Polly of the Circus" and "Grand Hotel," M-G-M.

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Maker of Men," Columbia; in "Emma," M-G-M; in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," First National.

CROSBY, BING; married to Dixie Lee; born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "I Surrender Dear," "One More Chance," "Dream House" and "Bill Board Girl." All for Mack Sennett.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Write her at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Guilty Generation," "The Man Who Dared" and "The Big Timer," Columbia; and in Harold Lloyd's new comedy. Now working in "Criminal Court," Columbia.

DAGOVER, LIL; married to non-professional; born in Java, Dutch East Indies. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "The White Devil," UFA; and "Woman from Monte Carlo," First National. Now in Europe.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at United Artists studio. Goldwyn contract player. Featured rôles in "The Woman Between" and "Friends and Lovers," RKO-Radio; and "This Is the Night," Paramount. Now working in "Kid from Spain," Goldwyn-United Artists.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyons; born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Maltese Falcon," "Her Past" and "Honor of the Family," Warner Bros.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "It's a Wise Child," "Five and Ten" and "Polly of the Circus," M-G-M. Next will be "Three Blondes."

DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Man Who Played God," "So Big" and "The Rich Are Always With Us." Now working in "The Dark Horse." All for Warner Bros.

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 26. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Working Girls," "This Reckless Age," "Strange Case of Clara Deane," Paramount. Now working in "Come On Marines," Paramount. Next will be "Love Is a Racket," First National.

DELL, CLAUDIA; divorced from Phillip Offin; born in San Antonio, Texas, January 10. Write her at RKO-Radio studii. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Left Over Ladies," Tiffany; in "Hot News" and "Destry Rides Again," Universal.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Starred in "Girl from the Rio" and "Bird of Paradise." RKO-Radio.

DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steifel; born in Surrey, England, November 20. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-director. Featured rôles in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" and "Private Lives." Now directing comedies. All for M-G-M.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Morocco," "Dishonored" and "Shanghai Express." Next will be "Velvet." All for Paramount.

DILLOWAY, DONALD; unmarried; born in New York City, March 17. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Men in Her Life," Columbia; in "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé; in "Miss Pinkerton" and "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," First National.

DIX, RICHARD, married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Starred in "Public Defender," "Secret Service" and "Lost Squadron." Now working in "Roar of the Dragon." All for RKO-Radio.

DORE, ADRIENNE; unmarried; born in Fort Sherman, Wash.. May 22. Write her at First Na-

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# Helen Hayes

(*Continued from page 93*)

it was Charlie's favorite frock.

She changed her clothes. She was ready. But Charlie wasn't. He sat at the telephone trying to find a minister who would marry them in spite of his divorce. Again that charming strain in Charlie came to the surface. A perfectly good magistrate was waiting to marry them. But Charlie felt a wedding should be consecrated by one of the cloth.

Helen was afraid to wait, to take any chances. Any moment Charlie's lawyer might wire him the divorce had been contested. What then? All the waiting must begin again.

"Charlie," she told him, "I don't mind a magistrate marrying us. All I want is to be married."

Charlie gave her a loving smile and called another number.

Returning to the living-room after a minute's absence, Helen heard him say jubilantly, "All right then, we'll be right over."

Then a pause.

"Divorced? One of us is," he admitted dolefully.

"Oh, Charlie," Helen said, "please let us go to the magistrate.' '

When he began running his finger down the directory page again, looking for another minister, she was in despair.

Then the doorbell rang.

"It was Mr. MacArthur's man," said the maid. "He's brought a telegram. Thought as how it might be important, Miss."

Charlie's face paled. Mrs. Brown, unable to bear looking at either of them, turned to the window.

Charlie slit the thin yellow envelope.

"We shouldn't have waited," Helen whispered. "We shouldn't have waited, Charlie . . . "

BUT as he read that wire Charlie MacArthur's face became reassuring. Helen took a deep breath again. Mrs. Brown turned back from the window. The wire was from Charlie's lawyer; they still had time. No action had been taken yet.

They called no more ministers. They hurried over to the Times Square office where the magistrate waited.

Reporters and news photographers waited in droves, in spite of Charlie having done everything in his power to keep it secret. The magistrate, it seems had political ambitions and, knowing the publicity the marriage of such a famous couple would receive, he had notified every paper and photographic service in town.

However, Helen and Charlie had waited too long for this to let anything mar their happiness.

There was no honeymoon. That same night Helen was at the Empire Theatre playing the little Southern flirt in "Coquette," the story Mary Pickford later made for the movies.

It wasn't until "Coquette" closed its long run at the Empire that the man-


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A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to the razor and less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.



*Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.*



***By** a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.*

***What It Is***

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

***Where To Obtain***

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents. *282A*

**Neet** *Cream Hair Remover*


"THE CRUELEST STORY IN HOLLYWOOD!" WHOSE STORY IS IT? IS IT THE STORY OF SOME FAMOUS STAR—ONE OF YOUR FAVORITES, PERHAPS—WHOSE BREAKS HAVE BEEN FEW—WHOSE TROUBLES HAVE BEEN LEGION? OR IS THE STORY OF SOME ONE-TIME POPULAR STAR WHOM POPULARITY HAS DESERTED? WE DON'T THINK YOU COULD GUESS. IT'S MARIE DRESSLER! ADORED AS SHE IS, FAMOUS AS SHE IS, SHE HAS ENEMIES. WHO ARE THEY? JACK JAMISON HAS WRITTEN THIS REVEALING STORY FOR YOU AND IT WILL APPEAR IN THE JULY ISSUE OF MODERN SCREEN. DON'T MISS IT

agement gave Helen a two weeks' holiday and she and Charlie went away together.

They sailed on the S. S. *Bermuda* for that coral strand lying in a deep blue sea.

The morning they landed, Charlie, going into the smoking-room, noticed a young man reading *Variety*. Since all those who read *Variety* are brothers and sisters under the skin it wasn't strange that Charlie went over and spoke to him.

"I'm Charlie MacArthur," he said. "What is your name?"

"I'm Jack Conway," the young man replied. "I recognized you and Miss Hayes on deck, but Mrs. Conway and I thought we wouldn't intrude by introducing ourselves."

Charlie's hand shot out in a warm greeting. "I've read your stuff in *Variety* for years," he said. "And admired it tremendously. You've enriched our language with your slang, you know, Conway. And no mistake about it."

Naturally Conway was pleased.

"We'll be at Elbow Beach," he said. "I've got a bad pump," touching his heart. "Have to take it easy for a while."

"It'd be nice to see something of you," Charlie said.

So a dinner engagement was arranged for that evening.

Resort hotels being utterly impossible for honeymooning couples when one of them is a great Broadway star, Charlie and Helen took a small pink cottage, the color of a sea shell, on the grounds of Pomander Walk.

Every morning Helen and Charlie climbed into a small boat. One of them tended the engine, an outboard motor, while the other rode the aquaplane.

Afternoons they spent driving in a Victoria. Their horses' hoofs going cloppety clop on the coral roads.

Oh, they had a beautiful time . . .

Until that night neither of them ever will forget. Until that night when a tropical rain beat against their roof with such malignant intensity that that they feared the roof would fall.

They slept only fitfully. And the snatches of dreams they remembered when they awoke were grim and ominous.

It was one o'clock when the knock sounded at their door.

"Charlie," said Helen, "I'm really frightened. I've a feeling something is awfully wrong . . ."

Charlie, of course, would admit no fear. But it would be very strange indeed, with that tropical rain beating on their roof and that unknown hand pounding on their door, if anyone as imaginative as he didn't experience misgivings, too.

Going to the door, Charlie pulled on his bathrobe. Helen sat up in bed and listened. He opened the door and she heard the wind and the rain, the waves breaking angrily against the little road that ran beside the shore. Then she heard a woman's voice. There were tears in it. And Charlie's "God, no . . ."

He returned to the bedroom looking stricken. He spoke gently to Helen.

"It's Mrs. Conway," he told her, "Jack's . . ."

There was no need for him to finish. Helen knew. She was out of bed and into her kimono. She flew into the other room and put her arms about the bereaved woman waiting there.

MRS. CONWAY and Helen stayed in the cottage while Charlie drove off through the rain and the night. Things at Elbow Beach needed a man's attention.

"You'll stop with us until the boat leaves," Helen insisted. "We'll go back together."

"She was such a soldier," Helen explains. "The Broadway kind of a soldier. She did everything in her power to keep from overshadowing our holiday with her grief. She kept venting her resentment on little alien things. On the hotel charge for bicarbonate of soda. On Bermuda officials.

"I hope I'd be such a soldier . . ."

It seems a pity after Helen and Charlie had waited so long for their honeymoon that it had to be marred by death. Others in their places might have shunned the responsibility they were so quick to accept. It is a tribute to them, I think, that in her dark hour Mrs. Conway sought them. They are the kind who know and practise the good, old-fashioned meaning of friendship. Their friendship is fellowship.

Immediately their ship reached New York, Helen had to entrain for Chicago. There "Coquette" began what


# "Some Day...I'm going to CLEAN THOSE LIPS!"

"JIM was trying to be nice about it...but that painted look really *repulsed* him. He just had to say something."

Painted lips are one thing a man will *not* stand for. And it's so easy to offend. Colors that you think look well by themselves may look *common* and *cheap* on you.

Be safe. Don't run the risk of having painted lips. Forget your present lipstick at once. From now on, *Tangee* your lips.

Tangee can't make you look painted. It isn't paint. It's a new discovery that changes on your lips to the *one* color best for you. It brings you new loveliness and charm.

Tangee is permanent—waterproof. Its special cold cream base prevents chapping.

Get Tangee at your druggist or cosmetic counter. It costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. And it ends that painted look.




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*Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. Please send your miracle make-up set to:*

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Tangee Lipstick and Rouge—10c trial sizes at all 5c and 10c stores

**Cheeks Mustn't Look Painted, Either**

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick changes on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you . . . ends that "painted look"! When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.

promised to be another record run. Charlie stopped off for a visit with her on his way to the Coast. But he couldn't remain long. The movies with their gold had beguiled him to spin his yarns for them.

Helen looked forward to matinée days after he was gone. On these busy days time went faster. However, they were a tax. Her rôle was an emotional one. One afternoon after a final matinée curtain Helen fainted on the stage.

The doctor they called was firm. "You'll have to rest until your baby comes," he told her. "You mustn't keep on any longer."

So, perforce, the company that had played together for so long, that had enjoyed an extraordinary engagement, disbanded several weeks before they had expected to. And immediately those made richer and, by the same token, more avaricious by "Coquette's" long engagement, sued the producer for the additional salary they would have received had the play run its full time. The producer claimed they had closed because of "an act of God," and that he, therefore, was not responsible.

It was because of this contretemps that the anticipated Hayes-MacArthur baby was ballyhooed in the newspapers as an act of God and that Mary MacArthur is to this day known as "The Act of God Baby."

"I can only hope," says Helen Hayes, "that by the time Mary is grown, this incident will have been forgotten in the light of more amusing things."

It was in California, in a rambling house cradled in the foothills, that Helen rejoined Charlie. And, when the time came for the baby, Charlie and her mother journeyed back to New York with her.

Then once again the delightful MacArthur apartment on East End Avenue was occupied. Again cheerful fires burned on the hearth. Again friends took to dropping in at that intimate hour when the lamps were lit and the tea tray brought in.

Then on February fifteenth, 1930, Helen went to York House. Charlie did his best to wait at home with Mrs. Brown; to sit quietly until they telephoned him it was time to come. But finally he couldn't endure another minute of it.

"I'm going down, Brownie," he announced to Mrs. Brown.

At the door of York House the head nurse greeted him.

"It's a girl," she said.

"Helen?" questioned Charlie.

"She's fine, too," the nurse reassured him.

In a little while they let him in to see her. He reached for her hand.

Helen crinkled her nose indulgently. "Why don't you go out and get drunk?" she whispered weakly. She knew by his face how he had been suffering. And there was still maternity in her heart for Charlie, too.

Mrs. Brown came soon after that. And they brought the baby in. Charlie didn't say much. Men don't about red, newborn babies. But both Helen and her mother noticed the same look in his

(*Continued on page 99*)

*Actual photograph of Miss Catherine Andrews after and before using VANKAI Wave Set*




**Does a home run set your waves WILD?**

***Keep them looking their best with* VANKAI *Wave Set***

**See yourself as others see you. If your hair is wild as a rookie pitcher, remember this way that others have found to keep their hair always beautifully wavy, attractively curly, any time . . . anywhere.**

**The secret is VANKAI Wave Set. This new wave-aid makes hair lovely and keeps it so—rippling, lustrous, and silky-soft. VANKAI makes perfect finger waves, and longer-lasting ones—gives permanents a new lease on life—shortens morning make-up time ten whole minutes. It contains no grease or wax; leaves no discoloration or sticky white flakes. In thirty thousand beauty parlors they use and recommend VANKAI Wave Set.**

**Buy a bottle today. Most 5 and 10c stores sell an extra-large 10c size; drug stores, the 25c size. For trial bottle send 10c, stamps or coin, to Briar Products Co., Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.**




**VANKAI WAVE SET**

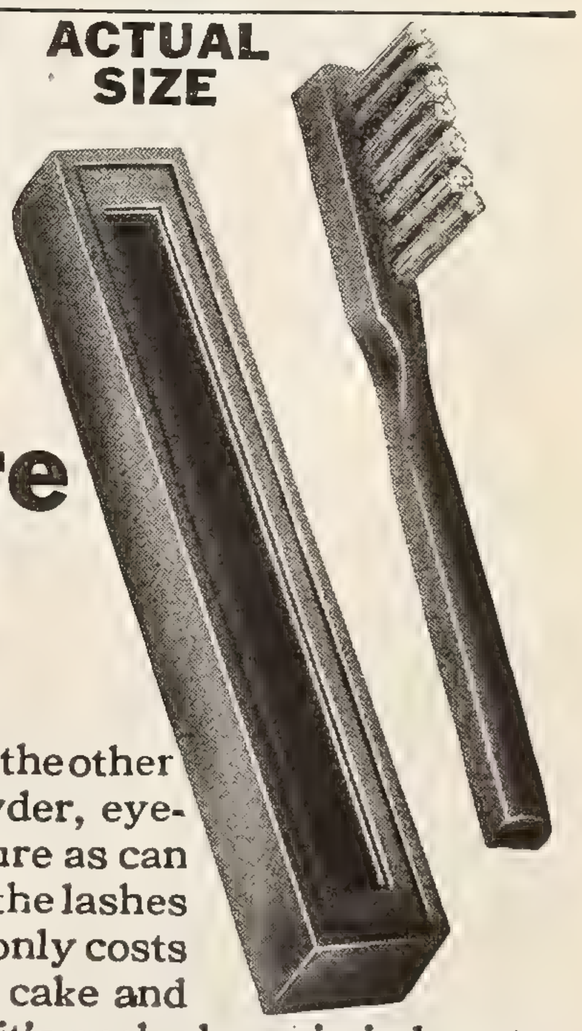
Adele Whitely Fletcher, who has such an uncanny ability to put on paper what every girl wants to know about beauty and charm and poise, has written a story about that elusive thing—personality—for our next issue. It's entitled, "Is Your Personality Awake?" And if yours isn't, this story will be its alarm clock!

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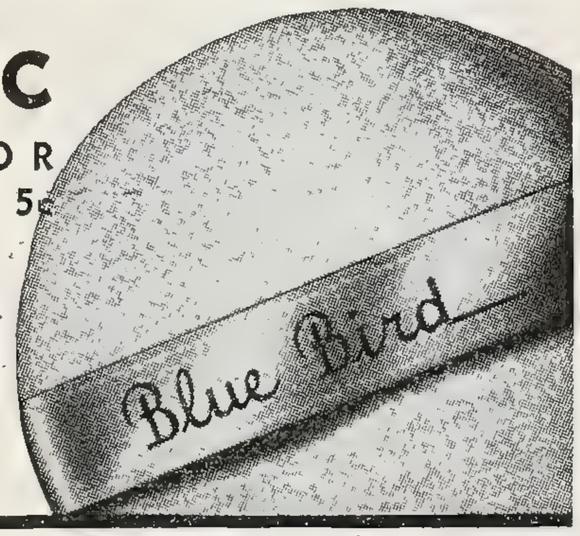
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# Directory of Players

*(Continued from page 94)*

tional studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Expert," "The Ferguson Case" and "The Rich Are Always With Us." Now working in "Two Seconds." All for First National.

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Mr. Lemon of Orange" and "Young As You Feel," Fox. Now appearing in vaudeville.

DOUGLAS, KENT; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., October 29. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Waterloo Bridge" and "A House Divided," Universal. Now appearing on the legitimate stage.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN; married to Helen Gahagan; born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Prestige," RKO-Pathé; in "The Wiser Sex" and "The Broken Wing," Paramount. Now working in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City, May 14. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract star. Starred in "The Age For Love" and "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Politics" and "Min and Bill"; starred in "Emma." Now co-starring in "Prosperity." All for M-G-M.

DUNN, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 2. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Sob Sister," "Over the Hill" and "Dance Team." Now working in "Society Girl." All for Fox.

DUNNE, IRENE; married to Dr. E. F. Griffin; born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Consolation Marriage"; co-starred in "Symphony of Six Million," RKO-Radio. Now working in "Back Streets," Universal.

DURANTE, JAMES; married to non-professional; born in New York City, February 18. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Passionate Plumber," "Are You Listening?" and "Wet Parade." Now working in "It's Got To Be Big." Next will be "Speakeasily." All for M-G-M.

DURKIN, JNIOR; boy actor; born in New York City, July 2. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount; in "Juvenile Court," Tec-Art.

DVORAK, ANN; married to Leslie Fenton; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Featured rôles in "Sky Devils" and "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists; in "The Crowd Roars" and "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," First National. Now working in "Love Is a Racket," First National.

EDWARDS, CLIFF; divorced from Irene Wylie; born in Hannibal, Mo., June 14. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sidewalks of New York" and "Hell Divers," M-G-M; and "Young Bride," RKO-Pathé. Now touring in vaudeville.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City, December 11. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Over the Hill," "Dance Team" and "Disorderly Conduct." Now working in "After the Rain." All for Fox.

ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Two Kinds of Women," "Strangers in Love" and "The Misleading Lady." Next will star in "Merton of the Talkies." All for Paramount.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried, born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Heartbreak," Fox; in "Greeks Had a Name for Them," United Artists; and "Lovers Courageous," "Are You Listening?" and "Huddle," M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City, December 9. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "I Like Your Nerve," "Union Depot" and "It's Tough to Be Famous." Now working in "Love Is a Racket." All for First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR., married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo., May 23. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Produced "Around the World in 80 Minutes," a travelogue. Now in Papeete shooting "A Tropical Knight."

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Heartbreak" and "After Tomorrow"; co-starred in "Delicious." Now co-starring in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." All for Fox.

FAY, FRANK; married to Barbara Stanwyck; born in San Francisco, Calif., November 17. Write him at Columbia studio. Producer-star. Produced and starred in "A Fool's Advice."

FAZENDA, LOUISE; married to Hal Wallis; born in Lafayette, Ind., June 17. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Broadminded," First National; in "Cuban Love Song," M-G-M; and "Speed Crazy," Universal.

FORD, WALLACE; married to Martha Halworth; born in New York City, birthday unknown. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Beast of the City," "Freaks," "Are You Listening?" and "Wet Parade." All for M-G-M.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Girl from the Rio," RKO-Radio; in "Alias the Doctor," First National; in "Reckless Living," "Steady Company" and "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," Universal. Now working in "Week End Marriage," First National.

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City, December 10. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Strictly Dishonorable," "Nice Women" and "Murders in the Rue Morgue," Universal; and "The Mouthpiece," First National. Now starring in "Out in Style," Universal.

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "Strangers in Love," Paramount; in "Man Wanted" and "Street of Women," Warner Bros. Now working in "Jewel Robbery," Warner Bros.

GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Possessed," "Hell Divers" and "Polly of the Circus." Now working in "Strange Interlude." All for M-G-M.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Susan Lenox" and "Mata Hari"; co-starred in "Grand Hotel." Now working in "As You Desire Me." All for M-G-M.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Merely Mary Ann" and "Delicious." Now co-starring in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." All for Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tec-Art studio. Allied Productions contract star. Starred in "Law and Order," "Local Bad Man" and "Spirit of the West," Allied.

GIBSON, WYNNE; unmarried; born in New York City, July 3. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Ladies of the Big House" and "Two Kinds of Women." Now starring in "Strange Case of Clara Deane." All for Paramount.

GILBERT, JOHN; divorced from Ina Claire; born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Phantom of Paris" and "West of Broadway." Now working in "Downstairs." Next will be "Candle Light." All for M-G-M.

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in New York City, May 23. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sweepstakes" and "Suicide Fleet." RKO-Pathé. Now working "The Information Kid," Universal.

GLEASON, RUSSELL, unmarried; born in Portland, Ore., February 6. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Homicide Squad" and "Nice Women," Universal. Now working in "Strange Case of Clara Deane," Paramount.

GOMBELL, MINNA; unmarried; born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Stepping Sisters," "Good Sport," "After Tomorrow" and Careless Lady," Fox.

GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 23. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-writer. Featured rôles in "A Dangerous Affair," Columbia; and in "Limpy" and "Huddle," M-G-M.

GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York City, October 19. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Skippy" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount; and "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio. Now appearing in vaudeville.

GREENWOOD, CHARLOTTE; married to Martin Broones; born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 25. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Palmy Days," United Artists; in "Flying High," M-G-M; and "Cheaters at Play," Fox. Now working in "It's Got To Be Big," M-G-M.

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va., January 1. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Starred in "Just a Gigolo" and "The New Wallingford"; featured in "Are You Listening?" All for M-G-M.

HALL, RUTH; unmarried; born in Jacksonville, Fla., December 29. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "High Pressure" and "Heart of New York." Now working in "Miss Pinkerton." All for Warner Bros.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," "Are You Listening?" and "Wet Parade," M-G-M. Now working in "Woman in Room 13," Fox. Next is "Unmated," RKO-Pathé.

HARDING, ANN; separated from Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "Devotion" and "Prestige," all RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Westward Passage."

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Georgia, January 18. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "The Up and Up," "The Chimp" and "County Hospital," Roach-M-G-M.

HARLOW, JEAN; divorced from Charles F. McGrew, II; born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Featured rôles in "Goldie," Fox; in "Blonde Baby," Columbia; and "Beast of the City," M-G-M. Now making personal appearance tour.

HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C., October 10. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Madelon Claudet," M-G-M; and "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists. Now appearing on New York stage.

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married to non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Susan Lenox," "Emma," "Beast of the City" and "Grand Hotel." Now working in "Night Court." All for M-G-M.

*(Continued on page 116)*

# Romantic Life of Helen Hayes

(*Continued from page 97*)

eyes they had seen there before, the look that had been in his eyes that day he had tried so hard to get a minister to marry them . . . a poignant kind of look, searching and tender.

WHEN Helen got home from York House all her Washington friends had to come for a visit and to see the baby. Most of them were young mothers, too.

However, growing strong again, Helen began to miss the theatre. Her house, staffed with well-trained servants, ran smoothly. Mary was in the capable hands of the French Anna.

There was "Mr. Gilhooley" and "Petticoat Influence."

Then the movie producers became importunate about Helen's signature on one of their flattering contracts. She signed finally with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to make "Lullaby" during the summer months when she wouldn't be engaged in the theatre. Charlie to do the adaptation.

It was last spring the Hayes-MacArthur ménage journeyed West. This time, of course, they had to rent a house larger than the one they'd had before, a house with quarters for Mary. They found an old ranch house which had been done over with unusual charm.

In midsummer "Lullaby" was finished. And a nearby suburb chosen for the preview. Helen went, of course. With Charlie and her mother. It was all very exciting. On the strength of the rumors based on the rushes of this picture Samuel Goldwyn had signed Helen to play in "Arrowsmith."

The little theatre in which the preview was to take place went dark. And the next thing Helen knew she was watching Madelon, the lovely French country girl, on the screen. Madelon, unable to resist the honeyed coaxing of her sophisticated lover from Paris.

It wasn't long, however, before she realized something was radically wrong. The scenes in themselves viewed in the projection room had been effective. But joined together they missed fire. The audience took to laughing at the wrong places.

Sitting there in that dark theatre Helen Hayes died a little death. She was faced with the humiliating fact that her first picture was a fiasco. The hand she slipped into Charlie's was deathly cold.

"If only," she said, "I could crawl out of here on my hands and knees and not face all these people."

The next day those in power at the studios during Irving Thalberg's absence intimated "Lullaby" would be shelved. Only when a company feels a picture is bad enough to jeopardize their reputation will they actually discard it.

WORKING on "Arrowsmith" Helen, naturally, was very unhappy. She had the feeling that having heard about "Lullaby," Mr. Goldwyn would much rather she wasn't in this new picture of his but that having signed her to a contract he didn't know how to get out of it. And likely enough she was right.

Then Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer came home from their European meandering. Helen and Charlie met them at Ruth Chatterton's house.

"I really feel I ought to apologize to you," Helen told Thalberg in her honest little way. "You had me come out here and you spent lots of money on my picture because you thought I'd be good. And now . . ."

Irving Thalberg smiled indulgently. It must have been a relief to him to meet a great artist so practical-minded and so humble. At any rate he said, gently, "I can't discuss 'Lullaby' with you yet. Because I haven't yet seen it. But I'm going to have them run it for me tomorrow and then I'll telephone you."

Waiting for the telephone to ring the next day Helen Hayes didn't act at all like an assured celebrity. She was frankly a young woman discouraged and a little ashamed. She was

(*Continued on page 117*)




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# Keep Your Eye on Ann

*(Continued from page 41)*

And I had to get a job. I tried to think of something else I could do. What was there? Just French and dancing and I was a poor dancer. Against my will, I was forced to try to earn money the way all Hollywood kids earn it, during vacations and so on—I had to try the studios whether I wanted to or not." Ann's mother was an actress for years, Anna Lehr; and she, possibly, could have found work for her daughter; but Ann didn't want to go about it that way. She changed her name to the one she now uses, and went out on her own hook. M-G-M wanted some dancers for a chorus sequence. Ann tried out, got thrown out of the line, wormed her way back in, got thrown out again, got back in, and finally landed a chorus job that lasted three months.

Ann didn't want success as an actress. It didn't interest her. When musical pictures went out, and the hundreds of pretty dancing girls were discharged, Ann was the only one the studio kept. They had discovered that she taught dancing better than she did it. She taught Joan Crawford the dance Joan did in "Dance, Fools, Dance." She taught a girl a Spanish dance in a foreign version which Ramon Novarro directed, speaking French entirely because the girl knew no English, and to this day Ramon doesn't know that Ann is American. Already, although she didn't know it, the studios were beginning to guide Ann into their own channels. Fate had stepped in. A few months earlier, reporting for chorus work the first time, she wore no rouge, no powder, and her rehearsal costume was so ridiculous the director laughed and asked her what on earth it was. A modest little girl, Ann didn't want to show her legs. The other girls had on scanty, skin-tight trunks. Ann's dress had a long skirt. . . . But that was past. Against her will—very much against her will—she was conforming to the pattern of the studio. She commenced to use make-up. Instantly it brought out what her plainness had concealed before. She was a real beauty.

BUT she wanted to be a writer. With a studio job, offering her contact with actors and actresses, she chose for her friends the writers and musicians on the lot. They used several of her ideas. Emboldened, she tried once more to break away from the movies. She collaborated on a revue to go on the stage of a downtown Los Angeles theatre, writing words and music to several numbers. One of her songs, called "Go Tell the Devil," she designed costumes and stage-sets for. Something went wrong, and the idea blew up.

She was barely sixteen. "I couldn't get anyone to take my lyrics. I couldn't get a break on my songs. I wrote verse, and sold some of it to Cosmopolitan Magazine, but that wasn't enough to keep me in bread and butter." She had to make a living, and the studios could give her one. So she went to them.

Her new-found, fresh young beauty had not gone unnoticed. Two directors insisted that she make screen tests for them. She obeyed, but her heart was not in it. "I didn't think I'd photograph well, in the first place. I'm not good-looking enough, I said to myself; and anyway I'm young and self-conscious. I'm no actress."

The tests were poor. The directors let her alone for a while.

Again her youth conspired to keep Ann in the studios. Every time she reverted to her first ambition and tried to get a newspaper job, the editors said the same thing: "Two young!" When she attempted to write and sell short stories, youth stopped her again, for she had not had enough experience. If she tried to get a position teaching French, the reaction was, "Anyone so young can't know very much about it." About her songs, her lyrics, the agents said the same thing. They simply couldn't believe she had the ability. She played the piano beautifully, but vaudeville was no more; and, as for the concert stage, the answer was the same—she was too young, too lacking in technique and experience. We hear a great deal of the tragedy of being too old to find work. Little is said of the tragedy of being too young. No one would take Ann—except the studio.

AT the studio she met Karen Morley. The two girls liked one another on sight, and became fast friends. Karen went up like a skyrocket. Little dreaming that she would soon be doing the same thing herself, Ann was happy for her friend. When it became known that Karen was being considered for a part in "Scarface," Ann knelt and prayed that she would get it. She thought acting was grand—for other people. Not for her. Karen got "Scarface." Ann was radiantly happy. "When do you start?" she asked eagerly.

"The picture isn't all cast yet," Karen replied. "We're looking for someone to play the part of a little Italian girl about eighteen years old. Half the girls in Hollywood are trying out for it, and the director can't find anyone that fits."

Ann's phone rang a few nights later.

"Ann?"

"Yes."

"Karen speaking. Dress up pretty. I'm at a party, and someone is coming over for you. There's a man here who wants to see you. I've told him about you."

Ann went to the party and met the man. He was a director, someone murmured along with the introductions, but that was all she knew about him. She wasn't much impressed by her and she wasn't any more impressed by him. She sat at the piano, having a good time, and played one of her hot little rhythm numbers. Someone called out, "Dance, Ann," and she did a dance she was working out for Joan Crawford's next picture. The man who was a director came closer to the piano, watching her.

"You know, Miss Dvorak," he said, a bewildered look on his face, "I just remembered I've seen some screen tests of you. I can't understand it. They're nothing like you. If this is the way you are—I wonder, will you come over to the studio tomorrow and let me make another test?"

Ann obligingly made the test—still skeptical. She was asked to appear at the studio the next day. The director was there. He introduced her to the crew, who gathered around, looking at her, grinning.

"Well, we're all set," he told her.

"You're kidding me!"

"I'm not kidding."

Ann still could hardly believe it. A big part. But what of her writing—?

And the landslide was on. Within a week she was offered a contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and another by Columbia. "I held off. If I signed any contract, I wanted to sign where they were giving me my first chance. I owed them that, at least." It was Howard Hughes' studio—and now she's signed with them.

So Ann is pointed for stardom—slightly amazed by her own success.

# Sally Refuses to Be Typical

(*Continued from page 56*)

. . . nor tired . . . nor unhappy. We could talk ten years and I doubt if you could find a sob story in Eilers. Of course, I've had my little disappointments and temporary set-backs . . . who hasn't? I'll even *air* a few of them for you if that's what you want. But honestly, with everything breaking so well for me now . . . I just can't seem to remember the times when I was blue and discouraged."

Which to our mind is one of the best human interest stories that has come out of Hollywood lately.

SALLY feels that her present frame of mind is largely due to the fact that she is fundamentally an "average girl."

"I suppose," she said, "that I've knocked about studios long enough to have acquired the *'Isn't it all so futile?'* outlook, but I've never seen the morning dawn that I didn't figure the good old chance lay just around the corner. I'm an incurable optimist!

"The funny part of it is that I've even *tried* to be a little bored with it all, because it seemed the popular thing to do! I've read so many stories of the heartaches of Hollywood that I began to feel that I should have a couple of my own. If not real honest-to-goodness heartaches . . . then at least a few good-sized complaints!

"With this idea in mind, I finally argued myself into believing that my dressing room on the Fox lot wasn't large enough. I had to argue with myself, because the truth was I was crazy about my little room. But anyway, I got myself all set to march into the front office and register an Eilers complaint. Mr. Sheehan (then head of the Fox Studios) said he would see me immediately if I was unhappy about anything. As I waited a moment in his outer office, I steeled myself for the little speech. No, my dressing room was not large enough! I needed roomier quarters. What for? No, that wasn't the way to look at it . . . I *needed* roomier quarters!

"Suddenly they said Mr. Sheehan would see me. I marched in. I stood in front of his desk. Mr. Sheehan inquired: 'Well, Sally, . . .'

"My knees began to knock. I thought of what a silly little girl I really was to take up this busy man's valuable time. I gulped a couple of times and then said: 'Oh, Mr. Sheehan, I just wanted to tell you how much I appreciate the break you have given me and how happy I am. I . . .'

"Mr. Sheehan smiled. I guess he knew me better than I knew myself. For he said: 'Don't worry about anything, Sally . . . we're taking care of you.' Two weeks later I had a grand new dressing room. *That's* how much stellar temperament I've got!

"The only time I did manage to get through with a complaint was the day this happened:

"'Bad Girl' had just been completed and we were about to have the preview. That day, as I was crossing the lot from the preview, I saw the men putting up a sample of the billboards on the picture. I couldn't believe my eyes—but there it was right before me: *SALLY EILERS and James Dunn in Bad Girl.* My name was in big letters leading the cast. I got so excited that I ran to a telephone and called my father. He said that he would be ready in about ten minutes if I would call for him. I told him to have the camera loaded to take some pictures. I wanted the proof to show my children! As soon as we returned, I led him to 'my' billboard.

"Again I could hardly believe my eyes! A new poster was going up . . . a new poster that read: *JAMES DUNN and SALLY EILERS in Bad Girl.* I asked the workman what it meant. They explained that new posters had come through on a last minute rush order and that these new ones were what was to be used in advertising the picture. Poor Dad! I think he must have suffered more than I did over my disappointment. In fact I felt so sorry for him—we felt so sorry for each other—that I actually *stormed* into the front office to find out what it was all about. Mr. Wurtzel explained to me that there were plenty of actresses who could be featured in Hollywood, but that all the studios were in need of men who could be built into names. He asked me if I couldn't see


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their viewpoint . . . and before I left there I could so thoroughly see it that I was on the verge of suggesting that they make Jimmie's name even larger. I guess I just wasn't meant to be temperamental.

"But when you come right down to it, what have I to be temperamental about? I sometimes think I'm about the luckiest girl in the world. Certainly no girl ever had a sweeter husband than Hooter—no, I'm not going to be foolish and say that we never have our little differences, because we do, but they are always as much my fault as his. Fundamentally we are very companionable. I love the ranch as much as he does. I'm proud of the fact that his young daughter (of a former marriage) is fond of me.

"I'm glad for the nice break I'm getting on the screen . . . and I'm glad when people are nice enough to write and tell me they like me. I'm glad for the friends we have in Hollywood and I'm glad I have pretty dresses hanging in my wardrobe and that I have a nice car to ride in—and I'm *glad* that I'm glad! If I ever get to the stage where these things mean nothing to me, something real and precious will have gone out of my life. I guess I'm just a wee bit hopeless for a sob story. Maybe you'd better call off the interview . . ."

What do you think about calling off the story? Isn't it a relief . . . and really nice . . . and awfully, awfully human to hear Sally's gay, refreshing slant on Hollywood stardom for a change?

# Because A Girl Laughed

(*Continued from page 47*)

into a champion. At the pool of the Illinois Athletic Club, he met Johnny.

"If you'll do everything I say for a long, long time, I'll make you the swimming champion of the world. What do you say?" Bachrach said after watching Johnny swim.

JOHNNY considered. Here was an opportunity to develop his body under the direction of one of the world's greatest coaches. And even if his muscles didn't grow big and imposing, no girl would dare laugh at the world's champion! So he agreed.

For a year Johnny worked under the iron discipline of Bachrach. He lived a life that a Spartan warrior would have rebelled at. Then, in the National Championships at Honolulu, he flashed to victory. In 1924 and in 1928 he competed in the Olympics and won the place of Olympic champion.

Years of rigid training and exercise had built that long, lanky body into a physique of muscular perfection. His shoulders broadened and his chest deepened. Beneath the skin of his arms and legs, the great, supple muscles writhed and rippled. No longer did women laugh—but still Johnny was afraid. He had not forgotten the laughter of that girl on the beach at Chicago.

As president of the B.V.D. club, he toured the country, teaching the youth of the nation how to swim.

One night in Miami, Johnny went dancing at one of the exclusive hotels. Seated near the dance floor, in company with her manager, sat Bobbé Arnst, musical comedy star. Her eyes followed the graceful, broad shouldered figure of the champion swimmer through the maze of dancers.

"Who is that chap?" she asked her manager.

"Oh, just an athlete," he shrugged, "you wouldn't be interested."

A few days later Bobbé Arnst decided to take a swim in the famous Roman Pools. As she approached the pool, her gaze was arrested by the sight of a bronzed figure which cut the water with the speed and grace of a darting trout. As the swimmer reached the end of the pool and climbed out, she realized it was the same tall young man whom she had noticed on the dance floor—then she realized he was Johnny Weissmuller, champion.

And so the romance of "Tarzan" began. Days in the clear Florida pools, hours on the white curving beaches, walks under the flooding light of the tropic moon. Bobbé Arnst is a tiny person. Johnny held her in his great arms as gently as a mother holds a babe. She rejoiced in the splendid strength of this man who had chosen her and they were happy, deliriously happy. Suddenly both of them disappeared. Two days later Johnny walked into his hotel room.

"Well?" demanded "Stubby" Gruger, his pal and buddy, "where have *you* been?"

"Getting married, old top," grinned Johnny, "to the finest girl in all the world!"

"Aw nerts!" said Stubby, "and you always tellin' me to lay off the dames!"

"But this," said the grinning Johnny, after the manner of lovers since time began, "is different!"

And it is different. Even Hollywood, with its opportunities and its temptations has failed to dim the light of that romance. Johnny and his wife live quietly, immune to the gay life around them. In each other, they have enough to be content. "Tarzan" has found his mate.

"Tarzan" was not an easy picture to make. Its demands upon the strength, stamina and courage of its star were great. No "double" could be used to perform the hazardous feats, for no "double" existed. Weissmuller never faltered. Accustomed to the waters of tepid pools and sunny seas, he was forced to work in a California lake where the mercury registered close to freezing. He was forced to work with

wild animals whose tempers are at the best, uncertain. He almost lost his life when a huge elephant misunderstood his trainer's orders. The long, dizzy leaps from limb to limb and the swinging of his body at the end of trailing vines was work for a trained trapeze performer, but Johnny couldn't do it.

As to being in the movies, Johnny says, "I want to keep on making pictures, and I intend to if there's a place for me. I know I'm no Clark Gable but there ought to be something for me. Bobbé is making tests now and it will be grand if we can both settle down here in Hollywood doing screen work.

# Family First

(*Continued from page 43*)

He even risked the stigma of cowardice for their sake. When the World War broke out, Dix was in Canada. It was a swell chance for him to get into a real scrap—and there's nothing he'd have liked better. They had asked him to enlist—

Dix thought it out. It'd be great to sign up, go over there. . . . But it would mean sacrificing the excellent salary he had worked up to in the theatrical profession and depriving his parents of his support. He made his decision.

"I am an American with family obligations," he said, simply. "I see no reason to desert my family to join the army."

It took courage, in those days, to do that. But family came first.

And so it was with his love-life (and probably nobody'll be madder than Richard Dix about having it all talked over like this!)

Naturally, with Dix's rise in the film world after he came to Hollywood, there would be women in his life. Hollywood sees romances where there are none; Hollywood's tongues whisper love-tales at the slightest pretext, no matter how flimsy. And so, despite Dix's constant assertions that he was not in love, there were successive rumors of his betrothal to this one and that one.

"As a matter of fact," he once told a friend, "I've only been in love twice in my life—once at the puppy-love age—when I was seventeen—and met a red-haired girl named Dorothy, and now with the girl who has become my wife."

BUT Hollywood knew better. Hollywood watched the reaction of more than one woman to this handsome bachelor—for it was inevitable, wasn't it, that more than one woman would set her cap at Dix? And so, little by little, there grew up around Richard Dix the legend of a heart-smashing, ruthless, love-'em-and-leave-'em, lady-killing sheik.

One beauty after another ran the gamut of these rumors. Notably, there was Lois Wilson, whose heart was supposed to have been irreparably shattered by Dix's ruthlessness. Bosh!

And there were Mary Brian, and Charlotte Byrd, and Alyce Mills, and Marceline Day. And Maxine Glass, the most recent of the many girls to whom Dix was "engaged," according to talk. Every month a new name.

Through all these tales, Dix set his jaw and said nothing. "What *could* I say?" he'd reply to acquaintances who urged him to set the rumors at rest. "Anything I might say would be made to sound caddish, so I'll say nothing." He never told the truth—that he wasn't letting himself in for romance *because he knew he couldn't afford to get married!*

On one of the very few occasions when he did speak of love and himself, to a friend, Dix said:

"Despite all reports to the contrary, my life has been devoid of romance. Not because I haven't wanted to marry. On the contrary, I've wanted for long to be married. A man should marry.

But there was my obligation to my family. And I don't believe a man should marry until he is able to give his wife the best of everything."

WHAT of Dix's big movie earnings, you ask?

That's where the tale of his playboy gambling comes in. It has been told that Dix, recklessly, plunged into the market, gambled away a fortune, left himself and his dependents penniless. Nothing could be more untrue.

The fact is that Dix, seeking to better his family's lot, sought to invest his earnings. Came the market crash, and Dix found himself, like countless others, faced with "paper losses"—not actual losses, because he owns outright the securities in which he invested. But with stocks at low levels—well, the story's an old one.

Dix made up for the paper losses, though. Contract renewal time came around. Talkies—"Cimarron," especially—had brought Dix new fame, new standing with fans. Dix fought for his reward—and got it. His new contract gives him a splendid income. As a matter of fact, that new contract at last gave Dix the right in his own eyes, to take a wife.

He had provided for his family—he had a beautiful home in Beverly Hills for them. More, he had a big ranch, hidden away from Hollywood, where his father spends most of his time. Investments in the name of his folks will assure them always of a comfortable, full life. Dix had made good.

And so the bachelorhood for which Hollywood never knew the real explanation was ended. Dix at last was able to think of matrimony. And whom


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did he pick to be his happy bride?

Once again, the family influence enters the picture. For his bride, Dix chose a girl his own family had picked—beautiful Winifred Coe, whom he met at his own sister's home. A girl not from the movie ranks, but from the world of his non-stage family. A girl whom Dix could compare, and favorably, with his own mother.

It was a few months before his marriage that Dix, to a friend, uttered prophetic explanatory words.

"I have been accused of having a 'mother complex'," he said. "Well, what of it? When it comes to selecting a wife, I shall certainly compare her with my own mother. Maybe that doesn't sound fair—but I think of a wife as a mother of children—and the kind of mother my own mother has been." Winifred Coe measures up to that requirement.

Incidentally, five years ago one of Hollywood's fortune tellers told Dix that some day he'd marry a girl "outside the motion picture profession." That's come true. But the fortune teller also said that Dix shortly thereafter would retire from pictures. And Dix replied at that time:

"When I get married, if I ever do, it'll be my ambition, then, to live in an old-fashioned way with my wife in a house by the side of the road and let the rest of the world go by."

What does he say about his possible retirement now? Dix says, "Well, who knows?" We hope he won't retire but—after all—his obligations are fulfilled, his family is well cared for, his own life is settled and happy. Who knows?

# She Has Hollywood's Number

(*Continued from page 31*)

too," her eyes laughed as she mocked the English countryside manner, "but we only ride bicycles. And bicycles, well, they just don't make the social grade the way a Kentucky gelding does.

"So now we have our own crowd. They're people from the theatre mostly. Not people who can help us any. Professionally, I mean."

I began to understand why Barbara has been called a stormy petrel on occasion. Anyone who won't stand in line, who doesn't conform, is always called that. The executives no doubt find Barbara difficult. The honeyed threats they aim at her don't hit home; don't drop her into that old morass of fear. Hollywood and her name in electric lights are important enough to Barbara but not too important.

"Well," she has announced more than once, "if I'm not going to be happy here, if I'm not even going to have the satisfaction of making good pictures, I may as well quit. I can go back to the dramatic stage . . . If that fails me I can still turn cartwheels . . . And if both of these things fail me . . . well, I know I can scrub floors."

You can see for yourself how very disconcerting this would be. It is the one thing Barbara isn't expected to mention. For successful people, not only in Hollywood but the world over, are supposed to shed humble pasts the way a snake sheds its skin.

However, don't let me give you the idea that Barbara is the temperamental kind who holds up production and makes things difficult in the studios. She's too good a trouper for that. Once she agrees to go to work on a picture, she works. Making a scene in "Forbidden," you know, she insisted upon finishing her day's work even after her horse had tripped and fallen upon her, knocking her temporarily unconscious.

Barbara's also trouper enough to have a matter of fact confidence in her own ability. She has an idea that eventually she'd like to be a director. And then, so it wouldn't sound as if she were taking herself too seriously, she explained:

"I've learned a lot of the tricks. I know how you hold your head in your hands when a scene's got you . . . how to run your fingers through your hair when a big emotional scene is under way . . . how you jingle your keys or exploit some other eccentricity of genius all day long. . . ."

THERE never is anything malicious about Barbara. Always there's a twinkle in her deep blue eyes. Nevertheless, I can see how there might be those who don't like her, who flinch a little at the very thought of her direct eyes regarding them. When some people turn in your direction you instinctively hope your hat is at the right angle, and that your lipstick is on smoothly. Barbara Stanwyck wouldn't notice things like this especially but she would notice your pretenses and affectations and think it very stupid and foolish of you to bother having them.

BARBARA doesn't fool herself on fame in relation to marriage any more than she does on Hollywood in relation to fame. She knows perfectly well that such extraneous things as your name in electric lights and your weekly pay check swelling the family bank account have nothing in the world to do with the equation between husband and wife. She waits on Frank, sees that his socks are darned, that his pocket handkerchiefs are fresh, and that his tie is the right one for the suit he is wearing just as if she were a wife without another thing to do. I said before that Barbara still wants pretty much the same things she dreamed about long before she was famous. And she does. What's that old song . . . "a boy for you, a girl for me . . ."?

Well, Barbara sings it the other way round. "A girl for you, a boy for me . . ." She wants, at least, a Kathleen and a Michael. And if Kathleen or Michael doesn't arrive very soon, Barbara isn't going to wait patiently any longer. She and Frank Fay had a twofold purpose for their holiday in New York. They wanted to play the Palace, of course. But they'd also heard about a little Irish orphan being offered for adoption . . . a little orphan, one and a half years old, with red hair and freckles . . . But they got here too late.

As you've probably judged, I'm for Barbara Stanwyck. And thinking of her I keep remembering a Golden Text I learned years ago in Sunday School.

"What doth it profit a man," it asks, "if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Whether or not Barbara knows that verse she knows the answer.

---

# Lew Ayres' Marriage

(*Continued from page 29*)

"She has given me a home!" he said quietly. But there was a flush on his cheeks which lent a deep significance to the simple statement. "You can't know what that means," he added after a moment, "unless you've been without one as long as I was—being around playing in jazz orchestras, hanging on a peg next to my hat, so to speak. A home—of my own!"

Lew didn't think that the rest of his statement was interesting, but I felt differently. Remember, when considering Ayres, that he is essentially of the youngest generation; he is, or should be, Modern Youth personified. One naturally expects from him the characteristics with which modern youth is constantly tagged. And yet—

"Marriage has put my feet on the ground," he told me earnestly. "It's given me—well, something secure and real, something to work on. Something to answer to. We all need someone to whom we are accountable—and we'd all like to give a good accounting, don't you think?"

"Then you believe in the old-fashioned wife?" I asked. But Lew shook his shining young head vigorously.

"I like a woman to show domestic tastes and some domestic ability," he declared, "but not to the point where she neglects her husband for her house, no siree!"

I found out, however, that he got a great thrill from having his socks darned and that the sight of Lola with a dust-rag in her hand was to him the most beautiful and picturesque bit of scenery to be found in America.

IT isn't the actual housework that I so enjoy seeing her do!" he explained hastily. "It's the symbol of


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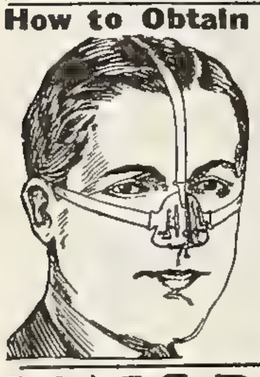
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housework—what it stands for spiritually—the whole significance of domestic peace and happiness which that little dust-cloth suggests; it gives me strength and courage for my work—just looking at it in her pretty little hand. Can you see what I mean? I'd hate her to be a household drudge—but the fact that she loves to putter about the home makes me feel that I have something real and vital to work for—something sort of eternal, something permanent. And if my work on the screen shows improvement, it is because of this; that marriage has given a new depth and meaning to every part of my life."

Lew thinks a woman should cook, but only on the cook's night out. He has distinct, well-formulated ideas about what constitutes charm in a woman, and chose his wife deliberately. For a boy so young, he has had a wide choice, and is remarkably disillusioned about women. This is perhaps due to the fact that women, especially young girls, are apt to lose their heads over him—perhaps in part because he is notoriously girl-shy. Nothing revolts him so deeply, however, as a girl who runs after him, and he had no use for petting-parties or necking, even before his marriage.

"It always disgusted me," he said, as unqualifiedly as any thirteen-year-old, freckled-face kid. "Women ought to think more highly of their favors than that! I like a girl who's balanced—who uses her brains and whose body is trained for wholesome outdoor life as well as for love."

But it seems he likes them to be very feminine in their grooming. Not only must a woman be immaculately clean and neat, but she must use good perfume and plenty of it. A woman who cries terrifies him; and one who cries for no good reason fills him with contempt. He hates a crybaby, or a woman who is too helplessly dependent on her man.

"LOLA is my partner," he said, "not just a dancing-partner, for we don't go in much for night life—I had enough of that with the Cocoanut Grove orchestra, and others before it. But I mean she is my partner in a true sense. We hunt together, ride together, and we read the same books. But, above all, she is my partner in living—real, simple, straightforward everyday life. The life every husband and wife should live.

"That, perhaps is the biggest thing marriage has done for me—it has given me someone to pull with, to pull for, and to share my troubles with as well as my successes—if you can call my career a real success so soon. There's not much kick in getting a good break when you're lonely. You want someone to share it with.

"Most of us have awful moments of fear and loneliness," he went on thoughtfully, "when we lose faith in our own ability, our courage about the future. And that's where marriage—real marriage—is the greatest help in the world. In no other relationship can you find the strength that comes of true understanding. No friend, no partner, no member of your own sex—not father nor mother, dear though they may be—can give a man the help, the courage and the renewed ambition that his wife can constantly inspire in him—and thank God, Lola gives it to me!"

Did I say Lew Ayres was a nice boy—a real American boy with all the sort of qualities your son and mine should have? Or the sort of chap you'd like your daughter, when she chooses a husband, to marry?

Well, what do you think?


STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of Modern Screen, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for April 1, 1932.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of Modern Screen and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: publisher, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; managing editor, none; business manager, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Syndicate Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HELEN MEYER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of March, 1932.

(SEAL) MAY KELLEY.
Notary Public, N. Y. County.
N. Y. County Register's No. 3K-506.

(My commission expires March 30, 1933.)

# Carole Lombard's Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 65*)

much more effective *without* the foliage and fancy ribbon. That dangling earrings can—and often do!—ruin the loveliest gown. (I never wear them off the screen.) There are innumerable things that each one has to learn for herself. Sometimes a green feather in a hat takes away all the charm from a face . . . and then again it adds a cute piquancy.

"Now with me, for instance—there are colors which usually look well on blondes that simply don't suit me. Like brown. It gives me a washed-out look and an awfully uncomfortable sensation as if I'd been told to sit in a corner. Reds and orchid—ugh! Not for me! All bright, vivid shades (with the exception of emerald green and corsair blue) make me think that they're sweeping me before them. You know—Lombard lost in a tidal wave of color. I need soft, non-committal shades like gray and dead white and black. The champagne hues of tan are favorites of mine, too. And these new aquarelles, such as water-green.

"Do I design some of my costumes now? Of course! It's a grand pastime, and a kind of hobby with me. Last winter Travis Banton made up a gown from one of my sketches that Bill was especially fond of. It was formal; fashioned entirely of white bugle beads. It had very long lines and a trick back. The white velvet wrap that went with it was also very long and had leg-o'-mutton sleeves and trimming of silver fox. Another outfit that Bill liked immensely was a three-piece beige sport ensemble of broadcloth. The top coat was one of those big swanky affairs. Bill's tastes and mine are similar—fortunately. It's so satisfactory when your clothes please yourself and your husband at the same time!

"If they didn't," Carole added with a wise little look, "I'd dress the way *he* wanted me to at night and I'd dress to suit myself during the day. Men generally pay more attention to formal costumes anyway, I think."

HUSBAND BILL certainly ought to—and undoubtedly does—adore his wife in that angelskin satin evening gown shown on page 63. It is a pale flesh color and I can't imagine anything better adapted to bring out the charm that is Carole's own. The supple lines are reminiscent of the Grecian with those sheaths of material crossing in front and swinging low over the shoulders. They form a train in back and so does the skirt which achieves fullness below the knees. The simple classic cut is further accented by the simplicity of the Lombard headdress. A striking effect. And not a jewel or ornament in sight save the


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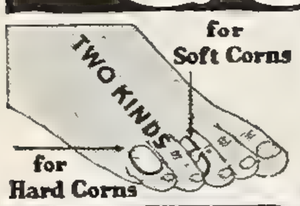
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diamond bracelets on her right arm. In accordance with the mode she wears them in a cluster. A single bracelet, as you know, is as passé as the Eugenie hat. To me, that modeled V neckline would be utterly spoiled had she worn a necklace. I've seen so many necklaces destroy the beauty of a lovely gown; they add a superfluous note or they are of a design at odds with that of the décolletage.

*It takes more courage and discrimination to tone down a dress, to allow it to stand out by itself, than it does to decorate it!*

Carole has another gown of the same satin which Banton has just completed for her. (He makes many things for her personal use as well as those you see her wear in pictures.) This gown is of a luscious pale corn-yellow. It swoops up the front in the spring mood of frocks everywhere—quite high up the front. The back it leaves without a stitch unless you count the narrow suspenders that cross at the waist. A yellow velvet waist-length jacket goes with it. The sleeves are the kind that swell above the elbow and end in long, slim forearms (a type of sleeve that's very much the vogue right at present). This pale yellow, by the way, is wonderfully becoming to Carole as it is to most girls with pale gold hair and gray-blue eyes.

But if you wish to cause a dazzling white glow, choose a gown like that crêpe roma of Carole's, shown on page 62. It's truly clever. The bodice does a rather disconcerting thing by having those shoulder straps go demurely down the back and fashion the belt. It's tied directly in front, handkerchief style. The circles of brilliants are something new and they're employed in a novel manner. No jewels of any kind here. They'd be a bit too much with the sparkle of all those brilliants. Her slippers are white crêpe.

I SUPPOSE," Carole said, "one needs most of all the ability to face facts in dressing. You can't wave away certain limitations of types. For example, can you fancy me in ruffles and tiers of flounces and bits of lace? I can go in for extreme lines, though. As a matter of fact, I like them. Those with snap and dash. My hats are always extreme. There's one I wear with a mottled gray tweed suit that goes on at an absurd tilt. It's a turban made of the same material and banded with the caracul fur of the suit and it has a gray silk bow in front to match the shirtwaist. The suit? It's the kind you jump into for all occasions—lunching, shopping, matinées. The small shoulder cape is bordered in the fur. So is the bottom of the jacket and the sleeves have flaring cuffs of it. The front is button-trimmed." (There's a picture of it on page 64.)

We fell to discussing suits, the sudden importance of them. Carole owns a black and white tweed that's very comfortable for the foggy days which are a part of every California spring. The tweed is of that new, loosely woven variety and it's trimmed with lynx. Lynx in generous quantities on the collar, sleeves, and around the lower part of the jacket. There's a wide belt of black suede and the blouse that accompanies it is white crêpe with a soft neckline. Her pumps are black kid. The hat she wears with it is gray with a rolled brim of black and a black feather points heavenward up the back.

Carole hasn't a "faddish" article in her entire wardrobe. Some of these new suits might be classed as such. Those with tight-fitting mess jackets are for the moment only. They're cute, I grant you, but they belong to the very young, the very slim and long-legged. If you're a co-ed and you want something new to finish the last term, one of these bellhop flannel coats that have trig metal buttons, saddle shoulders and cap sleeves is excellent to go with a wool crêpe skirt. If you're a business girl I advise against it. It would be far more profitable to purchase a suit that can serve many purposes merely by changing the accessories and blouses. Smart women all over are doing that very thing.

CAROLE'S three-piece green suit (shown on page 65) lends itself admirably to this scheme. First of all, that top coat is the kind that may be worn with "dressy" frocks. Charming green silk prints with shirred organdie yokes, lustrous new crêpes in beige, parchment suede laces in yellow to blend with the leopard skin fur. The coat has a pleasing fullness, yet it's semi-fitting. Those sleeves in one with the yoke of leopard skin are fashion's last word. The suit that completes the ensemble is as swagger as any you'll find this season. The skirt straight and trim, the jacket hip length and double breasted. The buttons that march down it are very large and it has a narrow belt of the leopard skin. And wouldn't you know it would be topped with a rakish little hat having a slightly rolled brim on either side? The green kid slippers have a tan trim to match the heavy chamois gloves.

It's too bad heavy coats of tan will be taboo this summer. A nice even tan all over your back would be very easy to acquire in these latest bathing suits. Most of them are of such brilliant hues that you feel as if you'd walked right off a signboard. And one and all they reveal the spinal column in no uncertain way. The smartest are those that come in one piece and are made of wide-ribbed, heavy silk. Carole has this kind. (See page 65.) It combines corsair blue and white and there's an intriguing small bow at the end of the low décolletage in back. Her beach sandals are of washable crêpe. All beach wear has taken a new lease on life and it's determined to lend more color to the sad sea waves than ever before. With a red and white striped wool shirt you use blue flannel slacks. Then the bright bloomer suits with ribbed knees, cross-over straps and square neck, dot the landscape. The bandana handkerchief has come to the front, too—you tie it around your neck and wear it for a waist. Carole chooses an all-white jacket for the beach. A startling jacket that gives her a "pow-

der puff" silhouette. It's made up of yards and yards of jersey trimmed with balls of white yarn. With this, of course, she wears a white jersey bathing suit.

AT Malibu, beach pajamas still hold sway for all hours, but they're of an altogether different mode than those worn last summer. When Carole was invited to the beach home of a famous writer recently she appeared in delightful beige satin pajamas patterned in the Russian style. (They're pictured on page 64.) The blouse, with its small stand-up collar and buttoned closing, was loosely tied with a sash. The flowing sleeves and wide trousers found a complement in the positively enormous hat. This hat was a beige straw that sported a brown bow in back to give it character. A highly decorative costume. Ideal for Malibu and it established a new vogue there.

Beige satin, incidentally, is stressed in Carole's wardrobe. Her "best" negligée is fashioned of it, and trimmed all the way around with sable. Her everyday negligées and house pajamas are of washable crêpe in the pastel shades she loves.

"It's a good idea," announced Carole, "to save your fine frocks by having house garments of some kind to slip into. They're inexpensive—easy to put together—and they certainly keep the dry cleaning bills from climbing up."

She's a practical person. Most well-dressed women are. She plays the part of a model in this picture she's just finishing—"Sinners in the Sun." And she wears *one hundred and fifty* different costumes in it. "The only time I ever tired of clothes was when I was being fitted for all of them!" she confessed.

Carole has a black and white dinner gown that's a gem. Literally. The waist is a solid mass of pearls. The sleeves are slightly puffed above the elbows and then are tight to where they extend over the wrist. Long ties of the beaded material fall from the surplice closing. The black crêpe skirt is floor length and matched by the black slippers. A flawless gown that enhances the Lombard beauty. (Look at the picture of it on page 63.)

But if your mind is occupied with weddings and graduations and such things, here's an idea for a frock that is synonymous with June: White organdie embroidered in silver! Now if *that* doesn't make you think of moonlight and roses, my dears, nothing will! A crushed silver girdle indicates the high waistline and a diminutive peplum, four inches wide, is edged with the silver. The dress is worn over a slip of dull crêpe and white crêpe sandals complete it. Silver sandals would have given it a garish aspect—made it seem overdone. It's by being attentive to such little things as this that one arrives at chic. As Carole says—*you've got to care*. That's the important thing.




# Stars' Weirdest Stories

(*Continued from page 68*)

*appearance of one in a trance. "They are for escape, those steps," she said. "Always the tapestry has covered them. They lead to a long, dark tunnel . . . and it leads out under the gardens . . ."*

This time she did not ask for confirmation. She knew, with a sure instinct, that she was right. She did not even hear the guide's awed affirmation.

*Pola herself has no doubt that in a previous incarnation she lived at Versailles.*

"However," she says, "I only expect those who have visited a new place or done a new thing to experience a strange feeling of familiarity; those who have said to themselves 'I have been here . . . I have done this before,' to believe me.

"Six months after my visit to Versailles, curiously enough, I was given the rôle of DuBarry in 'Passion.' It was this picture which brought me world-wide fame. I am not surprised that it did. The months during which I played DuBarry were the happiest in my entire life. I went about always in a daze.

*"Why the world is so loathe to accept the theory of reincarnation I cannot understand. Nature does not waste our bodies. Eventually they go back into the earth to enrich it. Why, then, persist in supposing she wastes the most valuable thing about us, our souls, our spirits—whatever you choose to call them!"*

A YEAR or more ago a sister of Barbara Stanwyck's who recently had died appeared to Barbara in a "dream."

"I'm hopelessly lonely," she told her, "and I want my little boy."

"But it wouldn't be right for you to take Junior away," Barbara protested. "It wouldn't be fair . . . Why he's hardly had any life at all."

"That's true," her sister admitted, "but there's no one here I know . . . no one . . . I don't think I can go on without someone who is close to me."

Up until this time Barbara never had talked much about spiritualism, or thought much about it, in fact. But this visit from her sister who had passed on was so distressing, so vivid, and so real that she wrote another sister in New York City telling her all about it.

This letter, however, never reached her sister. The night before it arrived, returning from the theater in a taxi, Barbara's sister complained that she

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felt unaccountably sleepy. Her husband had her take a little snooze, her head on his shoulder. She never woke up.

At the inquest the physicians, unable to find any specific cause for her death, attributed it to heart failure. Her heart had been tired out, they said, and had stopped beating. This is a likely enough explanation for the sudden death of an old person, of course. But Barbara's sister was not yet forty-five.

"It could have been coincidence," Barbara says, "but I'm not sure. I can't quite convince myself that visit with my sister really was a dream. At the time I felt certain I was awake. And there was a strange quality about the whole thing which I've never been able to describe or explain."

NATACHA RAMBOVA has been interested in spiritualism for as long as she can remember. And considering the close bond which existed between her and Rudolph Valentino, it is, I think, logical to assume that Rudy, too, was possessed of psychic tendencies.

She did not think it at all strange that she had known Rudy was dead before the cable arrived. "The night previous," she said simply, "we'd had word Rudy was much improved. However, I awoke that morning to know the odor of tuberoses and all day their heavy perfume persisted with me. I was, therefore, entirely prepared for the cable when it arrived that afternoon, waiting for it, in fact."

LEWIS STONE'S story came to him from the first mate aboard the ship upon which he sailed to Shanghai. Several years ago it happened, on a night when the dark was so thick it seemed to press close beside you. The sea was quiet after a heavy storm. The second watch had sounded. The second mate was on the bridge.

Suddenly a man appeared on the bridge. He wasn't anyone the mate ever had seen before. He wasn't one of the crew. He wasn't a passenger either. He was gaunt and his clothes were ragged, dirty, too. His face was weary and marked by intense suffering.

As the second mate looked up his manner implied a question.

"Not straight ahead," said the stranger. His voice was a whisper so hoarse it froze the blood. "Not straight ahead, I tell you. One and one-half miles to the right. One and one-half miles to the right."

And then, before he could be questioned, this mysterious man slipped out of sight. The mate followed him. He thought he saw him scuttle along the dark deck until he got amidships where he climbed over the rail.

As he fumbled with the searchlight the mate cursed his trembling hands. Finally he managed the adjustment. He sent a shaft of light darting out over the calm black water. At last it picked up a small dory. The strange, gaunt man was at the oars.

Returning to the bridge the mate obeyed a compulsion he did not even try to understand. He set the course as the man from the sea had directed. He set the course one and one-half miles to the right.

Naturally this change had to be explained. When the first mate heard his fellow officer's weird story he studied him with real concern.

"You'd better turn in and grab some sleep," he said. He was as superior as people are inclined to be when they hear about something they've never experienced. "You must be in a bad way to see visions coming up out of the water."

The first mate's superiority, however, was short lived. The following midnight he was on duty. And again the gaunt man from the sea appeared.

Slowly he shook his unkempt head. "Not straight ahead," he said. And again his voice was a whisper so hoarse it froze the blood. "Not straight ahead, I tell you. One-half mile to the left. One-half mile to the left."

"And," the first mate explained to Lewis Stone, "even while I obeyed his orders—and they were that—he disappeared."

A call from the look-out sounded the next morning just as two bells rang five o'clock. Off the port side were sighted three life-boats. In them were the survivors of a ship which had gone down three days before. Tied to one of these boats was a small dory. In its bottom lay the still body of a gaunt, ragged man.

*"The second mate and I don't talk much about it," the first mate confided to Lewis Stone. "No use dwelling on such things or you go nuts. But the man in that dory was the man who'd appeared to us two nights running. It was the dead man in that dory who'd directed our course so we'd come upon those three boats . . .*

*"It isn't as if only one of us had seen him . . .*

*"But, as I say, we don't talk much about it, either of us. It's better to try and forget such things . . ."*

And now, coming to the close of these weird stories the stars tell, once again I ask:

Do you believe in ghosts . . . in reincarnation . . . in mental telepathy . . .?

# Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 6*)

up over the line of the frown about twenty-five times—hard. Always start at the bottom and rub up. You should do this faithfully until you see results—and remember not to frown in between times.

Blondes—what shade of eye-shadow have you been using? Blue, I'll wager. Try green for a nice change. Very effective. And here's a trick for everyone to use in applying eye-shadow. You know those colorless pomade lipsticks? Well, rub a little of the pomade over your eyelid before applying the shadow. It's marvelous. And in the daytime—when many girls do not wish to use eye-shadow—a touch of the pomade will give the lids that waxy look—like

Greta Garbo's—which is very alluring.

While we're talking about eyes, there's a less pleasant matter that ought to be mentioned. People who are subject to sties can do much to stop their appearance if they will apply pads of gauze or cotton wrung out in water as hot as can be tolerated. It's a good idea for everybody to do this once in a while. Restful and refreshing and cleansing, too. I'm frequently asked about eye massage. Although I'm a little bit afraid to recommend it unreservedly—since the eye is such a delicate mechanism and the skin around it so sensitive—I will nevertheless tell you how the best beauty operators do it. Cream is applied over the eyelid and under the eyes. The index finger of each hand is rubbed across each eye, from the nose to the temple, giving a slight tug to the skin as it reaches the temple. The touch must be as light as a feather. Then the two index fingers circle under the eyes, giving a little upward tug here, too, at the outer corner of the eye. This treatment gives you that relaxed feeling after a hard day and it is excellent for preventing the crêpey texture that comes to the eyelids of even very young people.

HERE'S a good circulation stirrer-upper that only takes five minutes. Wash your face with warm water and soap. Dry it with a turkish towel. Apply cold cream—a whole *lot* of cold cream. Apply it over the neck and chest, too. Slap your skin briskly for a minute or two. Remove the cream. Now wash again with soap and warm water and give your face a final rubbing with the rough towel. If you want to be real finicky—and, incidentally, keep that fresh-as-a-daisy look all through your evening date—you'll do this: wring out a towel in ice water. Pop it over your face and put a dry towel on top of the wet one. Keep the two towels on till your face feels hot. Then look and see what a gorgeous color you've developed!

Girls with thin faces—try the claw massage! Anoint the face with cream and then, with your thumbs and fingers spread out in claw formation, pluck at the fleshy part of your cheeks. Pull 'em out and let them snap back into line again. It will not only fill out the hollows, but it will also work up the circulation in grand style.

Chin-strap users would do well to put a pad of cotton soaked in strong astringent between the strap and their too-plump chins—it's more effective.

And while we're on the subject of reducing, here's a good exercise for fat upper-arms. Drop arms to the sides, quite relaxed. Then clench fists tightly, pulling the arms down as far as you can without pulling the shoulders down. In other words, *feel* the pull rather than actually do it. Then swing the arms, with a forward motion, up over the head, with the fingers stretched as high as you can. Try this exercise twenty-five times night and morning.

Here are a few make-up hints. Remember to fluff your face powder onto your face—don't rub it in. Smile when you put on rouge. And smile when you apply lipstick, so you won't get those disagreeable up-and-down ridges in your lips. Some evening when you've nothing better to do, melt down the ends of your almost-used-up lipsticks and pour the result back into a lipstick mold. This is *not* a thrift hint, what with the best lipsticks all being reduced in price, but it's kinda fun to do and the composite lipstick resulting is fun to use for a change.

Summer powder-base hint: fan your face after applying a powder base lotion or cream if you want your powder to go on smoothly. And I beg of you girls with oily skins—who have, of course, been using a lotion base—not to desert it in the summer simply because it takes longer to work into the skin. Keep using it and try the fan method.

Speaking of summer, reminds me that our feet are going to be in evidence again. And some feet are so very disillusioning! You can conquer the callous evil, you know, by persistently soaking your feet in warm, sudsy water and then rubbing at the calloused spots with the flat side of a pumice stone.

And also, speaking of summer, how many of you have a cosmetic kit? You'll be going away on your vacations and up to the country for weekends and, really, those little kits are indispensable. Most of them cost around two dollars and fifty cents and they contain, of course, the preparations of the manufacturer who makes them. There's usually cleansing and tissue cream, skin tonic, a liquid cleanser, liquid and cream powder bases, and face powder. I wouldn't be without one for weekends. When the original preparations are used up, you can refill the containers from regular sizes of the same preparations or substitute your own favorites.

# Most Thrilling Film of All

(*Continued from page 37*)

He wears the uniform of the Imperial Navy. Scenes of thanksgiving and joy among his relatives and his father's retainers. But he still has trouble with his seaman's language, although most of the time he manages to use "By Joe" as a nice refined substitute.

HE sees service in German West Africa and has adventures among the tribes there, after which the warship heads back toward Germany, and one of her stops is to be at a little isle off the West Coast, one of the Canary group, called Fuerta Ventura. Lieut.




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SHE MADE THE DECISION. BUT WAS SHE RIGHT? WATCH FOR THIS IN MODERN SCREEN


Luckner has the watch and stands scanning the sea. An island appears over the horizon, a green isle with palms and white cottages. He quickly recognizes it. It is the same that he saw when he was pig boy aboard the Russian Niobe. It is the isle where the fairy princess dwells.

He goes ashore, alone, in a dream, and wanders among the palms and flowers. He sees the fairy princess and pursues her, but she is only an illusion.

That night a reception is held aboard ship in honor of the local Royal Spanish Society. Luckner, always the entertainer on every ship, is obliged to get himself up as a Hindu fakir and amuse the crowd with the magic tricks he learned from a troupe of Hindus in Australia. He is in the middle of one of his tricks when his hands grow clumsy. He sees his fairy princess. She has come in on the arm of her father, a portly American. The Count is all confusion and unable to go on with his act. He stops abruptly, slips back into his naval uniform and immediately seeks an introduction to the blonde Irma and her father. He finds that they are on the island for the latter's health. The moloch of big business has nearly made a wreck of the American millionaire. He has a villa on the island.

Among those in the gathering is another man of wealth, a Eurasian from Bombay. A sleek, polished, immaculate and somewhat sardonic combination of Oriental and Occidental. His mother was a Malay, his father a Scottish cotton merchant. From the latter he inherited the Highland name of McCall McCowan. He is interesting the father in various far-flung financial projects—and is in love with the daughter.

During succeeding days the Count courts Irma. The Eurasian regards the breezy sailor with a venomous eye. There is a scene between the two men, guile against open strength. Luckner rushes Irma off her feet with his impetuosity. They become engaged. The polished rejected suitor from Bombay swears that the marriage shall not take place. Luckner laughs at him.

But before the month is over, the War comes and the marriage is postponed until the return of peace.

Then one day he gets a hurried summons from the Admiralty: "You are to take a sailing ship out through the British blockade," snaps the old sea dog, "and raid the seas."

THE raiding ship is a stout American built clipper. Only one man of the crew is not ideally fitted for the cruise. He happens to be the son of a high German official. Von Spitz believes that he should be in command.

Then comes the running of the blockade, the search by a British cruiser and the hood-winking of the British.

A heavy storm blows the raiding clipper off her course. At last when it clears, the Count sees that he is near the Canaries. The lure is too great and he is unable to resist the temptation of sailing nearer for a glimpse of his dream isle where his fairy princess lives.

Off Fuerta Ventura: The commander stands on the quarter deck, gazing through his binoculars. He picks out the villa of his Irma. He must go on with his buccaneering cruise. Waving farewell to the island, he swings his ship's bow to the West and the island drops from view.

But what is that? A yacht is bearing down upon them and she flies the British flag. Here may be an ideal opportunity to take on board a fresh supply of provisions, of which they are badly in need as a result of everything getting soaked through in the gales of the north. "Wait till we are near her," says Luckner, "and then . . . "

Aboard the yacht: Irma, her father, and the Eurasian from Bombay, whose yacht it is, are returning from a short pleasure cruise, little dreaming that a raider might be in these seas. There is a scene between the girl and the swarthy McCall McGowan—"you might as well forget this blustering German because you are unlikely ever to see him again."

While they are talking an old clipper ship is steering toward them. "Isn't she a funny old tub," says Irma.

Suddenly the harmless clipper's concealed gunports open. The German flag of war runs up the masthead. Consternation and surrender.

The Eurasian is mortified—green with rage.

The Count is in a quandary. If he lets his new prisoners go, why then his whole secret will be out and the Allied world will know that a German sailing ship is at large on the seas as a merchant raider.

He decides there is but one thing he can do—take Irma and the rest along. Irma, high spirited young lady that she is, doesn't mind that a bit. Her sputtering father is speechless with outraged dignity.

The raider sails away looking for ships to capture.

Von Spitz, subtle and elegant, sees that the Eurasian, McCowan, hates the Count. Their common hatred of von Luckner quickly draws them together and they plan to overthrow him.

Then follow the capture and sinking of many ships.

The Eurasian and von Spitz confabulate.

"I have been sounding out the prisoners," says the Eurasian, "but things are not right. Luckner is treating them too well. They cannot be trusted. It would be dangerous to say anything openly to them. But wait. Sooner or later the right kind of men will come aboard."

Aboard the old Pinmore: Captain Greggins, the saltiest old time sea dog on the ocean, is having trouble with his Malay crew. Mutiny is threatening. Half a dozen Malays refuse obedience. The grim skipper walks among them, marlinspike in hand, and cows them. But he knows it will go hard with him and his officers unless something turns up.

A sailing ship is sighted. She cuts across the Pinmore's bow.

Aboard the raider: Luckner studies the distant ship through his glass. He descries the name "Pinmore."

"Gott in Himmel! My old Pinmore,"

he says to Irma who stands beside him. "How well I remember her. I sailed on her on one of the worst voyages of my life. But she was my first good ship, and she carried up through all the storms the tropics could hurl at us. Must I capture my old friend now?"

Von Spitz, who is nearby, speaks up. "Duty is duty."

Luckner glares at him, but knows he must take the Pinmore.

Aboard the Pinmore. Captain Greggins is watching the approaching ship. Suddenly the German war flag runs up, and a shot whistles through his rigging.

"Hard aport, and raise all sails," howls the skipper. "The Pinmore can sail with any windjammer on the sea."

He is determined to run for it, shooting or no shooting, but the crew breaks into open mutiny. They refuse to obey and draw into a crowd together. The skipper dashes at them and fells one with the marlinspike. The Malays draw knives. The skipper and his officers pull back. The Malays swarm after them. The officers defend the bridge, and a lively skirmish ensues. The old skipper and his mates are about to succumb when a boarding party from the raider clambers on deck, and quickly the Malays are knocked about and subdued.

The Malay prisoners come aboard. Luckner treats them with little ceremony. They helped him capture the Pinmore, but he has small use for mutineers. The Eurasian and von Spitz are delighted. The Malays are the men for them.

"They are my people," says the Eurasian, "and I understand them. They are cunning and savage fighters."

Luckner goes aboard the Pinmore with Irma, and spends a long hour communing with past memories. He tells Irma about that frightful voyage.

But he must sink the Pinmore. He goes back to the raider, feeling that he is killing an old friend. He hides himself in his cabin, while his men blow up the ship with bombs.

THE Eurasian begins his work with the Malays. They have a sacred Malay dance. The plot is to rush the ship at night. Von Spitz has arranged it so that they will have free access to the place where the weapons are kept.

The time comes. Everything is set. The Eurasian goes to the cabin of the Captains, awakens them, assembles them, and tells them the ship is about to be captured. The signal will be given in five minutes. When a shot sounds, they are to take command of their men among the prisoners and lend a hand if need be.

"I am capturing this ship," he says, "in the name of the Allied powers to which you all owe allegiance. And we will make it hot for these Boches and this pirate Count."

Captain Greggins, the Englishman, skipper of the Pinmore, leads with his right and knocks him down. The two Malays with him jump to the rescue of McCowan, and there is a violent scuffle, with the Captain pinioning them. "We've been treated like gentlemen," shouts Captain Greggins, "and I'll have nothing to do with treachery."

Everybody on board is awakened. Luckner comes running. Greggins tells him what happened. Luckner shouts orders. Meanwhile the Malays, seeing that the alarm has been given, are trying to rush the place where the weapons are. After a stiff fight they are beaten down, the giant laying men about him on all sides.

Von Spitz, while taking an important part in the attempted revolt, has successfully kept in the background.

The raider with her sails billowing, goes scudding south toward the Horn. In a storm they give the slip to the British cruisers that are standing guard at the Cape. More captures of ships in the Pacific.

The raider puts in at the tropical island of Mopelia.

The Eurasian and von Spitz lay another plot. Their plan this time is to seize the ship and make away, and McCowan intends to abduct Irma.

The plot almost succeeds. Irma is seized and taken aboard the ship at night. A tidal wave comes. It cannot be avoided. The frightened plotters swim ashore. Luckner ashore sees Irma on the deck. He swims out and saves her while his ship is hurled high on the reef and wrecked.

And now they are marooned on the tropical island. The Eurasian, von Spitz and the other plotters escape into the jungle. They stay out there as a renegade force. They have skirmishes with Luckner's men. A state of war exists. In the meantime, Luckner has laid out a tropical colony, with tents and streets, for himself and his marooned force. They have plenty of supplies from the wrecked boats.

Life naturally becomes trying to the renegade band. They are without supplies, and have to exist on fruits, turtles' eggs and birds that they shoot. They begin to get on each other's nerves. The Eurasian and von Spitz both brood over the failure of their schemes and begin to distrust each other. They quarrel over a bit of food. They clinch and struggle and finally, locked in each other's arms, plunge over a ledge into the sea. The waters into which they fall are infested with sharks. Triangular fins are seen. The two men are dragged under as they swim. Their followers stumble back into von Luckner's camp.

Life in the tropical paradise of Mopelia. Then the return of peace, and the customary happy ending.

That's movie stuff. It's my favorite motion picture, but it will never be made.

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IF YOU DO, YOU MUSTN'T MISS HAGAR WILDE'S WONDERFUL STORY IN OUR NEXT ISSUE. IT'S CALLED "LITTLE BRAT"

IT'S THE STORY OF A LITTLE ORPHAN WHO—GUIDED BY HIS PRACTICAL AUNT—BECOMES A MOVIE ACTOR. AND OF HOW HE BOUGHT A BOUQUET FOR THE ACTRESS HE WAS PLAYING WITH, BECAUSE—

# The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 12*)

with cheese sauce and fresh tomatoes.

"And," he continued, warming up to the subject, "of course there must be a salad. Preferably a highly seasoned cole slaw salad, one of those that my wife says has 'everything in it but the kitchen sink.' I like to have the salad served as the French serve it—mixed in a large bowl which has been first rubbed with garlic. The bowl should be passed for each person to help himself."

"How about dessert?" we asked next.

"I am a trifle foreign in my ideas about desserts," he replied. "As a matter of fact, I usually like to end the meal with fruit or cheese and crackers, but sometimes I do like a deep dish apple pie, with a sauce to accompany it. And *no* dinner is really complete unless it finishes off with a demi-tasse and a Corona cigar."

LUNCH was over and it was time for Mr. Robinson to hurry back to the studio. But before we parted he promised to tell Mrs. Robinson that we were going to call and ask her for the recipes for some of Eddie's favorite foods.

Mrs. Robinson was a trifle amused at the menu her husband had given us.

"He certainly did manage to cram in all his favorites," she laughed. "But I quite agree," she added, "that any man would be enthusiastic about many of the things my husband likes—though perhaps he likes them a little more highly seasoned than many do. For instance," she continued, "he likes his steak flavored with garlic. This is grand, of course, *if* you like garlic."

"We *adore* the flavor of garlic," we said. "But just how do you use it with steak?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Robinson, "while the steak is broiling you melt four tablespoons of butter in a pan, and to this add a little salt and pepper, a quarter of a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce and half a clove of garlic, minced so fine that it is practically a paste. When the steak is cooked to suit the individual taste (my husband likes his medium rare), it should be placed in this sauce and basted with it. The steak is then put on a hot platter and served with the remaining sauce poured over it."

"That sounds delicious," we enthused. (And really, when we tried it out later in our own kitchen we found that it tasted even more delicious than it sounded.) "But before we forget it, Mrs. Robinson," we continued, "doesn't Mr. Robinson like soup?"

"No, he isn't very fond of soup—except onion soup. He likes that very much—and I think most men do."

"Mr. Robinson seems to like onions," we observed.

"Yes, he does. And the French fried onions he mentioned are particularly delicious."

That sounded very good to us. In fact all the foods mentioned by the Robinsons sounded so good that we could hardly wait to get back to our model kitchen to try out the recipes which Mrs. Robinson so generously gave us. We are going to give you here the recipes for the Hungarian deep-dish apple pie and for the sea-foam sauce to accompany it. And we have had printed on cards to form this month's folder of Modern Hostess Star Recipes, the recipes for French fried onions, baked macaroni and cheese with fresh tomatoes, cole slaw *piquante,* and also a recipe for croustades of chicken and asparagus paprika, (another favorite of Edward Robinson's, according to his wife.) These recipes are all so inexpensive and simple to prepare that you will not want to save them for just party occasions, but will serve them for the enjoyment of the members of your family—and won't they love you for it! So fill in the coupon on page 12 right now, and mail it to us. We will then send you the folder of recipes.

## HUNGARIAN DEEP-DISH APPLE PIE

6 large apples
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ cup seedless raisins
½ cup sugar
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup blanched almonds, chopped
¼ cup melted butter

Peel apples and slice thin. Add to them the lemon juice and rind, the raisins, sugar and cinnamon. Add half of the blanched almonds and the melted butter. Mix thoroughly and place in deep, buttered casserole. Cover with a rich pastry crust, prick the crust to allow steam to escape. Brush crust with white of an egg, sprinkle lightly with remaining quarter cup almonds and bake in moderate oven (375°) for 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot with the following sauce:

## SEA FOAM SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ cup sugar
yolk of one egg
½ cup boiling water
1 teaspoon vanilla
white of one egg

Cream the butter. Mix together the flour and sugar and add to the butter, gradually, creaming well together. Beat the egg yolk well and add to the sugar and butter mixture. Add the boiling water, stirring constantly. Pour mixture into top of double boiler and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. Cool slightly and just before serving add vanilla and fold mixture into the stiffly beaten egg white. (Lemon extract may be substituted for the vanilla if desired.) This sauce is also good on puddings.

# More About Hollywood

(*Continued from page 84*)

*Simultaneously with a threatened thirty-day jail sentence for blond Mary Nolan on account of a salary mix-up over wages for some employées in the now defunct Mary Nolan Gown Shop—we noticed that Mary had signed to act in a picture called "Arm of the Law"!*

LOOKS like Hollywood has a new fad. Everyone seems to be wearing turtle-necked sweaters. Clark Gable started it—and now even Marlene Dietrich sports them. The other night at the wrestling matches, Marlene appeared in a mannishly tailored suit of dark green under which she wore a white angora turtle-necked sweater. Chevalier is another who favors these sweaters, along with Wally Ford.

BOBBE ARNST (Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller) is now appearing at Hollywood's swankiest night club. The girl can dance—and what a gorgeous figure! Bobbé says that she gave up her stage career when she became Mrs. Weissmuller because it made Johnny happy. But since he's been busy before the camera and microphone, she felt the old urge. As long as their respective careers don't separate them, Johnny says okay to Bobbé's.

IT was a great day at the studio when Wally Beery got Carole Anne, his newest adopted baby, all dressed up for a show-off to the gang. Wally picked out the pink dress she should wear and personally dressed her for the occasion.

When Carol Anne had been introduced to one admiring group, Wally would hold out one huge finger and the little girl would wrap her tiny hand around it and they would walk off together. You would have loved the picture of the two of them . . . Wally is *so* big . . . and Carol Anne is so *very* small. He calls her "Squirt" . . . but doesn't that sound more like Wally than dressing little girls in pink?

*Bill Powell took his wife, Carole Lombard, down to the beach last night for some fun. They rode the coaster and played all the games. They won five slabs of bacon . . . all stale.*

# Open Letter to Bob

(*Continued from page 70*)

grin and a grain of salt and held your temper about. You've shrugged them aside as just "part of the game." But this latest gossip story to the effect that you are leaving Betty, and that there will be a divorce between you, now that the baby is gone . . . this story makes you plenty red-headed. Mad . . . and just a little bit sick that gossip can be so unkind and untrue and so *baseless*. You've been angered into a silence that really should be explained.

Why don't you tell them the truth, Bob? Tell them that those few days when you were out "house hunting" a week or so after the passing of the little baby daughter who was with you such a short time, you were looking for a new environment for Betty, who was heartbroken and couldn't go with you. That house, with its little deserted nursery was a nightmare of unhappiness to you both and you wanted Betty to be free of its little ghost. So you went alone to look for another house and the smarty gossips whispered; "Montgomery's moving . . . looking for a house by himself . . . now that the baby's gone there's nothing to hold them together."

That's all I have to say, Bob. Good luck . . . and plenty of it.

Sincerely . . .

WALTER RAMSEY

# Frankest Break-Up

(*Continued from page 45*)

not to continue. June Collyer has not been on the screen since she married Stuart Erwin. A difficult thing, to give up the promise of a brilliant career. But possibly tremendously wise.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are happy—but they are both equally successful players. The same is true of Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. And Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman. And William Powell and Carole Lombard. But would their marriages have lasted if either the husband or wife—particularly the wife—had far out-distanced the other in the race for fame?

In her frank, unafraid manner, Ann Harding is paying the price for fame. But her courage and clear-sightedness does not make the price any less. May Ann's and Harry's love outlast their separation, their heartbreak, and the cruelties which have been forced on them by Hollywood—cruelest of jesters. And, some time in the future, may they again find happiness—together.





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"I LOVE YOU"
*he told this blonde*

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*Name*.....

*Address*.....


# Directory of Players

*(Continued from page 98)*

HOBART, ROSE; married to non-professional; born in New York City, May 1. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "East of Borneo," Universal; in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Paramount; and "Hot News," Universal. Now appearing on legitimate stage.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Broken Lullaby" and "Two Kinds of Women," Paramount; in "Night Court," M-G-M. Now working in "Unmated," RKO-Pathé.

HOLT, JACK; married to non-professional; born in Winchester, Va., May 31. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Starred in "Maker of Men" and "Behind the Mask." Now working in "War Correspondent," all for Columbia.

HOPKINS, MIRIAM; separated from Austin Parker; born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Two Kinds of Women," "Dancers in the Dark" and "World and the Flesh," Paramount.

HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from DeWolfe Hopper; born in Hollidaysburg, Pa., June 2. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Flying High," M-G-M; in "Man Who Played God," Warner Bros.; in "Night World," Universal. Now working in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M.

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Smart Women," RKO-Radio; in "Age For Love," United Artists; in "But the Flesh Is Weak," M-G-M. Now appearing on legitimate stage.

HOWARD, LESLIE; married to non-professional; born in England, April 24. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Five and Ten," M-G-M; and "Devotion," RKO-Pathé. Now appearing on the legitimate stage.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE; unmarried; born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Fanny Foley Herself" and "Are These Our Children?" RKO-Radio. Now working in "Sunrise Trail," RKO-Pathé.

HUGHES, LLOYD; married to Gloria Hope; born in Bisbee, Ariz., October 21. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Unwanted," Columbia; in "Air Eagles," Darmour; and "The Miracle Man," Paramount.

HUSTON, WALTER; married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Beast of the City," "Wet Parade" and "Night Court," M-G-M. Now starring in "Faith," Columbia.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City, May 1. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The New Wallingford," "Phantom of Paris" and "Freaks," M-G-M.

JONES, BUCK; married to non-professional; born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Starred in "Ridin' For Justice," "Justice Rides Again" and "South of the Rio Grande," Columbia. Now touring in vaudeville.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Hell Divers," M-G-M; in "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio; in "Wet Parade," M-G-M. Now working in "Roadhouse Murder," RKO-Radio.

JUDGE, ARLINE; married to Wesley Ruggles; born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Girl Crazy" and "Young Bride," Now working in "Is My Face Red?" Next will be "Unmated." All for RKO-Radio.

KARLOFF, BORIS; married to non-professional; born in London, Eng., November 23. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists; in "Frankenstein" and "Night World," Universal. Next will be "The Old Dark House," Universal.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan., October 4. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Sidewalks of New York" and "The Passionate Plumber." Now working in "Speakeasily," All for M-G-M.

KEENE, TOM; married to Grace Stafford; born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Saddle Buster," "Ghost City" and "Sunrise Trail." Next will be "The Law Rides." All for RKO-Pathé.

KENT, BARBARA; unmarried; born in Gadsbury, Alberta, Can., December 16. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Freighters of Destiny," RKO-Pathé; in "Emma," M-G-M; and "Vanity Fair," Hoffman.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Alexander Hamilton" and "Road to Singapore," Warner Bros; in "Waterloo Bridge," Universal; and "Young America," Fox.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES; married to Beatrice Powers; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., February 22. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Over the Hill," "Charlie Chan's Chance" and "Cheaters at Play," Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN; unmarried, born in New York City, June 17. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Fireman, Save My Child." "High Pressure" and "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." Now working in "A Successful Calamity." All for First National.

LANDI, ELISSA; married to J. C. Lawrence; born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Wicked" and "Yellow Ticket"; starred in "Devil's Lottery." Now working in "Woman in Room 13." All for Fox.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in Ulverston, England, June 16. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "The Up and Up," "The Chimp" and "County Hospital," Roach-M-G-M.

LEBEDEFF, IVAN; unmarried; born in Uspoliai, Lithuania, June 18. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Bachelor Apartment" and "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 23. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Caught Plastered," "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Now working in "Radio Patrol," Universal.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greenport, L. I., August 17. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Side Show" and "Manhattan Parade"; co-starred in "Play Girl." All for Warner Bros.

LINDEN, ERIC; unmarried; born in New York City, July 12. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Crowd Roars," First National; in "Young Bride," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Roadhouse Murder," RKO-Radio.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at United Artists studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Feet First." Now working in untitled featured comedy.

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "I Take This Woman," "No One Man" and "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount.

LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna, January 9. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Everything's Rosie" and "The Woman Between," RKO-Radio; in "Heaven on Earth," Universal. Now working in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "The Spider," Fox; and in "The Misleading Lady," Paramount. Now starring in "Criminal Court," Columbia.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., August 2. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists; in "Emma" and "Wet Parade," M-G-M; in "Vanity Fair," Hoffman. Now working in "Woman in Room 13," Fox.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary, October 20. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Black Camel," Fox; and "Murders in the Rue Morgue," Universal. Next will be "Suicide Club," Universal.

LUKAS, PAUL; married to non-professional; born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Working Girls," "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" and "No One Man." Now working in "Thunder Below." All for Paramount.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Her Majesty Love," First National; in "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé; and "The Big Timer," Columbia. Now appearing in vaudeville.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Starred in "Annabelle's Affairs," Fox; featured in "One Hour With You," Paramount. Now working in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, England, March 4. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Reckless Hour" and "Safe in Hell," First National; and "Love Affair," Columbia. Now appearing in vaudeville.

MANNERS, DAVID; divorced from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Greeks Had a Name for Them," Goldwyn-United Artists; in "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé; in "Beauty and the Boss" and "Man Wanted," First National. Now working in "Competition," First National.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Starred in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Strangers in Love." Now working in "Jerry and Joan." All for Paramount.

MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Five Star Final"; starred in "Under Eighteen" and "Beauty and the Boss." Now working in "Competition." All for Warner Bros.

MARSH, MAE; married to Lee Armes; born in Madrid, Mexico, November 9. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Over the Hill," Fox.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring, born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Young Sinners," "Skyline" and "Cheaters at Play," Fox.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Friends and Lovers," RKO-Radio; in "Prestige," RKO-Pathé; and "Forbidden," Columbia. Now working in a British picture in London.

MERCER, BERYL; divorced from Holmes Herbert; born in Madrid, Spain, August 13. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Lovers Courageous," M-G-M;

*(Continued on page 118)*

# Romantic Life of Helen Hayes

(*Continued from page 99*)

frankly an actress frightfully worried about her career.

"I wanted to creep into Irving Thalber's office when he finally sent for me," she says. "But he looked so kind and understanding, sitting behind his great desk that somehow I managed to keep my head up."

However, for Helen now the worst was over.

"It's pretty dreadful, isn't it?" she asked.

Irving Thalberg smiled. "You're as hysterical as all the rest," he told her. Helen's heart at these words suddenly seemed to grow little wings and soar. "The picture isn't good as it stands now. Granted," he went on. "But with a few scenes done over and a few new scenes added I'm not sure we won't have a humdinger."

"A . . . a humdinger," Helen expostulated.

"Pictures are funny things," Thalberg explained, "'The Big Parade' almost landed on the shelf. Remember that while you're in this picture business."

"I wanted to kiss him," Helen said, "but I managed to contain myself."

And so it happened that while Helen worked in "Arrowsmith" she also made new scenes for "Lullaby," or "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" as it was finally titled.

They filmed additional scenes that would pull the story's thread together, scenes that changed Madelon from a dreary martyr into a gallant little soul.

As always, Helen sank her understanding and her sensitive intelligence deep down into her rôle, as a shaft is sunk far, far down into a well or mine.

Towards the very end of the picture in the scene where Madelon as an old woman goes into her doctor son's office it was suggested that her son examine her heart with a stethoscope. Helen protested. That was not right.

"He must bend his head impulsively," she said, "so Madelon can cup her hands close to his head . . . as if he was her baby again . . . and cradled on her breast . . ."

It was Irving Thalberg who insisted Helen have her way. You who've seen this picture know how right she was.

The additional scenes of "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" completed and "Arrowsmith" finished, Helen and Charlie, Mary and her Anna returned to New York. To await the verdict on these pictures. And so Helen might begin rehearsing for her Molnar play, "The Good Fairy."

By this time you know how, simultaneously with the release of "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," a new movie star appeared in the cinema heavens. Not another Garbo. Not another Shearer. Not anyone reminiscent of the Mary Pickford of years ago. But a new star, like no one but herself.

It remained for "Arrowsmith" to intensify her brilliance.

And when "The Good Fairy" closes Helen Hayes will return to the studios and we all may look forward to many more of her pictures.

For the present, however, we must leave Helen in her charming New York apartment overlooking the East River, the drawing-room of which, like Helen herself, born at the turn of the century, has a Victorian feeling. With little Mary, cornsilk golden, pink and white, flushed with sleep in her crib upstairs, the good Anna watching over her . . . With Charlie in his study, spinning yarns . . . Helen, rich in her work and her loves, popping in . . . listening to what he has written . . . saying, with hands clasped admiringly, "Oh, Charlie, that's wonderful. How ever do you think of such things . . ."

It's such a happy ending . . .

# Your Taste in Men

(*Continued from page 39*)

The Cagney type has an enormous appeal for women. Feminine natures readily respond to the five-minute egg attitude and the roving fancy.

Girls who admire this type and who discover it in real life will find that they have plenty of work to do. The Cagney type demands not only a responsive and submissive ardor, but good comradeship as well. It demands a generous amount of good, hard common sense to offset its own recklessness. It demands, in a way, obedience. But in order to hold such a type, the obedience had better be in small things which do not much matter; when it comes to big things, the girl-who-loves-a-Cagney would be wise to assert herself, if she's sure she's on the right side. This type does not yearn after glamor and poetry in its relationships with women. It desires a relationship which is of the earth, earthy.

The Cagney chap wants a girl who'll laugh with him, love with him, fight with him—and for him. He wants fidelity, too. If he doesn't get it—look out! And he wants to be boss in his own house—but then, this is a trait possessed by every man.

The wife—or sweetheart—of a Cagney must be as diplomatic as a court attaché in one very important respect. When a Cagney tells how he told so-and-so just where to get off and when a

(*Continued on page 119*)





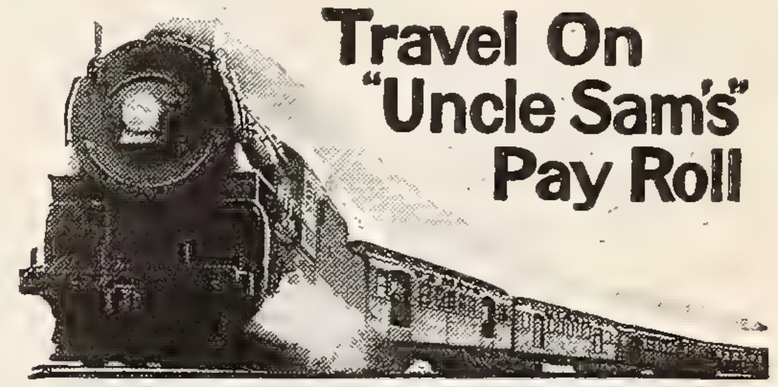
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- ☐ **Post Office Clerk**.....($1,700-$2,300)
- ☐ **City Mail Carrier**.....($1,700-$2,100)
- ☐ **Rural Mail Carrier**.....($2,100-$3,400)
- ☐ **Government Clerk—File Clerk**....($1,260-$2,500)
- ☐ **Inspectors of Customs**.....($2,100-$3,300)
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**Milwaukee, Wisconsin**


# Directory of Players

*(Continued from page 116)*

in "The Devil's Lottery" and "Young America," Fox. Now working in "And God Smiled," Bryan Foy.

MERKEL, UNA; married to Ronald Burla; born in Covington, Ky., December 10. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Private Lives," M-G-M; in "Impatient Maiden," Universal; and "Man Wanted," First National. Now working in "Huddle," M-G-M.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D., November 9. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Emma," "Beast of the City" and "Are You Listening?", M-G-M; and "The Rich Are Always With Us," Warner Bros. Now working in "Night Court," M-G-M.

MILLER, MARILYN; divorced from Jack Pickford; born in Evansville, Ind., September 1. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Sunny" and "Her Majesty, Love," First National.

MIX, TOM; married to Mabel Ward; born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Starred in "Destry Rides Again." Now working in "Destry of Death Valley." Both for Universal. Next is "Pony Boy."

MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA; unmarried; born in San Sebastian, Spain, September 11. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Cisco Kid" and "The Gay Caballero," Fox. Now appearing on the musical comedy stage.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. Write him at M-G-M studio. Starred in "Lovers Courageous" and "But the Flesh Is Weak." Now working in "Letty Lynton." All for M-G-M.

MOORE, DICKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Union Depot," "The Expert" and "So Big," First National; and "Disorderly Conduct," Fox. Now working in "Winner Take All," First National.

MOORHEAD, NATALIE; married to Alan Crosland; born in New York City, August 27. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Deceiver," "Maker of Men" and "Scarface," Columbia; and "Cross Examination," Supreme Pictures.

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., March 1. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Spider," Fox; in "West of Broadway," M-G-M; and "Men in Her Life," Columbia. Now appearing on the New York stage.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Guilty Hands." Now co-starring in "Prosperity." Both for M-G-M.

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in Scarface," United Artists; in "Mata Hari," Arsene Lupin" and "Are You Listening?," M-G-M. Now working in "Man About Town," Fox.

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City, February 13. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists; in "The Miracle Man" and "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount. Now working in "Come On Marines," Paramount.

MULHALL, JACK; married to Evelyn Winans; born in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., October 7. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sally of the Subway," Action Pictures; in "Death Ray," King Prod.; in "Love Bound," Herman Prod. Now working in "Passport to Paradise," Like Prod.

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, Austria, September 22. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists. Now working in a prison camp story for First National.

MUNSON, ONA; divorced from Eddie Buzzell; born in Portland, Ore., June 16. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Broadminded" and "Five Star Final," First National. Now appearing in musical comedy.

McCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Girls About Town," Paramount; and "Lost Squadron" and "Bird of Paradise," RKO-Radio.

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to Enid Lamont; born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "While Paris Sleeps," "The Gay Caballero" and "The Devil's Lottery," Fox. Now appearing in vaudeville.

MURRAY, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Ireland, June 22. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Co-starred with George Sidney in "Cohens and Kellys in Africa," and "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," Universal.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Reckless Hour," First National; and "Hell Divers," M-G-M. Now on personal appearance tour.

NEGRI, POLA; divorced from Prince M'divani; born in Bromberg, Poland, December 31. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Starred in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé.

NISSEN, GRETA; unmarried; born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Ambassador Bill," "Good Sport," "Devil's Lottery" and "Silent Witness." All for Fox.

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Charlie Chan's Chance," "Amateur Daddy" and "After Tomorrow," Fox. Now working in "Winner Take All," First National. Next is "Little Teacher," Fox.

NOLAN, MARY; married to Wallace Macreary; born in Louisville, Ky., December 18. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "X Marks the Spot," Tiffany; in "File No. 113," Tec-Art; and "Arm of the Law," Trem Carr.

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star-director. Starred in "Daybreak" and "Son of India"; co-starred in "Mata Hari." Now working in "Huddle." All for M-G-M.

NUGENT, EDDIE; married to non-professional; born in New York City, February 7. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Star Witness" and "Local Boy Makes Good," First National; and in "A Fool's Advice," Columbia.

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Touchdown," "Dancers in the Dark" and "Sky Bride," Paramount.

OLAND, WARNER; married to Edith Shearn; born in Umea, Sweden, October 3. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Black Camel"; in "Shanghai Express," Paramount; and "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox.

OLIVER, EDNA MAY; divorced from non-professional; born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Starred in "Fanny Foley Herself"; featured in "Ladies of the Jury." Now working in "Hold 'Em Jail." Next is "Hell Bent for Election." All for RKO-Radio.

OLIVIER, LAWRENCE; married to Jill Esmond; born in London, England, January 12. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio; in "The Yellow Ticket," Fox. Now working in "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathé.

OSBORNE, VIVIENNE; unmarried; born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Two Kinds of Women," Paramount; and "The Ferguson Case," Warner Bros. Now working in "Two Seconds," Warner Bros.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Riders of the Purple Sage," "The Rainbow Trail" and "The Gay Caballero." Now working in "The Killer." All for Fox.

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Flying High," M-G-M; in "Final Edition," Columbia; and "Hot News," Universal. Now working in "Strange Case of Clara Deane," Paramount.

O'NEILL, SALLY; unmarried; born in Bayonne, N. J., October 23. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Murder by the Clock," Paramount; and "The Brat," Fox. Now touring in vaudeville.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Skyline," Fox; in "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé; in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," M-G-M. Now working in "Information Kid," Universal.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Under Eighteen," Warner Bros; in "Are You Listening?," M-G-M. Now working in "Night Court," M-G-M.

PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced from non-professional; born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Girls About Town," "Shanghai Express" and "Dancers in the Dark." Now working in "Thunder Below." All for Paramount.

PICHEL, IRVING; married to Violette Wilson; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 24. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Cheat," "Two Kinds of Women" and "The Miracle Man," Paramount. Now working in "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathé.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Can., April 9. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Doug in "Taming of the Shrew"; starred in "Kiki," United Artists. Returns to screen soon in original story.

PITTS, ZASU; divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract player. Co-starred with Thelma Todd in series of comedies for Roach. Featured rôles in "Shopworn," Columbia; in "Steady Company" and "Destry Rides Again," Universal; in "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox. Now working in "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathé.

POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Road to Singapore" and "High Pressure." Now working in "The Jewel Robbery." All for Warners.

PREVOST, MARIE; divorced from Kenneth Harlan; born in Sarnia, Ont., November 8. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M; in "Reckless Living," Universal; and "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathé.

QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 31. Write him at RKO-Pathé. Free lance player. Starred in "Sweepstakes" and "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé; and "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.

RAYMOND, GENE; unmarried; born in New York City, August 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Personal Maid" and "Ladies of the Big House," Paramount.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. Write him at first National studio. Contract

*(Continued on page 120)*

# Your Taste in Men

(*Continued from page 117*)

Cagney remarks that he's not going to let 'em put anything over on *him,* the girl who loves him will, of course, reply, "Yes, dear. Why, you were quite right, darling. I absolutely agree with you." And then she must, somehow, see to it that he doesn't do some dreadfully reckless thing.

THE girl who admires the strong, silent type will find Gary Cooper her ideal. In real life, this type of man is not easy to deal with. He must be drawn out—made to talk and express himself. The girl who marries a Gary will find that she must be an ego-bolsterer. For that strong silence is usually a mere shell to hide an overwhelming sensitiveness. The Cooper type is afraid of being hurt; so he doesn't commit himself by talking a great deal. And the girl who loves him must, by constant reiteration of the statement that he is so strong and wonderful, really *make* him feel strong and wonderful. But in this ego-bolstering a girl must not become sappy and maudlin. The "strong and wonderful" theme must be played in many keys.

The Cooper type has all the major virtues like honesty, loyalty, courage, and strength, but he is a bit lacking in the superficial virtues which go to make a happy married life. In the first place, he is not as attentive as he might be. And his conversation leaves much to be desired. When asked what happened at the office, he will likely as not reply, "Nothing much." And think that disposes of the subject. To your friends, his silence will be set down to moodiness, when he is really the least moody of men. It is up to you to alter these little defects. Seek his attention. Be just the least bit offended when he doesn't remember to bring you flowers, or to help you with your coat. But forgive him instantly. Remind him of these little omissions, but treat them lightly.

We couldn't have a much better opposite type to the Gary Cooper type than the Ronald Colman sort of man. Sartorial perfection. Worldliness of the laughter-loving and slightly sardonic sort. The complete indifference to people's opinions of the truly cultured, worldly sophisticate. A great deal of indifference, too, where women are concerned. And this indifference is not a pose, for a Colman is so run after by women that he must, in self-defense, regard their favor casually. To win this type, an equal sophistication and indifference is necessary. An elusive charm is necessary, too—a *different* sort of charm, for after all, a Colman will have known flocks of charming women. If you can make this type of man feel that he has met his equal in *savoir faire* and indifference, that will intrigue him more than anything else.

There is one other type of girl for whom a Ronald Colman might fall and fall with a bang. That is the very simple, natural, open-hearted girl. He will fall in love with her because she is so different from the women he has known.

Suppose you do win the love of the Colman type—and marry him; what is the best way to keep him? In the first place, you must acquire—if you do not already possess it—a social ease equal to his own. Proper social usages are important to him—he has been brought up in an atmosphere where people say the right thing and do the right thing. He will expect you to be smartly dressed. He will admire you and love you more if you are a decorative companion at dinner, a poised hostess, an amusing person to go about with.

AND now—no consideration of the male types exemplified by our screen heroes would be complete without Clark Gable. Gable, with his tenderness veiled in brutality—or, conversely, with his iron hand sheathed in a velvet glove. Curiously enough, his type isn't as difficult as it would seem to be. Or rather, a Gable is hard to get, but once won, he stays put.

The Gable type will be frank and honest to the point of brutality. He will not misrepresent his feelings about you. He'll say, "You're a nice girl and I like you all right, but I'm not in love with you the least bit." But—being the most selfish type of male on earth—he will want to see a great deal of you, since you *are* a nice girl and he *does* like you. And first thing you know you will have fallen in love with him. By this time, he may have become very dependent upon you, in a way. He probably finds you a jolly companion, a soothing influence upon his rather unruly spirit. But—no, indeed—he's not in love with you. He's far too fond of what he is pleased to call his liberty.

What to do? Just keep on being nice—helpful—soothing. Pay no attention to his moods—you can't do anything about them anyway. Never, never lie to him. That type of man can't stand even the most trivial of feminine fibs. Never spy upon him—even if you think he's a bit interested in someone else. He'll not only despise you for it, but his attitude will be, "Well, I've made no promises to you. I do what I like." If you're smart, you won't tell him too much about yourself.

The trick to catching a Gable is persistence. The old wearing-down process. If you really love him and think he's worth the trouble, you'll get him sooner or later. One day—after he hasn't seen you for a bit—he'll suddenly discover he's frightfully lonesome. Something's the matter. Life is flat, stale and unprofitable. And, first thing you know, you'll be getting a long distance telephone call—or a special delivery letter.

Once married to a Gable, the tricks for keeping his love are much the same as those for winning it. Like the wife of the Cooper type, the wife of a Gable

(*Continued on page 121*)





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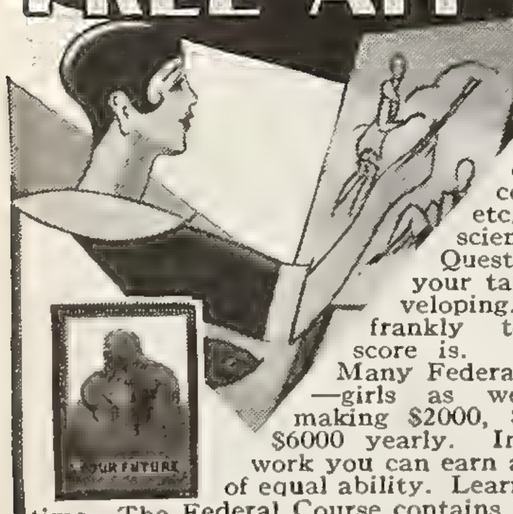
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# Directory of Players

*(Continued from page 118)*

star. Starred in "Smart Money" and "The Hatchet Man." Now working in "Two Seconds." All for First National.

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Now appearing in Ziegfeld's "Follies" in New York. Last pictures were "Working Girls" and "This Reckless Age," Paramount.

ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Suicide Fleet" and "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "The Tenderfoot," First National.

ROGERS, WILL; married to non-professional; born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Business and Pleasure" and "Ambassador Bill." Now working in "Down to Earth." All for Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "This Reckless Age," "One Hour With You" and "This Is the Night," Paramount.

SALE, "CHIC"; married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Star Witness" and "The Expert," Warners; co-starred in "Limpy," M-G-M. Now working in "Competition," Warners.

SHANNON, PEGGY; married to Allen Davis; born in New York City, January 10. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "This Reckless Age," Paramount; in "Hotel Continental," Tiffany. Now working in "Society Girl," Fox.

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada, August 10. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Strangers May Kiss," "A Free Soul" and "Private Lives." Now working in "Strange Interlude." All for M-G-M.

SHERMAN, LOWELL; divorced from Helene Costello; born in New York City, October 11. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star-director. Starred in and directed "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio; and "Greeks Had a Name for Them," United Artists. Now directing "Is My Face Red?" RKO-Radio.

SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary, March 15. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Heart of New York," First National; co-starred in "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," Universal.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City, August 8. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Ladies of the Big House" and "Miracle Man." Now working in "Jerry and Joan." All for Paramount.

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 16. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Forbidden" and "Shopworn," Columbia; in "So Big"; "The Mud Lark," Warners. Now working in "Brief Moment," Columbia.

STARRETT, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Touchdown," "The Wiser Sex" and "Sky Bride," Paramount.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester Mass., November 15. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Mata Hari," "Grand Hotel," "Wet Parade" and "Night Court." Now working in "After All." All for M-G-M.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; married to non-professional; born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Speed Crazy" and "Unexpected Father," Universal. Now working in "Come On Marines," Paramount.

SWANSON, GLORIA; married to Michael Farmer. Born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Indiscreet" and "Tonight or Never."

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City, October 23. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Road to Reno," "Girls About Town" and "The Wiser Sex," Paramount.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; divorced from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del., May 20. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Unholy Garden" and "Street Scene," United Artists.

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE; married to Jennie Marston; born in Bakersfield, Calif., November 16. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "New Moon," "Prodigal Son" and "Cuban Love Song," M-G-M. Now appearing on operatic stage.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City, November 29. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Seed," Universal; in "Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio; and "One Hour With You," Paramount.

TODD, THELMA; unmarried; born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract player. Co-starred with ZaSu Pitts in series of comedies for Roach. Featured rôle as Alison Lloyd in "Corsair," United Artists; in "The Big Timer," Columbia; and "This Is the Night," Paramount.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Touchdown," Paramount; in "Shopworn," Columbia. Now working in "They Never Come Back." Tec-Art.

TORRENCE, ERNEST; married to Elsie Reamer; born in Edinburgh, Scotland, January 26. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sporting Blood," "The New "Wallingford" and "Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists; in "Disorderly Conduct" and "Young America." Now working in "After the Rain." Next is "What Price Glory?" All for Fox.

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "Panama Flo" and "Young Bride," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "State's Attorney." Next is "Truth About Hollywood."

VARCONI, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in Kisward, Hungary, March 31. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Men in Her Life," Columbia; in "Safe in Hell," Warner Bros; in "Mountains in Flame," Universal.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Cuban Love Song," M-G-M; in "Broken Wing," Paramount. Now appearing in Ziegfeld's "Follies" in New York.

WARNER, H. B.; married to non-professional; born in London, England, October 26. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé; in "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox; and "Cross-Examination," Supreme.

WATKINS, LINDA; married to Gabriel Hess; born in Boston, Mass., May 23. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sob Sister," "Good Sport" and "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox. Now in New York.

WAYNE, JOHN; unmarried; born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Range Feud," "Maker of Men" and "Trail's End," Columbia.

WEEKS, BARBARA; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass., July 4. Write her at United Artists studio. Goldwyn contract player. Featured rôles in "Stepping Sisters," "Cheaters at Play" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox.

WHEELER, BERT, separated from Bernice Spear; born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Robert Woolsey in "Caught Plastered," "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy." Now working in "Hold 'Em Jail." All for RKO-Radio.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J., August 28. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "The Monster Kills," Tiffany. Now touring in vaudeville.

WILLIAM, WARREN; married to non-professional; born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Under Eighteen" and "Beauty and the Boss"; starred in "The Mouthpiece." Now working in "The Dark Horse." All for Warners.

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Law and Order," Universal; "Age For Love," United Artists; "The Expert," Warners. Now working in "Destry of Death Valley," Universal.

WONG, ANNA MAY; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., January 3. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Daughter of the Dragon" and "Shanghai Express," Paramount. Now working in "Roar of the Dragon," RKO-Radio.

WOOD, JUDITH; unmarried; born in New York City, August 1. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Girls About Town," "Road to Reno" and "Working Girls," Paramount.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to Mignone Reed; born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Bert Wheeler in "Caught Plastered," "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy." Now working in "Hold 'Em Jail." All for RKO-Radio.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Unholy Garden," United Artists; in "Stowaway," Universal. Now working in "Dr. X," First National.

YOUNG, LORETTA; divorced from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Taxi"; featured in "Hatchet Man"; co-starred in "Play Girl." Now working in "Week End Marriage." All for First National.

YOUNG, ROBERT; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Madelon Claudet" and "Wet Parade." Now working in "After All." All for M-G-M.

YOUNG, ROLAND; married to non-professional; born in London, England, November 11. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Lovers Courageous," M-G-M; "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé; "One Hour With You," and "This Is the Night," Paramount. Now working in "Street of Women," First National.

DON'T MISS THE FICTION STORY BY HAGAR WILDE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE. IT'S ALL ABOUT A CHILD MOVIE ACTOR AND IT'LL HAVE YOU WEEPING REAL TEARS

# Your Taste in Men

(*Continued from page 119*)

must be an ego-bolsterer. For a Gable isn't nearly as sure of himself as he seems. His very self-possession covers a lingering, deeply hidden doubt of himself.

Of course, any arbitrary selection of male types like this isn't precisely fair. There are hundreds of varying types in between. You won't find—and fall in love with—a man exactly like the dreamer Fairbanks; or that young scamp Cagney; or Cooper, or Colman, or Gable. But the fact remains that these men as they appear on the screen are such very *definite* types that they are good examples to study. And then, too, there's another important consideration: it's perfectly true that if you admire the Fairbanks type to desperation you are quite likely to meet and fall in love with the Cagney type. Life is like that. And it is a sad, or perhaps sensible fact that we rarely meet and marry our heroes, or even the real life reflection of our heroes. But whatever the type you admire—whatever the type you meet, marry, and set up housekeeping with, the rules remain basically the same. You must understand, trust and honor the man you love; you must have a sense of humor to cope with his difficult traits; you must play fair; and there must be a great deal of love to help you over the difficult places.

# Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 11*)

some preaching against the evils of gangdom. **Very good—okay for the kids.**

**THE SADDLE BUSTER** (RKO-Pathé)—Tom Keene in a typical Western with plenty of good hard riding. **Good, if you're a Western fan—great for the kiddies.**

**SALLY OF THE SUBWAY** (Action)—Nothing to do with a subway—most of the action takes place in a hotel. It's mostly crook stuff. **Fair.**

**SECRET SERVICE** (RKO-Radio)—Richard Dix in a story of the old South—during the Civil War days. Plenty of exciting fights and also some charming romance. **Very good—splendid for the children.**

**SHANGHAI EXPRESS** (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland and Anna May Wong—among others—in a story which all takes place on the Shanghai express. Marlene's cold but compelling fascination will enchant you. **Very good—children will like the fighting.**

**SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE** (Fox)—Joan Bennett and Spencer Tracy in a story of a girl who marries for money. Spencer Tracy plays her home-town sweetheart and James Kirkwood the insanely jealous husband. It's a slow story and a lot of it is so overdone as to seem impossible. **Fair.**

**THE SILENT WITNESS** (Fox)—The story of a son's crime which is shouldered by the father. Lionel Atwill is the father and Bramwell Fletcher the son. **Good—not for kids.**

**THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET** (M-G-M)—The story of a little French girl who has an illegitimate child and the tremendous sacrifices she makes for it. Helen Hayes does an amazing piece of acting as the unfortunate mother. **Excellent—not advisable for children.**

**SKY DEVILS** (Caddo-United Artists)—Spencer Tracy and William Boyd in a thrilling melodrama of the air. Ann Dvorak plays the feminine interest, although most of the tale concerns the air pilots and their sky adventures. **Very good—great for boys.**

**SO BIG** (Warner)—Barbara Stanwyck in talkie version of famous silent film. **Very good—suitable for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

**SPEED CRAZY** (Universal)—Frank Albertson, Louise Fazenda, Slim Summerville and others in a fast moving automobile story reminiscent of the good old Wally Reid days. **Good—okay for kids.**

**SPEED IN THE GAY NINETIES** (Educational)—The latest Andy Clyde comedy. **Very good—excellent for the kids.**

**STEADY COMPANY** (Universal)—June Clyde and Norman Foster in a quiet little romance. **Good—all right for the young people.**

**STEPPING SISTERS** (Fox)—Louise Dresser, Jobyna Howland and Minna Gombell as three ex-burlesque queens who meet again after years—much to each other's amazement—with some amusing results. **Very good—kids will like parts of it.**

**STOWAWAY** (Universal)—Fay Wray in melodrama. **Fair—okay for the little ones.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

**STRANGERS IN LOVE** (Paramount)—Fredric March and Kay Francis in a love story which concerns a good brother and a bad brother—both of them capably played by Mr. March. **Good—but it would bore the children.**

**SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION** (RKO-Radio)—Ricardo Cortez and Irene Dunne in human drama of New York's East Side. **Excellent—splendid for the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

**TARZAN THE APE MAN** (M-G-M)—Johnny Weismuller, famous swimming champ, turns actor and does a fine piece of work as the famous fiction character created by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Neil Hamilton and Maureen O'Sullivan have rôles in it. **Very good—fine for the kids.**

**TAXI!** (Warner)—James Cagney as a fighting taxi driver. Loretta Young as the girl who loves him. **Very good—exciting but interesting for children.**

**TOMORROW AND TOMORROW** (Paramount)—Unhappy marriage story with Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas and the late Robert Ames. **Fair—children will be bored.**

**TONIGHT OR NEVER** (United Artists)—The story of an opera singer who falls in love with a chap she believes to be a gigolo. Gloria Swanson is the opera singer and Melvyn Douglas the man she falls for. **Excellent—but not for children.**

**TORCHY'S NIGHT CAP** (Educational)—Ray Cooke in amusing comedy with Dorothy Dix. **Funny—swell for the youngsters.**

**TORCHY TURNS THE TRICK** (Educational)—A comedy about the office boy who gets the big steel contract. Ray Cooke does good work. **Good—couldn't be better for children.**

**TRAPPED IN A SUBMARINE** (B I P)—A film built around the sinking of an English submarine and the attendant fate of its crew. **Very thrilling.**

**UNDER EIGHTEEN** (Warner)—A story of a little girl who started with nothing and ended up with everything. Marian Marsh, Anita Page, Norman Foster and Regis Toomey. **Very good—girls will like it.**

**UNEXPECTED FATHER** (Universal)—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts in amusing comedy. **Very good.**

**WAYWARD** (Paramount)—A chorus girl who marries a rich boy much to the annoyance of the boy's mother who does all she can to make it an unhappy match. Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen have the leading rôles. Pauline Frederick is the mother. **Good—not exciting for children.**

**WEST OF BROADWAY** (M-G-M)—Western stuff with John Gilbert in the leading rôle. **Poor—kids will probably be bored.**

**WET PARADE** (M-G-M)—Walter Huston, Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton, Dorothy Jordan in story about Prohibition—both pro and con. **Very good—children will like parts of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

**THE WISER SEX** (Paramount)—Melvyn Douglas and Claudette Colbert in smart underworld story. **Very good—not for children.**

**A WOMAN COMMANDS** (RKO-Radio)—Mythical kingdom stuff with a cabaret singer (Pola Negri) becoming the queen of the realm because the king is so crazy about her. Roland Young and Basil Rathbone are also in it. **Good if you're a Negri fan—not for children.**

**YOUNG BRIDE** (RKO-Pathé)—Helen Twelvetrees and Eric Linden in young marriage story. **Fair—okay for the kids.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.


# He Fell in Love With His Boss



**TOM SHERIDAN was afraid of himself—afraid of what he might do. He had fallen hopelessly in love with his young and attractive employer, Lois Ames! What right had he to adore this devastating woman who was already married . . . what right to interfere, even if her husband was cruel to her?**

**Would it not be better for him to resign his position and marry pretty Ruth Holman to whom he was engaged? He had been determined to do this, but then—one evening the two women met—and the soul of each was laid bare. . . .**

**This entrancing story, "Man Wanted," with Kay Francis and David Manners, is presented in complete fiction form in SCREEN ROMANCES for June, illustrated with many interesting "shots" from the actual production. Buy a copy today and learn for yourself if Tom Sheridan ever found a way out of his problem.**

## 10 COMPLETE STORIES!

**Get acquainted with SCREEN ROMANCES, the only All-Screen-Fiction magazine! In every issue fictionizations of the month's 10 best movie stories appear. Scores of stills from the movies themselves will make these stories live in your imagination. Today—treat yourself to the absorbing entertainment this unique magazine will bring you.**

**Screen Romances**

***June Issue Now on Newsstands***

# Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 8*)

### Miss Chatterton should appreciate such loyalty

Regardless of the poor pictures she's been forced to receive and unmindful of what the critics say, Ruth Chatterton still is my favorite. When I go to see one of her pictures, it isn't the plot itself I care about. Even though "The Magnificent Lie" didn't come up to "Sarah and Son," I can truthfully say that I enjoyed it. It was the same Chatterton—same charm, that I admire in all of her pictures. Greta Garbo seems to be lucky enough to get all the good stories and yet I wouldn't cross the street to see her. Because in my estimation Ruth Chatterton is the greatest actress Hollywood has ever known and because she deserves it, I hope this new contract with Warner Brothers will bring her better pictures.

A CHATTERTON FAN,
Bogota, New Jersey

### Bette Davis has rôles in "So Big," "The Rich Are Always With Us," and Bill Powell's "Dark Horse"

Since seeing " 'Way Back Home" and "The Man Who Played God," I have not ceased to talk of Bette Davis' dramatic ability. She certainly is gifted. Her voice is perfect. I am a true crank on movie stars, yet I should class her above the adored Joan Crawford.

HELENA F. SNOW,
Winchendon, Massachusetts

### But don't forget the dialogue writer!

There was only one thing wrong with "Lady With a Past." That is—men as handsome as Ben Lyon are seldom found running around loose in Paris as Guy Bryson was. Ben certainly stole the picture from Connie Bennett. Besides being extremely handsome, his wit is indeed refreshing and makes the picture thoroughly enjoyable.

MARIAN RICH,
St. Louis, Missouri

### Trying to take Godiva off her horse, Madala?

"Godiva" of this fair city has written you a letter and I don't like it. She says: "Why do all the movie magazines knock Greta Garbo?" Now, since when did "all" the movie magazines knock Garbo? Most of them can't say enough to praise Garbo, the greatest of them all. Then, Godiva asked you why you review so many old pictures in your Directory of Pictures. You make the comment that people in small towns don't see the pictures as soon as we in Toronto do, but I have just turned to this month's Directory and on the first page alone there are a great many pictures reviewed that we haven't seen yet. . . . Of course, her criticism of Gary Cooper is more personal. If she doesn't like him, that is her misfortune, not our business. . . . What amused me most were her remarks about "Susan Lenox." She believes it could have been a much better picture. I agree with her—it could, if our "pain in the neck" censors had left it alone. Poor Susan was cut in so many places that . . . if it had been Susan in the flesh there would have been nothing left but a few bones.

MADALA,
Toronto, Canada

### Thank you for calling the error to our attention, Billie

I have been reading your magazine for some time and have usually enjoyed it, but I have a bone to pick with the author of "The True Story of Joan Blondell," Mr. Walter Ramsey. Joan is one of my favorites. I don't doubt that most of her story as written by Mr. Ramsey is true, but this I do know—he made one blunder that no Texan will ever forgive him, *i. e.*, by making the statement that our state university is at Denton, Texas. There is a college at Denton, but not our state university. That is located at Austin, which is also our capital.

BILLIE FULLER,
Houston, Texas

### Strong words, Goodrich—but most interesting to all who read our "Nobody's Mother"

What is the moving picture world coming to when it will cast its old timers out into the cold, after they have devoted the better part of their lives to the art of acting? Grand actresses like Kate Price and Claire MacDowell are lowered to accepting mediocre parts because a bunch of automatons are turning out by the bucketful raw, worthless plots which call for baby-faced, brainless dolls, whose only interest is their pay check. The contrast is stamped into my mind of a soulless robot, sawing upon a Stradivarius at a high wage, while a great violinist struggles to sustain life.

GOODRICH BENNETT,
Milford, Connecticut

### There'll be a very interesting article about Novarro in an early issue of MODERN SCREEN, Novarro fans

When it comes to Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari," I must write to congratulate him deeply. Of course, I do not mean to shadow the great rôle of Greta Garbo as I never miss one of her pictures but I cannot keep from cheering Alexis Rosanoff. Give us more about him in your interesting magazine that has already made a hit with me. I'm sure there would be plenty to enjoy articles about him.

MARIE MEDELLINE,
San Antonio, Texas

I want to write this letter to your magazine as a most sincere appreciation of Ramon Novarro's splendid acting and singing. Never having written to a movie magazine before, it has taken me some time to screw up my courage to do so, but I feel that I owe it to Mr. Novarro. In doing this, I hope to encourage many more of his admirers (who are legion, I know) to do likewise, because I think we are all very backward in writing to tell him how much pleasure he has given us.

MARGARET SYMONS,
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Gee, I must say something about the article in February's MODERN SCREEN, "If I Had One Day To Live." Well, I sure did enjoy reading Ramon Novarro's wish or rather his statement of what he would do if he had but one day to live. When I read it I felt just like Jack Jamison did—silent for a minute, thinking to myself, I would like to die that way, too.

TILLIE DE LAZZARA,
Elizabeth, New Jersey

### About Barbara and Clark—at present each is under contract to a different company

Why does there have to be so much undressing done in every picture? I think every one knows by now what the average woman wears, and besides it is getting tiresome. . . .

Why not let those two superb players, Barbara Stanwyck and Clark Gable, play opposite one another in a picture? Wouldn't that be something?

A FAN,
Los Angeles, California

### We'll keep that idea in mind, Ruth

I wish to thank you for giving us Mrs. Cooper's side of the story. Now I hope you will give us something interesting about Gary. When he returns with regained health and a happier outlook on life, I am sure he will do bigger and better things than he has ever done. I am a keen Gary Cooper fan and I sincerely hope we will have him on the screen for many a year.

RUTH GRAY,
Montreal, Canada

### DON'T FORGET—

That your letter may be omitted from this department, not because we wouldn't like to print it, but because we simply haven't the space to print even a small percentage of the letters we receive. And here's another thing; we frequently find little notes and postcripts at the end of letters, to this effect: "Please print my letter in the (for example) July issue." Now, because of the time it takes a magazine to go to press, we cannot grant such a request. The July issue, or whatever issue is mentioned, may be all completed when the letter is received. So, if you don't find your letter in this issue, look in the next one—and bear with us.

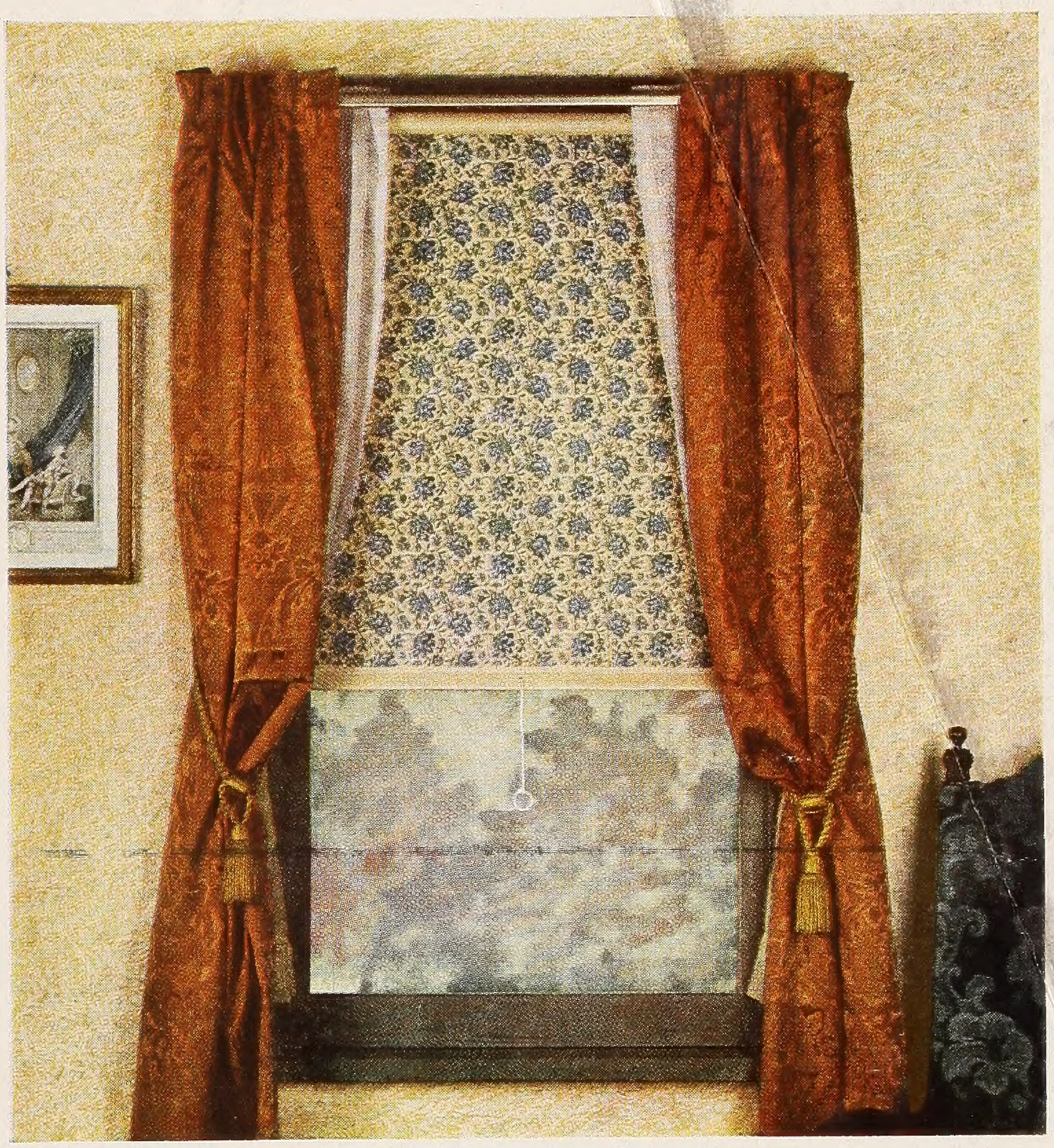


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**said: IRENE RICH**





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